



THE FICHLER.

1918.

1918

WINTER. Arrived at Washington, D.C. on 10th Nov. 1918.  
The following were the only ones:  
H.H.

Harry Richards Alice M. Richards. Rosalind Richards

On 10th Nov. 1918, at 10.30 a.m. we left for the  
first time. The first part of the journey was  
a very rough one, but the rest was very good.

We found the first part of the journey very rough,  
but the rest was very good. The first part of the journey  
was very rough, but the rest was very good.

On 11th Nov. 1918, at 10.30 a.m. we left for the  
second time. The second part of the journey was  
very good, but the first part was very rough.

Everything went in the second part of the journey  
very well. <sup>had</sup> The first part of the journey was  
very rough, but the rest was very good. The first part  
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was very rough, but the rest was very good. The first part  
of the journey was very rough, but the rest was very good.

On 12th Nov. 1918, at 10.30 a.m. we left for the  
third time. The third part of the journey was  
very good, but the first part was very rough.

WEDNESDAY, June 27, 1894.  
Fair, all night, with a light breeze from the west.  
Temperature, 65° to 75°.  
Wind, variable.  
Barometer, 30.0.

At 10 o'clock we went out to the lake. The water was very calm and the sky was clear. We saw many birds flying over the lake and some of them were very large. We also saw some small fish jumping out of the water.

We went on for about an hour and then we turned back. The water was very calm and the sky was clear. We saw many birds flying over the lake and some of them were very large. We also saw some small fish jumping out of the water.

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SUNDAY, Mosquitoes in great form early this morning, also  
 air 25, a hermit thrush.  
 T. 56' Water T. 57'  
 Clouding, such clearing after breakfast. We never  
 high fully realized before some of Hava's peculiar-  
 rain ities.  
 P.M.  
 S.W.

After we felt clearer, we went out towards the lagoon,  
 looking for birds and any other objects of interest. There  
 were many birds, big and little, and three pink ladies' slippers  
 in blossom.

There was also the remains of a deceased makat,  
 hanging on a tree. Presumably some of Bouville's look's  
 results.

The swamp is a perfect blaze of Rhodora.

At half-past twelve it began to rain, not enough  
 to alarm us. The wind is cool and fresh, the sky all sorts of  
 pearly colours. As for the poplars, they are so white that  
 they look as they must be in blossom.

And so we go in, not regretfully; but a month will see  
 us here again, with the rest of the crew, all here "for keeps."





SATURDAY, A busy day. Our new cookery, and finished in  
 June 24,  
 late, Tom Miller, arrived about noon, and was right to  
 warmer.  
 Left A.M., took the car to three more boats, and got off  
 3.15. later.  
 all the summer.

The store, which has been rather damaged for a good while,  
 is now in good repair. Summer and Oscar, (that is our new boat)  
 did a good deal of work on it, and then the plumbers came out  
 from further and finished it up. and summer was only half an  
 hour late.

The wind of the day; breeze was moderate, and light  
 Thompson cleared the filter glass and the discarding.

#### NATURE NOTES.

The mosquitoes were fierce this morning, and were never  
 bad all day.

This morning we had a concert, with the following pro-  
 gramme:—

1. Solo.....Merrill Marsh.
2. Trio.....Three Songs.
3. Solo.....Boy.
4. Chorus.....Mosquitoes.

The trouble with the circus was that it was on all the  
 time.

A. F. R. got a good list of wild specimens this morn-  
 ing.

T. R. saw a very young sand-peg-leg on the bridge.

A. F. R. and R. R. saw in the same locality a very small-  
 stag (and surprised) bird, walking and standing along in the  
 grass. We must have seen a Virginia Rail.

A white-throated sparrow is singing all about the place.

There are many nests of song-birds.

WEDNESDAY, June 25,  
1914. After breakfast we went for a walk,  
and found a very fine place for a picnic.  
The weather was very fine and the view  
was very beautiful.

A. R. picked a good dish of strawberries and we got so wet  
with the dew in the morning that we had to wear  
rubbers in the evening.

There was a very fine view of the lake and the  
mountains from the picnic place.

The picnic place was very fine and the view  
was very beautiful. We found a very fine  
place for a picnic and the weather was  
very fine.

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1900

W. Simons  
V. J. Simons  
1901

Charles W. Hubbard Jr.  
Clot Bailey  
Henry H. Gay, Jr.

1902

Philip W. Simons.  
Philip W. (Nick) Carter

1903

Henry Ten Eyck Perry  
Barbara Bennett  
Samuel D. Stevens Jr.

1904

John Radford Abbot  
George Colton Moore

1905

Edward Harding  
R. G. Anderson  
H. Maynard Rees  
James Fulkmore Cooper Jr.  
M. Morton Jr.

1906

Geo. E. Abbot  
Henry H. Gay  
Charles Wygas Jr.

1907

Russell P. Chase  
John Wiggins  
Emmons Blinn

1908

J. Amory Jeffries.

1909

W. L. Chamber  
Oakes J. Ames.  
W. G. Rice Jr.

1910

Philip B. Atchelder  
Hallowell Davis  
F. B. Perkins  
Prescott H. Williams

1711  
Alexander M. Stole  
Homer C. Johnson  
Charles F. Batchelder Tr.  
Henry M.D.

1912

1913  
Charles F. Fuller

1914  
Richard C. Everts  
William P. Platt  
Hamilton Coolidge

1915  
L. M. Van Stone

Alan Gregg



Just why none of the Richmanes signed their names we do not know. It was a busy time, and some came in for only a few minutes, so it was not easy to get everybody.

There were a good many new reunionists: the Hatcholders, Francis Perkins, Charlie Fuller, Bill Platt, Max Goodridge, and Maynard Rees, whom none of us had seen for years.

It was a splendid party; probably the biggest on record. We had supper and story, songs and "Boston", but the best of it is, after all, the getting together, and realizing fully, as Eliot Parley says, "Once a Merryweather, always a Merryweather."

We missed many, of course. As business takes the brethren farther away, they cannot always get back. Here is one apology for absence:

I intended to come,  
But I'm 'fraid I can't do it.  
I won't be ter hum,  
I intended to come;  
I am sorry, by gum,  
And I know I shall rue it;  
I intended to come,  
But I'm 'fraid I can't do it.

And I wanted to see  
All the people I know well.  
I write weepingly;  
Yes, I wanted to see.  
I am sorry, by gee,  
I could quote Amy Lowell.  
For I wanted to see  
All the people I know well.

I have charge of a child,  
And we're going to D.C.  
I am not reconciled,  
I have charge of a child,  
Which is putting it mild,  
For the job is not easy.  
I have charge of a child,  
And we're going to D.C.

I can picture you all,  
Making bad weather merry,

Thin, stout, short and tall,  
 I can picture you all,  
 I'm on the stout Aspinwall,  
 I'm on the Ding and J. Perry.  
 I can picture you all,  
 Making bad weather merry.

Here's a health to the crowd,  
 And my blessing for ever.  
 I could shout it out loud,  
 Here's a health to the crowd.  
 May its joy never be bowed,  
 Nor its happiness sever.  
 Here's a health to the crowd,  
 And my blessing forever.

P.S. Lest the above be not understood I state that I am become  
 a nurse for a budding Estonian, who, being miles from home, is  
 not able in two short weeks to return from whence he came.  
 Washington seems to be the busiest corner of the country. Hence,  
 'tis our destination.

Syrus.

But no apologies this time from last year's "Miss Absentee".  
 Here he was, the King of the Zoozums himself; and a good sight to  
 see. We have always said that the only difficulty about Yale is that  
 it is so far away.

Well, and now for news.

Captain Jack Hall was married last fall to Miss Gertrude  
 Barnhart. Captain John was at the wedding, and says that she is as  
 pretty as her picture which is saying a good deal.

Miss Parley was married May 11 to Miss Helen Granger. We have  
 not seen her picture, but those who know her say that she is delight-  
 ful.

John Storrow was married June 21 to Miss Margaret Retch. We  
 have no particulars, but we wish them good luck.

March Woodworth was married just before his battery was or-  
 dered to the Mexican frontier.



Charles W. Hubbard has a second son, also Charles W.  
 Joe Coolidge has a son, J. R. Coolidge 4. The picture of the  
 four generations appeared in the Sunday "Herald" this spring.

Bill Ladd is now a member of the firm of Wilney, Ladd &  
 Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York.

Chester Ladd is going on the naval volunteer cruise this  
 summer.

Greg Wiggins is spending the summer in Japan. He and R. F.  
 Jackson are to be at Ponfret School next year.

H. H. Richards, C. A. Shaw, C. Wiggins, A. Aspinwall, J. R. Coolidge III,  
 J. R. Coolidge, G. N. Abbot, W. Platt, and probably L. H. and R. W.  
 Bennett, also P. Batchelder, are all to be at Plattsburg this  
 summer. There are probably more, of whom we shall hear later.

A. Aspinwall has been at the Hunt School, Mesa, Arizona,  
 for the past year. He will be down for a visit later.

The following have graduated from the Country Day School:  
 Furry Harris, J. A. Lowell, C. Thorndike, R. P. Hallowell, Horace Davis.  
 Hallowell was captain of the nine this spring, and Davis, Low-  
 ell, and P. S. Parker were all playing.

Alec Fiddle and Jack Lancaster graduated from Harvard  
 this June.

Philip Batchelder, Edmund Hillings, Conrad Chapman, Hamilton  
 Coolidge, Charles Fuller, Francis Parkman, Francis Perkins,  
 Bill Platt, and C. S. Thorndike entered Harvard last fall. Park-  
 man and Thorndike rowed on the freshman crew.

George Abbot is captain of the Harvard nine for next  
 year.

H. H. Barton has a son, Blake McDonald Barton. The family  
 are spending the summer at Bates Island, in Casco Bay.

Roger Bennett and R.C. Davis graduated from the Harvard Law School this June.

Harry Parkman entered the Harvard Law School last fall.

Edward Harding and Alan Gregg graduated from the Harvard Medical School in June, and Maynard Reed entered last fall.

J.R. Abbot has graduated from the Harvard School of Architecture.

Ernest Blaine has graduated from the Harvard School of Engineering and Mining.

Foster Hatchelder was captain of the Noble and Greenough crew this year. The school lost only one race, and that an early one.

Charles Codrington, George Hubbard, Emma's sister, and John... graduated from Boston this June.

Robert Gray, Marcus Morton, <sup>Ripley Cutler</sup> and Louis Taylor graduated from Yale this June. All three were in the Yale battery, but L.C.G. is now with the 1st Cavalry in the Federal Reserve, and is now in the 1st Cavalry in the Federal Reserve.

Charles Codrington is now in the 1st Cavalry in the Federal Reserve, and is now in the 1st Cavalry in the Federal Reserve.

#### FROM THE WAR.

Charles Codrington has been working for the Red Cross in France. He has been in the American Ambulance Service in France.

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out  
 The ~~German~~ <sup>out</sup> and later entered the Franco-American aviation  
 corps. After a splendid record of daring and devotion, he was  
 killed in a fight with several German aeroplanes last month.  
 He gave below two newspaper clippings, one which gives the  
 story of the fight, the other a well-deserved tribute to his  
 life as known to the world.

## Boston Transcript

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FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1916

### VICTOR CHAPMAN

To the Editor of the Transcript:

The death of Corporal Victor Chapman in an aeronautical battle in France means much more than the loss of merely one American gentleman, though that in itself is bad enough. It means the loss of a man who had all the noble and chivalrous instincts in such overwhelming proportions that it was literally impossible for him to act like the average person. It was as though Prince Rupert or Richard Plantagenet himself had stepped down from history. Chapman never could bridle his intrepidity enough to avoid all rows, and he never could suppress chivalry enough to be really politic. He was, besides, a born soldier, with all the snap and alertness of militarism. His unerring instinct in art would have brought him the highest honors inside of fifteen years.

Just five years and a half ago, I think, Chapman declined to follow me across some ice floes half a mile out to sea because the going was palpably unsafe, and inside of ten minutes he had saved my life by returning and working out to sea till he finally hooked me out from the icy water on the muzzle end of a loaded and cocked rifle. Nothing could be more typical of him. His death in France resulted from again trying to save his friends' lives.

If long and distinguished ancestry, the presence of all a man's virtues and the absence of all vices count for much, then Harvard has lost one of the greatest gentlemen that ever studied at that university.

JOHN TEMPLE LL. JEFFRIES  
 Boston, June 28, 1916.

## BOELKE "GOT" CHAPMAN

Famous German Aviator Brought Down American, Who Was on an Errand of Mercy for Wounded Comrade

Paris, June 30—It was while on an errand of mercy for a wounded comrade that Corporal Victor Chapman of New York, a member of the Franco-American aviation corps, met his death last week. Captain Boelke, the most famous of all German aviators, who up to that time had accounted for eighteen aeroplanes, sent Chapman to his death, but before he fell the American brought down two German machines.

These details are disclosed in a semi-official statement given out here today, which also announced rewards and promotions for other American aviators for recent accomplishments. All the members of the American squadron but two have now been decorated or promoted.

Sergeant Clyde Balsley of San Antonio, Tex., wounded in a fight near Verdun and probably crippled for life is in a hospital a few miles from the aviation camp to which Corporal Chapman was attached. The sergeant asked for an orange, but there was none to be had at the hospital. Corporal Chapman heard of the accident, obtained a small basket of oranges and set forth in his aeroplane for the hospital.

While on his way he saw several black spots against the sky to his right in the direction of the German lines. He flew toward them and discovered three French aeroplanes were engaged with four German machines. The New Yorker dashed into the fight. He rose to a great height, and, swooping down on the Germans, put his machine gun in action. His bullets found the mark and two German machines fell to earth. Chapman set them down almost as soon as he entered the combat. Then Captain Boelke turned on the American and caught him at such an angle that he was able to make the aeroplane with machine gun fire. One bullet struck a vital spot and Chapman plunged lifeless to the ground. He fell within the German lines.

The semi-official statement contains a tribute to the young American such as is seldom to be found in matter-of-fact communications of the kind. It says that a religious service will be held "in memory of this citizen of the United States, who, inspired by sentiments of lofty idealism, gave his life for the cause of the Allies."

For their recent accomplishments rewards and promotions have been given to American aviators as follows:

Lieutenant William K. Thaw of Pittsburgh, the Cross of the Legion of Honor.  
 Sergeant Kliffen Rockwell of Atlanta, Ga., the military medal.  
 Sergeant Bert Hall of Bowling Green, Ky., the military medal.

All the other members of the squadron, except two, are made sergeants.

H. S. Perry is at this school.

He looks only at the flying school in

flight.

Arthur Perry is at the flying school in

flight.

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flight.

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MONDAY It was still overcast when we got up, but before  
 June 26 ten o'clock the sun was out bright, and stayed so  
 warm, fair, and clear till the rest of the day.

Much cleaning to-day. The shelves in the big room were  
 washed, the books brought down from the store-room, and the  
 book-room unpacked. We look more civilized with the shelves  
 filled.

The boys did the dirty work thoroughly, taking everything out  
 and washing all the shelves as well as the dishes.

The final coat of white has been put on the kitchen wall  
 so we must be a bit careful till it dries.

In the afternoon, W. R. got a few strawberries, and also a  
 woodchuck, which killed him with a blow. Pretty good for a  
 boy his age.

This evening we heard a whistling in the garden  
 or the back-yard. We have never had one so near camp before.  
 The whistling was singing at the same time.

We heard to-day of the death of Victor Chavara. In an  
 old friend's letter to him he said that he was a  
 little of a pessimist and was wandering about in  
 give more particular in the Graduate Notes.

TUESDAY, June 22<sup>nd</sup>. The most visible piece of work to-day was the putting up of all the tents except the Harrold Cave. Fair. That is such a big job that it has to wait till we have showers p.m. a bigger crowd.

However, we are rapidly becoming a bigger crowd: in fact we doubled our number to-day.

First came our new secretary; but we don't feel as if he was very new, considering that he was a prefect last year.

*Arthur Terry Jr*

The next arrival came by what we call "the boys' train." He will be at the head of either the Short territory or the Harrold Cave.

*Herman V. von Holt*

And just before supper, when the thunder was rolling, and showers looked imminent, in came the Professor, just from Groton, on his motor-cycle. He reports the family as well and flourishing, which is good news.

*Carleton A. Shaw*

A. J. R. had got enough strawberries for supper, (they are ripening fast) and Oscar had made cream-cakes! We have never had them in camp before, and they were fine.

The showers were not long, but came in funny little puffs, as if large pails were being emptied one after another, with intervals to fill them in between.

The piano is tuned. Mr. Scale came over this morning, and we hope the weather will give it half a chance. We surely did suffer last year.



WEDNESDAY.

June 28

For,  
Light  
rain  
early  
a.m.  
Warm.

It certainly rained before seven, and though it didn't quite clear before eleven, it brightened enough to try things up well.

This morning all three dormitories were washed and the furniture put in place. The Harroth Bay was also set up, and a new hog-frame put in on one side.

Just before dinner, as the boilers were getting ready for a well-deserved spin, a wagon appeared, and there was Radford Abbot—or Radish—or the Great Gray Ape, whichever you prefer.

*John Radford Abbot*

He can only stay over night, as he is off for Europe in a few days, but we are lucky to get him at all.

After dinner there was mighty cleaning; up in the shop, with burning of rubbish and stacking of kindling for future use.

A. J. R., by way of variety, got enough strawberries for supper. As the crowd grows bigger it takes a bigger dish, but there are plenty more in the fields. There are also plenty of mosquitoes.

After supper, as it was a lovely evening, the whole crowd took to boats, and went over to Heaton's shore. There some landed and went in to the store to shop, while others coasted along to Darnley's stream, and looked at his fat motor-boat. It is the same boat that he had last year, but he has added a high bow, so she looks very grand as she goes across the pond.

Duke got under the South Dormitory steps, and had rather a time getting out. But why all this fuss? At his age he ought to know better.

THURSDAY, Great things to-day. To begin with, J. R. A. climbed  
 the flag-staff and set the halcyon to rights. So the flag  
 is flying at last.  
 showers fall.

All the eggs are out, and all the boats are in place  
 except two of the white boats. Even the Bob White is in the water,  
 and is practically rigged. Aren't we forehanded?

Dear Rad left at this noon. We were very lucky to get him at all,  
 for he is sailing in a few days for six months work with the  
 American Ambulance Corps in France.

A. H. R. picked strawberries, as usual, and got a really big dish;  
 enough for second help at supper. It was rather wet picking at the  
 last.

In fact people got so wet this afternoon that we had tea at  
 five o'clock. The boat sailed for the nearest shore before they  
 finished the Bob White, and the ladies who drove over from the  
 station had very damp feet.

The aforesaid ladies were R. R. and Miss Gregory, who is to be  
 with us this summer.

*Lucy Gregory.*

and a little later, arrived by motor. It rained for showers and had  
 roads, L. T. R. so now we feel really started.

After the showers everything cleared off beautifully, and the  
 north-west breeze scattered the mosquitoes in fine style.



FRIDAY, I should have mentioned that the Bull Field was  
June 30,  
Fair, mowed yesterday. It made a pretty good hay crop.  
Farm.

This morning A.H.R. started off for Boston, to help bring  
the crowd down Saturday. In consequence of the report of to-day's  
report is largely second hand. Everyone apparently worked like  
a beaver all day. C.A.B. stayed over on account of Thursday's  
shower, and its probable effect on the roads, and it was good  
to have one more pair of hands, with so much to do.

As for A.H.R.'s end, the journey was hot and dirty. But the  
train was only a little late: so C.A.B.'s telephone message to  
his family was sent, the lunch for Saturday ordered, and grey  
flannel and trouser socks bought at Hovey's.

When the lunch man heard that the party was mostly boys,  
he said, "Then the main consideration is quantity." He had evi-  
dently been a boy himself.

SATURDAY, the day at camp began with C.A.B.'s departure, at  
July 1,  
Fair, his usual early hour. Some of the family went to see  
Farm.

him off, but the night had been so disturbed with the  
cook's dogs getting loose, and yelping all about, and Duke  
roaring at them in indignation, that when there came some quiet  
they slept.

All the final work was done, and that is always a great  
deal, no matter how much is done beforehand.

The arrivals were a little scattered. Portland Van  
Rensselaer came by motor boat, with his parents. They had been  
fishing in the neighborhood for several days.

John Corning came from Bangor, early in the afternoon.

At the Boston end things were lively. Jigs Carey and Tom  
Hennett were the first to appear, and by train time all were  
board, big and little, from Jimmy to John Verwoerd, except



SATURDAY, the Currier. Those of us who were experienced rural ed  
(cont'd.)

"They would, you know," but we didn't worry much. A few minutes past  
ten they appeared, a little breathless; and they had ample time to  
all, for the train did not get off till twenty minutes past. Had they  
bribed the conductor?

All went merrily, and Belham and Remy Miner did not quite kill  
each other, though they did their best.

At Portsmouth appeared Henry Whittmore and Tommy Whelan.  
Thomas has grown no thinner in the past year.

At Portland we had lunch; and added to our number Pierpont  
Wachholz and Freddy Roberts.

It was hot, and the train was late, but at last we reached North  
Bridgewater, and in due course of time almost everybody was in the  
pond; a good place to be after six hours in a train.

A good many trunks were missing, but there was so much unpacking  
that we had time for only one round of "going to Jerusalem". We  
sometimes get in three. Jack Dwight and Jack Ireland tied, and just  
when Ripper said "half-past eight", so there was no chance to play  
it out.

The last arrival for the day was S. R., who came from Northeast  
Harbor. We put all the signatures together, though E. B. P. is here  
only for a few days.

The half-past niners had a good game of "North, South, and Water",  
and then some Tap and table-setting.

Tom Bennett, Bill Payson, Percy Palmer, and Jack Dwight are all  
half-past niners now. In fact Jack had grown up so since we saw  
him last that some of us did not know him till he took his hat  
off.

John Richards

Henry St. George  
Oswell H. Peterson

Joseph Garland

Charles F. Batchelder, Jr.  
Philip S. Barker Jr.

Archibald J. Carey

John D. Houghton

Frederick M. Roberts

Samuel H. Hun

Pierpont Stackpole

Geoffrey. Platt.

Philip W. Chan

J. P. Curtis

L. D. Leland

R. A. Liggett

Cortlandt S. Van Rensselaer Jr.

John Wilbur Dwight Jr.

Ranlet Miner

Sherwood Davidge

Wm. Sturwell

Henry S. Winter

Thomas D. Bennett

Alfred Peabody

Guy Lemaire de Kerguel d'Hermelle

Samuel H. Hallowell

Clement Neubold

John A. Andrew 2nd

Thomas J. Wheelock

Wm L. Payson

Arthur R. Tracy

W. M. Machinridge

Hugh S. B. Soodman

John C. Framsworth

George B. Eggleston

T. J. Curtis

Arthur W. Morse

John B. Corning

R. T. Paine Jr

George L. Clarke



Sunny,  
July 2,  
"08"  
Rain  
cloudy  
Rain p.m.

Another arrival this morning, in the person of our  
missing tutor. Here is his signature; but he thinks that  
it might be easier for us to call him Mr. August, and  
we rather think he is right.

*August von Zabuesnic*

A great swimming test day, and many successful candidates. In  
fact nobody failed. Here is the list:

A. V. Z., J. O., Chase, Hallowell, Higgett, Davidge, Van Rensselaer,  
Steinwedell, Breckenridge, Farnsworth, Clarke, Morse. After such a splen-  
did beginning, we hope for a clean slate very soon.

At afternoon we began "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

The prospects did not look very bright for a pleasant after-  
noon, but the list was posted, the luncheon packed, and off we went.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

CONTR.	AROL.	W. R. C. P. S.	W. R. C. P. S.	W. R. C. P. S.
H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.
Conning	P. Curtis	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.
Leland	Goodhue	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.
Payson	A. R. R.	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.

IDENTICAL.	W. R. C. P. S.	W. R. C. P. S.	W. R. C. P. S.	W. R. C. P. S.
J. O.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.
Van	Paine	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.
Higgleston	L. F.	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.
Clarke	Breckenridge	H. J. F.	C. F. F.	H. J. F.

L. F. R., de Vries,  
Roberts, Peabody,  
Goodyear.

We found the water very high on the beach, so indeed it is  
everywhere, and the path was rather wet in spots. Most of us went  
right up to the usual field, and revelled in wild  
strawberries. The berries were many and huge, so those of us who were  
not playing borrowed a hat from a philanthropist, and filled it  
with the fruit for home consumption. After all, my isn't a hat with





TODAY, It was calm when the report was made, but most of the day  
 July 3, the wind was easterly. "Our hero" does not seem to treat  
 7.62' us very well in the matter of weather.  
 8.25.6  
 Rain.

At morning reading H.H.P. told us about the great Dayton  
 flood. He was very active in the rescuing, and gave us a very vivid  
 idea of it all.

Our morning book is "The Land of the Muskeg". Remember that a  
 muskeg is not an animal.

#### SQUAD NOTES.

J.R. took out five navigators this morning; Andrew, Breckin-  
 ridge, Chase, Eggleston, Liggett. They put in a good hour and a half  
 of practice, and came along well. At the same time, they can come  
 further.

The yard squad did good work in clearing up and burning rubbish.  
 A squad took the front boards of the float, and put in a new  
 timber to hold the boat for the spring-board. When the carpenters  
 repaired the float this spring they took out that timber, and put  
 in a barrel instead.

Our old home plate having got pretty seedy, a new one was put  
 in place to-day. Who will be the first man to get a home run?

Tom Curtis passed the swimming test this morning. He has never  
 been allowed to try it before. Congratulations.

Stackpole swam to the Quarantine slip, which is much better than  
 anything he did last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer came to dinner to-day, bringing with  
 them some fine large bass.

At afternoon reading we began "The Cloister and the Hearth".

The afternoon was pretty bad, with a heavy mist most of the time.  
 We were basical practice to get ready for the game we hoped



MONDAY to have on the Fourth. There were two divisions.  
(cont'd.)

The juniors played a regular game, with much wild yelling, and the seniors played scrub, with T.L. pitching and V.V.H. catching. A startling feature of this game was the number of balls which Carey sent down into the swamp.

In the middle of the afternoon arrived on foot, from the place where their motor ran into the mud and stuck, Mr. and Mrs. Dick and their son Hamilton. It was not their own motor, but one run by a gentleman named Tibbatts, who seems to be a very indifferent driver. But here they are, and we are very glad to get them:

*Henry Howe Richards.*

*Julio C. Richards.*

*Hamilton Richards.*

Various people tried their luck at fishing, but got only little fellows, too small to keep.

After supper it was too wet for anything but Digestion Club, so we went up to the shop and began "Huckleberry Finn".

Meanwhile the quartette put in some lively practice round the piano.

Then came "Spin the Platter", with much excitement. In redeeming the forfeits, Mrs. Dick and Miss Gregory gave us a Russian dance, P.S.P. made a speech, and Steinwedell and Farnsworth had a wild struggle over the Hotentot tackle. You only tackle your own nose and ears, but they are sometimes very hard to find. Payson beat De Varsce in a spirited soldier race, and J.G. entirely outclassed Newbold in the match race.

The half-past niners played Compendium, in B.J.R. won, with a score of fifteen.

WEDNESDAY, July 4, 1877. A very brilliant fourth, but as the old song says, "we did not vex". We had the Declaration of Independence, and our usual songs. And then, as it was pretty wet, we had rain.

Some more singing, with rounds, divided into pieces. It looks as if singing was going well this year.

Then, in rubber coats and rubber boots, most of us adjourned to the field, for crackers and torpedoes. I forgot to say that a small and select expedition went to Oakland Monday for supplies, so we were very well fitted out. The great difficulty was lighting them, but we solved that by tipping over the two huge barrels that have been standing in front of the shop, and playing Diogenes in them. It really worked very well.

Swim was limited to seniors, and very few went in. We had been having a steady shower bath all the morning.

At noon our two cooks, departed. They have been growing worse and worse, and we are going to get on by ourselves, with what help we can get from neighbors, till we can get someone better.

#### OUR COOKS.

They came from Boston's busy mart,  
Well versed in every household art--  
The doctor's double counterpart--

Our cooks.

With faces pure as wing of dove,  
Like cherubin from up above,  
They gained the Skimmer's early love--

Our cooks.

But ah, their spirit fainter grew--  
Their fingers all soon nicely flew--



THURSDAY Our china took a grimmer hue--  
(cont'd.)

Ah, cookees!

From half-past two till half-past six  
They tremblingly the dishes mix,  
And weakly scrape them off with sticks,

Poor cookees.

Till, burdened down with weight of woe,  
They merely wiped them off with tow,  
Or nonchalantly let them go,

Vile cookees.

The Skipper sternly tracked them down:  
The Skipper's face, it wore a frown.  
It's rumored that they've left the town,

Those cookees.

They left upon our gala day,  
When Independence held its sway,  
And fire-crackers popped away,

Our cookees.

And as they took the homeward route,  
In collar high and checkered suit,  
We fired off one last salute

For cookees.

J.S.

So, though unwept and unhonored, they were not unkind.

But we had our Washington pie, flag and all, just

the same, and C.F.R. and P.S.P. made the pink lemonade. We also

had surprise apples, which looked in great style.

THURSDAY After dinner came "Bado's Pine", according to custom.  
(Cont'd.)  
Bado is one of our best friends.

While we were reading Mrs. Peabody came in, to have a look  
at Alfred. Too bad she had such a bad day.

By the way, Mr. Van Rensselaer came over for a minute in the  
morning, bringing more bass.

Baseball was out of the question, so the ping-pong tables  
went up. Two had regular progressive games going, and the third,  
out on the piazza, was occupied by various couples off and on.

#### JUNIOR TABLE.

Leland beat Corning.  
Leland beat Stockpole  
Leland beat Corning  
Chase beat Leland  
Chase beat Leland  
Goodhue beat Corning  
Leland beat Chase  
Chase beat Leland  
Leland beat Chase

#### SENIOR TABLE.

T. Curtis beat Wheelock  
T. Curtis beat J.R.  
T. Curtis beat Paine  
T. Curtis beat Carey  
Carey beat T. Curtis  
P. Curtis beat Carey  
Paine beat Carey  
T. Curtis beat Carey

Various fishermen went out, but the only lucky one was  
Dick Liggett, who caught a good bass off the float.

Sometime in the afternoon T.H., H.R.F., and A." did the big  
things the first time they have been properly done this summer.

After supper, as it was not raining, a good many went out in  
boats; and we really saw the moon for a minute, to say nothing of  
a fire-balloon going up past Mr. Royal.

Our own fireworks began at 8-30, and went off beautifully, we  
had some extra big rockets, and two big double parachutes. One  
young man wanted to follow and catch them, but he would have had  
to swim for it. It was misting heavily when the last wheels went off,  
but we had had them, so we didn't much care.

Then came a triple circle for "Bado", and so ended a lively  
Fourth of July.



THURSDAY, There were clouds early in the morning, but by  
 July 5,  
 T. 70° afternoon it was a beautiful day. A fine chance to  
 F. 29.2

N. dry the clothes that got wet Monday.  
 Clearing.

The boiler was put into commission this morning, and the  
 first set of bathing-suits and towels given a course of  
 treatment.

Medical inspection began this morning, also tutoring. The  
 following is the list of students:

Andrew, Goodyear, Miner, Newbold, Peabody, Theelock, Whittemore.  
 Truly a desperate gang.

#### INTERRUPTED BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

The senior game did not get very far, for in the second  
 inning, Carey, trying to head H. V. H. off from second, dislo-  
 cated his knee. Of course that broke up the game, as the knee  
 had to be put back at once. He was got down to the infirmary on  
 a cot, put under ether, and the knee put back into place. We  
 cannot say that he was then comfortable, but he was no more  
 uncomfortable than a man has to be under such conditions; and  
 Mr. Craigin, who came over from Waterville for a look at him,  
 was very encouraging. All the same, it is horrid hard luck; and  
 there were three men out anyhow, as P. S. P. was shouting at  
 the top of his lungs.

#### THE LIGHT GAME RECRUITS vs. ROOKIES.

The Recruits and Rookies played an exciting seven-inning  
 game on the small field. The Rookies led for four innings, but  
 in the fifth, Pitcher Stackpole went up in the air, soon-

WILLIAMY pulled by the rest of his team. When they returned to (cont'd.)  
 terra firma, eight runs had been made. The Rookies came through with two more runs in their belt, but could not score again, and the Recruits put the game entirely on ice with one in the sixth and two in the seventh.

Final score, Recruits 18, Rookies, 17.

G. W. H. made three trips to the post-office to-day, two by water and one by bicycle. The last time, when he and P. S. P. went to telephone to Mr. Drayton, they took the Heeuba, and came back in fifteen minutes. This time has been made by two in the Heeuba before, in the opposite direction; L. S. and A. M. R., in 1909.

After supper it was too lovely for anything but boats, and many went out. Also some came in sooner than they expected to. Moral, don't stand up in your boat, nor do other foolish things. The are  
 rev-boats are good and steady, but there <sup>are</sup> limits.

#### FIRST SING-SONG.

##### PROGRAM:

1. Cockadoodle Overture (Impromptu)... T. L., J. R.
2. Whistle solo..... K. V. V. L.
3. Merryweather Quartette... A. V. T., H. V. P., J. E., H. P.,  
J. H., H. R., T. L.
4. Choruses,..... "Voice of the Bell, Merryweather Quartet,  
Farmtown Races.
5. Duett,..... T. L., A. M. R.
6. Stunt, "Taffy was a Welshman",..... G. W. H., P. S. P.
7. Stunt, "A Tale with a Moral",..... Minor, J. R. T.,  
Farnsworth, Van, Blackpole, P. Curtis, Train, H. H. P.

##### CAMP SONG.

The good old Cockadoodle, the composition in the first place of K. H. Kimball, is second only to Choristics. The latter musical work could hardly be attempted without thorough rehearsing, and the Faculty have been rather more busy than usual, with table-setting, etc. so we cockadoodled merrily; at least, T. L. and J. R. did.



WEDNESDAY H.V.H. gave us several delightful Hawaiian songs  
(d. 1901) accompanied himself on his ukulele, a pretty little instru-  
ment and we heard of their lives and in them  
remained in the last song. It sounded exciting.

The quartette had had only one rehearsal, but they gave  
us "The Owl and the Pussy-cat", and two others. Next time,  
gentlemen all.

We didn't have any guests Sunday, T.L. having to play an  
organ for a wedding in Rochester. It is good to get back to  
Beethoven and Mozart again.

We had "Tat-y" last year, and are therefore familiar  
with P.S.P.'s rendering of the part of the outraged house-  
holder. He did it with his accustomed grace and energy. As  
to their old, "mimicry" character and to the H.V.H. for  
the "Tat-y" last year, which was certainly a  
fact that a genius is that.

The last story was most tragic. First appeared "Our Hero"  
in agony and his pajamas, saying that he had stopped  
singing a, something in the way of a, and was all  
himself with, (H.V.H.) himself, with himself  
cavering and playing.

Then, one by one, entered the "thirteenth" (H.V.H.)  
(worth), the Pig he got (H.V.H.), the Fish he lost (Stackpole), the  
Bathing-suit he left in the Miz (P. Curtis), the Doctor who  
dosed him (Train), and finally, horrible to behold, the great  
black Devil, who looks out for all greedy boys (H.V.H.). At this  
they all bed with most ideal good, and finally  
and pulled out the window, trailing his blanket behind him,

There is himself and his friends.  
(p. 100.)

and all through there was a great light; and  
a little while a faint light and the light was  
and it seemed to be a great light. It was  
to thought yet it seemed to be a great light  
of the new day. (If you want to  
read the back numbers of the  
Log.)

Was it owing to these horrors that several brothers in the  
short room and groaned loudly in their sleep, and that Farnsworth  
was told that he had to be waked up by a noise  
well so.

As we were leaving, we had a fine time. The chairs were  
broken, and no bones either, but we can assure you that it was a  
very lively game.

There was a lovely Aurora Borealis, by the light of which the  
first group of pointers went out, under escort of P. S. P.



THURSDAY, A lovely day. To still feel like commenting on it,  
July 6,  
T. 60° After May and June.

B. 29.3

N.Y. This morning we lost G. V. R. and his family, alas!  
Felt

With them went M. F. F. so we were left lamenting.

But later in the morning we felt better, for who should  
appear but the following distinguished persons?

*Laura Elizabeth Wiggins*

*Charles Wiggins 2nd*

They disappeared in the afternoon, to camp on Rocky Mountain  
for the night, but will be back some time.

The hog-frame squad extended its activities this morning  
by building a fence to keep people from cutting down the bank  
from the Mammoth Cave. Those who saw the yawning hole washed  
by the rains of the last month realize that that bank must be  
treated gently for a while.

This morning Miss Gregory swam to the point. Let the good  
work go on.

#### DOUBLE EXPEDITION.

##### MEADOW BROOK.

##### QUANANISH.

A.T. Dwight  
Wheelock Eggleston  
Newbold Kallowell  
Hennett Shanley  
Amber Breckinridge  
Goodman  
De Vries  
Farnsworth  
L.G.

##### WILLWAY. TAMERSON. TONNICAL.

M.V. H. Morse Chase  
Goodhue Peabody Clarke  
Roberts Platt

##### TRUSS.

A.V. Van Rensselaer Whittore  
Stackpole Train  
Doughton

##### TERROR.

##### J.F.

##### CORKER.

P.B.P.  
T. Curtis  
Davidge  
A.H.R.

##### ABOL.

T.L.  
Corning  
P. Curtis  
Parson

##### GREEN.

H.V.M.  
Miner  
Liggett  
Paine

The Quananish went up Meadow Brook, as far as the first  
bridge. It was lovely paddling, as it always is. All was very quiet  
going up, and the only really lively time was coming back, from



THURSDAY, Stony Point town. The good south wind had sprung up, but it did not help the Ancient Mariner, but in front; and those who had not paddled against a head wind learned several things. They got home just at supper time.

Meantime the mountaineers had gone gaily on their <sup>way</sup>. All but the Erabus, that is. She broke a rowlock early in the game, and had a slow hard row, with one pair of oars. The rest had no trouble, except that the Corker went on a rock near Ran Island, and Beef had to get out and shove off.

We found the landing swifter than usual, so we got away as soon as we could, J.R. staying to act as guide to the crew of the Erabus when they should come along.

At the top we found the view beautifully clear, and the strawberries still good. After a while J.R. appeared, having left the Erabus (or Erabusters) to pick strawberries a little below. They appeared in time, without any great obstacles.

Then we started down with the south wind growing stronger and stronger. J.R. took the Erabus and her two passengers, and the crews of the other rangeleys were rearranged to make them as even as might be, for we knew what it was going to be like. It did not know, they know now. It was good solid work, and bow paddlers and passengers got uncommonly wet. In fact the Eben, which is a better boat than the Corker or the Abol, had to go ashore and dump twice.

Supper was very late, as almost everyone had to change clothes to a greater or less degree.

Then came Digestion Club (cheers from the prefects), Monkey in sight, and for the half-past niners, "The Yellow Dove", a very exciting story. And some listened, and some snored, but all were very peaceful and comfortable.



FRIDAY, The weather report apparently got lost, but we can  
 July 7, give a general idea of things. It was a very fine day.  
 Fair, Farm,  
 S.E.

L.F.R., R.R., and Dwight went on a motor trip this  
 morning, partly to an errand, and partly for fun. They went  
 up Belgrade Hill, and round by the stone house, getting a fine  
 view of Keshongkee. Poor Jigs, our other invalid, is not up to  
 any such performances yet, being still flat on his back in the  
 infirmary, with his leg in splints. A dislocated knee is a mean  
 slow thing.

Mrs. Peabody looked in for a minute this morning.

Sunshine Alley is very grateful to P.S.P. and his squad  
 for the fine condition of the ship. It is as steady as a rock  
 and as level as a billiard table.

This morning Train went to the Point. Several of the  
 younger brothers will do it soon. In fact Eggleston has some  
 idea of doing it this week.

#### FISHING AND TRIP TO MILLS.

WILLIAMSVILLE. FISHING.	VALLEY CO. FISHING.	PANTAGON. FISHING.	TRIP.
P.S.P.	C.H.R.	J.G.	A.T.
De Vries	Stackpole	Andrew	Farnsworth
Houghton	Breckinridge	Hun	Chase
	1 base		1 base
PORTER. FISHING.	WHEELER. FISHING.	TERROR. FISHING.	
J.R.	Bennett	Paine	Van Rensselaer
Clark	Davidge	Charlier	Corning
Lizgett	Stedman	Smith	Beland
1 base			
(8 porch)			
	A.V.B.	Payson	
	Train	Whittenore	
	Wheeler	T. Curtis	
	Minor	P. Curtis	
	Morse	Hallowell	
	Peabody		
	Goodrich		
	Roberts		
	Eggleston		
	Goodyear		

WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd)

The Quamaniche went to the Hills. It looked as if they might get a willow before they got there, but it very kindly left to the south. People on Hornbeam Hill must have got very wet. A trip to the Hills means moccasins, fishing-tackle, and ice-cream, but this crew did a thing which no Quamaniche crew has ever done before. They went through the Monkey Point cutway. That shows how very high the water is this year. Often that cut is too shallow for a nineteen-footer.

The fishing-boats had pretty hard luck. J.R. and his crew got their perch off the point after they came in, and Farnsworth got another one. After supper Andrew got two more, making the total for the day as follows:

14 fish.

Better luck next time..

In the middle of supper there suddenly came a crash, and then a wild roar. Funny's chair had collapsed under him. Before eight o'clock the muse had descended on J.G., to the following effect:

Rock-a-bye, Funny, on the chair's top:

When the chair breaks, our Funny will drop.

The chair is but weak, although strong it may be,

Compared to the weight of a man such as he.

He ate but a muffin, and down went the chair,

And Funny went too, with his feet in the air.

A straw was but needed, the camel to break,

So beware of the number of muffins you take.

J.G.

Games on the Hill was greeted with yells of glee, by all but the prefects. We have noticed this phenomenon before. Then came Indoor Vol, with yells, and Chicken-me, with more yells. After which came peace on the float, with the moon, songs, and a circular story.



SATURDAY, To-day's report being very early. A little before  
July 8,  
7.70' two in the morning the thunder and lightning began,  
8.29.10  
8.7. and soon the rain followed suit. As the first drops  
fell

Shower told the pointers came creaking in with their wheel-  
barrow, and reached their dormitories without getting  
more than spattered.

The Viglantes left at eight, by motor. W. is off for Plattsburgh shortly; the rest of his family are in Gardiner, so we shall be seeing more of them.

A tent-fly squad, under command of T.N., did some shifting; along Sunshine Alley, putting in the most worn fly on the least used tent.. Many thanks.

At morning reading Skipper is telling us about lumber in Maine.

The first cabin; squad went out this mornin;;

Squambeek.....Hulse, Liggett.  
Pine.....Varnsworth, Brackmole.  
Hocuba.....Platt, Steinwedell.  
Gravling.....Eggleston, Breckenridge.

There was a light shower in the middle of the day.

[illegible]

Someone asked what boat the Aquarium  
was, but we doubt if that excellent craft, or  
institution, would be much good in the water.

A. V. H. .  
A. V. H., Whittemore,  
Stacpole,  
De Margee,  
Hallowell,  
Newbold,  
Peabody.



SATURDAY. The day was better with the water. The sun cleared.  
The water was better with the water. The sun cleared.

The boys all went fishing, but with no results. It didn't  
seem to be the right weather for worms.

J.R. and his crew had a hard paddle over to Hoyt's, against the  
wind. They landed and had a swim. They came home very  
carefully before the wind.

J.P.B. and P.S.P. joined forces, and explored the various brooks  
between here and Warren's stream. As the water is high it is a  
good time for exploring. They went up the stream as far as the  
mill, and looked over the mill and the fish hatchery.

The walkers walked to the post-office, and came home in good  
time with the mail, and various other things.

In the middle of the afternoon arrived a new boy, Nelson Mackie.  
He was escorted by his mother and various friends, so for a while  
we were a good-sized party on the piazza. *N. W. Mackie*

Just before supper Dick Higgitt and John Andrew caught four  
white perch on the point. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say  
that they caught them off the point.

This being George Goodyear's birthday, he was richly honored at  
supper. He gave out the first of the new year's resolutions.

As there was a good deal of time before bedtime, most people  
went up for games on the hill.

#### THE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

SATURDAY. J.R. and his crew seemed to have about the same ex-  
perience as in the last year. They were late and they were early.  
A few new elements of the year had been added to the old ones.  
The day was a great success. The new year had been a great success.



FORWARD.

ENTRANCED. The Lin was a very attractive one, with fine

as a barmaid, and A.V.N. as the head waiter. The next two came together. Morse, a charming lady with a fan, entertained a party of friends at tea. Among the guests we noticed Hollowell, a graceful figure in blue and white, and Wright, in a dark, richly ornamented costume of black, set off by a scarlet cap. The fourth arrival was Mrs. B., being the chosen; and of this for a ball-game. The whole word was intensely tragic. Then we saw H.V.N. peacefully looking down to sleep, and dreaming a full of little thought was to happen. Suddenly G.B. staggered in,





SUNDAY, This morning Miss Mason arrived, to help the Doctor take  
 July 7.  
 9.00 AM. date of birth. He really needs someone with him all the  
 11.00 AM. time at present.  
 12.00 PM. clear.

Mrs. Hattie and Miss Pond came over this morning, to bring  
 the rest of Nelson's things.

PICNIC TO BINGHAM-BANDS BEACH.

OUR PARTY.		VAN DERSCHEER, IDENTICAL, WILLIAM.	
J.F.		H.V.V.H.	
Payson	Chandler	David	Whitmore
Hallowell	Brockenridge	Roberts	Stachpole
Dwight	Steinweil	Farnsworth	Goodhue
A.V.B.	Houghton		Penbo
Clarke	Ellington	PANTRY.	DRINK.
I.F.R., L.B.		A.T.	W.H.
Mackie, Platt		Van Rensselaer	Whealock
		Andrew	Goodyear
		Dr. Marvick	

APPL.	DRINK.	WATER.	The beach is the little one that makes the best landing for the crew from this pond.
J.F.	H.V.H.	H.V.H.	
Corning	P. Curtis	Minor	
Biggitt	Leland	Chase	
Fennott	Faine	W. Curtis	

The plan was to go up to a very pretty place behind, and  
 sport there. The only trouble was that there was an Irish lady  
 who was rather like the Irish person who didn't like us to land  
 because she had a cat in the woods. This lady had some cows in a  
 field, and it was with great difficulty that J.F. persuaded her  
 to let the party stay long enough to eat their supper, on con-  
 dition that they would not come again. We are not likely to want  
 to, unless she needs her milk.

The stay-at-homes had supper on the piazza, with some of the  
 ice-cream that was left from dinner. There was none for family  
 supper, and then the gentlemen of the dory had come.

We had good hymns, and then "The Lord's Prayer," a singing song  
 that we have not read before. As it is a little short, we had  
 time for an O. Henry too.



MONDAY, This morning Edith graduated from his crutches,  
July 30,  
7.65 and appeared with a cane. Cheers!  
P. 29.35  
Fair As the aquarium was not light, and the sand was  
Vestibly.

far from clean, it was emptied this morning and washed.

The Navigators ended their morning's work with the following  
stunt. Each kid started on line to pull in his boat, got into it,  
row round Bicknell Rock, land at the float, and take out his oars.  
The record is given below. The wind was light, and the performance  
of Freckinridge and Roberts amusing. Three or four times these  
partners came up to the float, only to be blown away when they  
took in their oars, before they could grab the float.

Clarke.....7 3/4 n. First, best course.  
Andrews.....8 n. Second, second course.  
Freckinridge...17 5/4 n. Third, fourth course.  
Roberts.....20 3/4 n. Fourth, third course.

The component parts of the camping kit have been married,  
so that they will not get mixed up with the picnic things.

To-day, for the first time since he arrived, Larry wished less  
than two hundred, let the good work go on.

Mr. Rawie arrived at noon, bringing with him a box that all  
are enjoying. We hope that we shall send him home this time with  
his own in a sling.

*Francis Rawie, Jr.*

"I" went fishing off the Point to-day, at noon and at night,  
and caught a good-sized bass and a white perch.

Total fish for the day, 8.

In afternoon reading George Clarke cut his finger very  
deeply, and had to go into dry-dock for repairs. Bad luck, but we  
hope to see him out of bandages soon.

#### TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Things were arranged a little differently from the usual



# Moros

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
J.R.						
H.V.V.H.						
A.T.						
Andrew						
Bennett						
Chase						
Curtis, P.						
Dwight						
Eggleston						
Goodhue						
Hallowell						
Hun						
Liggett						
Miner						
Paine						
Peabody						
Stackpole						
Steinwedell						
Van Rensselaer						
deWatzee						
Whittemore						
J.G.						

# Igerotes

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
T.L.						
O.H.R.						
A.von Z.						
C.F.B.						
P.S.P.						
Buckinridge						
Corning						
Curtis, T.						
Davidge						
Farnsworth						
Goodyear						
Houghton						
Leland						
Mackie						
Morse						
Newbold						
Payson						
Platt						
Roberts						
Train						
Wheelock						

Monday trial scouting afternoons. We all met in the big room.  
(Cont'd.)  
Where Skipper drew a map and explained the boundaries. Then J.R.  
gave the rules of the game, making clear what could and could  
not be done.

After this the two tribes, Moros and Igerotes, captained by  
J.R. and "L.L." respectively, went round the field, to have a good  
look at the boundaries. At four o'clock real playing began, with  
the two games.

In the first game the Igerotes, though they suffered heavy  
losses, made two runs to the Moros' camp, and won by that margin.

In the second game the Moros scored nine runs, while the Iger-  
otes did not reach the boundary. This tied the score for the after-  
noon.

As will be seen by the card, <sup>U</sup>Algonquin and Iroquois were play-  
ing side by side; and of course the new boys were not arranged  
on any system.

There were more surprises than is common, even in a trial game.  
There were also more runs lost. Try to realize that the cap is  
of real importance; also that it takes time to make new one, and  
a good deal of trouble for someone.

Report of the trial may find you slightly tired.  
And a red line below, indicating a to tally etc.

At supper we had the "rotten lettuce" but had no room for  
good food or for not to play.

At 8 o'clock we had a game of "L.L." and no more. To finish we had a  
"game of" "L.L." and then some more. "L.L." and then some more.  
And then the half-hour wait on with the yellow boys.

Raspberries are getting ripe



WEDNESDAY,  
July 11,  
7.65  
8.29.26

Wazy,  
7.3.4.

Light  
rain

at  
night.

A tooth-brush said eight a goodman always.  
There is only one way to avoid this embarrassment,  
and that is to brush them always.

A thistle squad went out this morning, to make  
some parts of the scouting field less painful.

The kindergarten squad of swimmers are coming on  
finely. Their latest performance is jumping off the slip to  
H.V.V.H. The motto is, "All passed by the first of August."

FIRST JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.  
TERRIES vs. TERRIERIS.

At the beginning this looked as if it would be a long  
dull game; but the putting in of Van Rensselaer to pitch in  
place of Davidge helped matters. Everyone tightened up, and in  
the second and third no one scored. The game was really won in  
the fourth, when the Terries made four runs. The Secretaries  
brought in three in the fifth, but could never quite catch  
their rivals.

C.F.B. and Van Rensselaer batted for .500, and P.S.P.  
for .400.

In the second there was a double play, C.F.B. hitting  
P.S.P. out at first, and getting the ball back to Train in  
time for him to stop Chase from getting home.

In the fourth P.S.P. made an unassisted double play.

The pudding-ball game between teams of mixed faculty  
and kiddies was not recorded, but judging by the score it was  
a thriller.

Skipper and Wazy went out to lunch and found a  
pleasant time, being so two with speed again, several  
caught a good base trotting. Just before supper Light got  
two from the Point, and after supper Dwight caught a



And then we went on with "The Yellow Dove." (I won't say that the plot thickens. On looking through last year's log, I find that I said it too many times.)

Secretaries. Terrie of July 11 at																					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.		
0	2		<sup>1</sup> T. Curtis	6													4	1	0		
0	4		<sup>2</sup> Coming	1													3	1	0		
9	4		<sup>3</sup> Train	2													5	2	1		
11	1		<sup>4</sup> C. F. B.	3									K				4	2	2		
2	1		<sup>5</sup> Morse	5													5	1	1		
2	3		<sup>6</sup> Bennett	4													4	2	0		
0	0		<sup>7</sup> Whittemore	7			K										2	0	0		
0	2		<sup>8</sup> Paine	8	K		K		K				K				5	0	0		
0	0		<sup>9</sup> T. Curtis	9													3	0	0		
0	0		<sup>10</sup> Platt	8																	
			<sup>11</sup>																		
24 17					TIME OF GAME.																
					Runs total.														35 9 4		
					Hours..... Mins.....																
Balks.	Hlt by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	
				4	5	1-b. on errors.															



WEDNESDAY. A very oppressive day. Squads got very busy, not  
 July 12,  
 T. 7.11 to day dropping. The aquarium was filled, and mussels  
 H. 29.1  
 Ray were put in.  
 V. by B.  
 Not. The old job sheet appeared this morning as Arab-  
 esques. It sounds very interesting.

After reading, when the list was posted, there was much  
 surprise. How could we build boats when it wasn't raining?  
 But we adjourned to the shop, and soon the ship-yard was a  
 busy place, with new boats beginning, and old boats being  
 stripped and re-fitted. Let us hope that the results will be  
 better than they were last year. We never had such a list of  
 differs with tools as distributed 1915.

The following crews were out on the water:

AQUARIUM.	AQUARIUM.	MONSTERS.	MONSTERS.	MONSTERS.
CORNER.	APOL.	VII. IVAL.	VII. IVAL.	VII. IVAL.
P.R.	J.P.	J.R.	V.V.V.	O.H.K.
Platt	Chase	Stimmedell	Ligger	Andrew
Van Rense.	P. C. C. C.	T. C. C. C.	Clarke	Wheeler
		2 bass	1 W. perch	2 W. perch
			1 bass	1 V. perch

TYROR.

Train

Fennett

1 pickerel

Total, 7 fish.

The aquarium crews went round to the brook by Cook's  
 beach, where they got pickerel, a good-sized white perch, (from  
 the aquarium point of view) and the biggest pollywog ever seen.

After boat-building the shipyard had a game of soccer  
 to warm up, and then went in for a swim. The sides were not  
 named, but the game was won by one goal in the last minute of  
 play.

After supper it was boats for all who were not re-  
 sisting, and then we came in for our second sing-song. For parti-  
 culars, see over.

THURSDAY  
(July 4.)

SECOND SING-SING PROGRAM.

1. Overture, "Chopin's No. 1".....T.I., J.R.
2. String quartette.....H.V.V.H., A.W., P.B.P.,  
D.W.H.
3. Song.....O.H.R.
4. Choruses.....John Peel, Merryweather Boys, Mr. Heart's  
in the Highlands.
5. A Song of Scouting.....A.H.R.
6. Hunt, "Hop When the Horn Blows".....H.V.V.H., J.H.R., P.B.P.,  
A.H.R., T. Curtis, P. Curtis, Macleod, Parn-  
sworth.
7. Hunt, "Heinrich and Lisa".....T.I., Train.
8. Choruses....."Drink, Wap", "Camp Song."

It was hot, of course, but chopsticks went with all the  
old-time fire, now we feel as if we were really started.

Our string quartette is new, and we feel very proud of them.  
They played several things, and ended by singing "Down by the  
Stream", with string accompaniment, and whistling; obligato by  
P.B.P. we want a great deal more in the course of the summer.

J.H.R. accompanied himself on the ukulele, and sang two  
songs, one very funny, the other very pretty. The first, the one  
about Honolulu, we must learn.

The song about scouting, which is not the scouting song,  
will probably never make a good chorus, the two being a bit  
peculiar, but it gives a fairly good idea of the game, based on  
long experience. My boys, who do not follow the reference to  
Augustus Ashdown will see the point when they meet him in the  
last game of the season.

We have never had our camp motto given better. Everyone  
"took his part", and that is good, everyone sang in the same key.  
It has not always been so.



WEDNESDAY,  
(Cont'd.)

We thought "Reinhold and Lise" was their last year, but it was their summer this time. On a look at Lise as she neatly pulled off Reinhold's boots and put on his slippers showed that she was the type of wife who never thinks for herself, but relies wholly on the stronger mind. This may work very well at times, but when the stronger mind wants to read its paper there are difficulties; and Reinhold's growing exasperation was vividly portrayed. Lise had gone on with all the clock, had read the paper and even played the organ, and stood the while on the revoltingly obedient line.

It was too hot for anything but slippers, and Lise, some- times, looked on as, stood and glistened for the rest of the night with her eyes, and some with light and agreeable conversation.

• 230 •

177.

1111

1314.

12381 V.

Flower brands went out this morning, as follows:

1911.5 0433. 2.3, 2.2 0433.

1931. 11. 27. 28. 29.

321.37

2011

to give the names of the captains of the boats that

7379 312283371

There is now no sound and fine every morning, so  
the 19th 1905.

This morning's navigators showed in the main improvement over their previous performances. Eggleston made the best time, in a race which included landing, with Roberts a good second. In fact Roberts halved his former time. Platt couldn't make a landing, and finally had to be rescued.

THIRD GRADE AND FIELD PRACTICE.

The divisions into classes was entirely tentative. Only two classes were made, and there were no mandicans.

01935 4 11 21 F.V.D.

1033 4179

30. 21. 1931. 1931

"MILITARY" 4839

7. 20013 114 4'2", but the east wall is a lower class.

Class A. Total 500.

Van Rensselaer 14'10"

7470

1033 1451

Stetardell was the only other man to get beyond 15'.

The record is 16'6"

Class A Shot Put.

12332 36101

741 3-1339-497 541

<sup>1</sup> 1730.4 2591.81

1916

The 1915 run was over three feet higher. The record,



THURSDAY 5/14 1/4, and was <sup>a</sup> with the most shot. All these  
(cont'd.) were done with the "junior shot", which is really a stone.  
H.V.V. is probably glad, for Morse put it and landed it on  
his foot.

Class A Handicap.  
First Heat.

Train	12 2/5 s.
T. Curtis	
Paine	

Train was well ahead at the tape, but there was  
practically no distance between T. Curtis and Paine.

Second Heat.

Van Rensselaer	13 s.
Whittemore	
Payson	

Van evidently was not exhausting himself. Whitte-  
more was about five feet behind, and Payson three yards be-  
hind.

Final Heat.

Van Rensselaer	11 4/5 s.
Train	
Whittemore	

This time Van meant business, and led Train at the  
tape by seven yards. Whittemore was rather less than half that  
distance behind Train.

Morse did not run, having twisted his ankle in the broad  
jump.

Class B High Jump.

Leland	5'10"
Goodhue	5'8"
Houghton	5'7"

These three had a very lively contest.

Class C Broad Jump.

Goodhue	11'6"
Leland	11'5"
Finer	10'11"
Stackpole	10'6"

This tie must stand for the present, as neither

could better his mark. It was good jumping.  
(cont'd.)

Class 5 Shot Put.

Meelock	21' 7"
P. Morris	20' 2"
Stackpole	18' 10"
Leland	16' 5"

Class 3 Punted.

First Heat.

Stackpole	14 4/5 s.
Goodhue	
Leland	

A good heat, with five feet between first and second, and a little more between second and third.

Second Heat.

De Varze	Time lost.
Farnsworth	
Brookbridge	

An exciting race. I looked as if Farnsworth had it, but De Varze sprinted, and beat him by about two feet. Brookbridge was five yards behind.

Final Heat.

Stackpole	14 4/5 s.
Leland	
Goodhue	

Stackpole won by three feet, but Leland had only a few inches over Goodhue. There was lively contest farther back between De Varze and Farnsworth, which ended practically neck and neck.

There was not time for a 440, but on the whole it was a very satisfactory afternoon. Everyone worked, and the result will be a good start on the matter of handicapping.

The most satisfactory thing about the afternoon was the arrival of H. C. Z. of course it is too bad that his own disappointment was not shared by the others. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. And now the Ironsides have their captain.

*Louis C. Zacher*

After supper we had a digestion club, and then had a dance, followed by the "Yellow Boys".

There was a bit of a willow just before supper.



FRIDAY, July 14, 1905. We have finished "The Hunt of the Hunter" and are now reading "The Dutch Naturalist."  
 1.29.30  
 Clear. Last evening's squall stopped the hot weather,  
 Cool.  
 B.V. and no one was surprised when packing of baskets began.

But I am getting too far ahead. This morning L.R., Mr. Rayle, and Dwight went in to Gardiner by motor, to do errands, see the sights, and bring back L.R. They meant to be back by dinner, but were detained by broken half-hewings till after two.

#### MINOR STUFF: SHIPPERS OUT.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN.		IDENTICAL.		IDENTICAL.	
QUANTICO.		IDENTICAL.		IDENTICAL.	
F.V.		J.G.		J.R.	
Van Horn.	Marce	Steinwedell		Troen	Whittenore
Goodhue	Hallowell	Stackpole		De Winton	Peabody
Andrew	A.V.S.	Breckinridge		Platt	
Nesbitt	Wheslock				
F.H.	Chandler				
	Goodyear				
	Blackie				

CANYON.		HEAD-UP PROOF.		LONG-PAID.	
F.V.		WORK.		WILLIAM.	
F.V.		WORK.		WILLIAM.	
Davidson	Liggett	Chase	Hiner	Dwight	W.C. Curtis
F. Curtis	Belmont	Comins	Houghton	Edgemon	Clarke
Payson	Pennett	A.M.R.	Phine	Farnsworth	Robertson

The Quantico had perhaps the most adventurous trip of all. With the identical as teacher, she carried across at the Mill, and bore away for the head of the pond. Unfortunately logging operations have closed the mouth of Rocky Mountain brook, so they had to "land further down." Leaving Mr. Rayle to guard boats and supplies, the party then started up the mountain and all went merrily. But on the way down Chandler stopped to put on his boots, which he had taken off to climb, and before anyone realized it, he had got a bit behind, and like Mr. Ray,



FRIDAY      sailed off in the opposite direction. It was getting late, which made it more interesting. But in course of time he was found, and the party got safely into the boats, where they ate their supper. Needless to say they were very late, as the hunt for the missing man had taken about an hour. We were pretty glad to see them arrive.

The Intrepids had thought of Lord's Hill, but changed their minds, and went to the lovely hill beyond the north beach. Here they found a friendly farmer who wasn't particular, and didn't mind their walking through his hay. After climbing their hill they came down, and went over to the shore near Blueberry Hill, as there was a better chance for a swim. They had a good head wind home, but they didn't care.

The Cave Men landed on the Great Pond side, near where the unpleasant lady lives who owns the cows. They avoided her and her cows, and reached their point without any trouble. They explored the caves, and no one got stuck. The next people to go there will tell us how many things Puddles left. We once found his scouting cap there after many weeks. They then went over to Poy's, and carefully choosing a landing on the west side, between two "No trespass" signs, had swim and supper.

The Long Pond boats confined themselves to rowing, as they had two cripples along. They came down to the first point below the Narrows, where they built a fire, had a swim, and in due course their supper. Just before this they were joined by the Broad Jumpers, who were much surprised to find them there.

The Broad-jumpers got away first, and went through the cut-way at Monkey Point without even touching a pebble. There are more obstacles to carrying at the Mill, notably a wire fence, but a lady



(cont'd.)  
 would not go it again. He says that people mostly carry from  
 the big landing across to the Central House float. We reached  
 our brook in good time, and found the mouth blocked by logs. In  
 fact there were three bunches of logs, one just before the  
 brook, one at the mouth, and one a little way up. The first  
 bunch was the worst, being chained, but A. V. F. got out, and pulled  
 and shifted, and the rest of us shifted and pulled, and we got  
 through. The second one involved more getting out, and the mov-  
 ing of one very long log, but the third was comparatively  
 easy. The only other obstacle was a fallen tree, which gave us  
 very little space, run under it. The water is not so high as  
 it was last year, but A. V. F. went in to the broad jump, while  
 the rest went, or at least played, in the prettiest pool of all.  
 Going down was easy, as the logs had mostly stayed where they  
 had been pushed. We thought when we saw the boats of F. V. I.  
 and A. F. that they were returning strangers, but soon we  
 realized that they were friends, and joined them at supper. After  
 which we paddled home, by way of the Central House landing. It  
 is only a little longer.

There was no time for anything but bed for the half-  
 past eighth, and most of the faculty and prefects were  
 watching for the Quasimodo, but we had "My Brother's Come  
 Home from China", and then a round of "Red-Heads". The morn-  
 ing boats came in just before half-past nine.

We arrived this afternoon, to spend a few days:

Margery Peabody  
 Betsey Peabody







SATURDAY, one's finger and the length of one's leg might be.  
(cont'd.)

Some of the walkers found a wounded duck, and brought it home, hoping that it might be restored and cured, but it was in such shape that it had to be killed, poor thing.

The botanists made a painful discovery this afternoon. Freddy Roberts had an ancestor who was a pirate. What shall we do if some day he hoists the black flag on the Wabster, and sails away?

#### THE SAILOR OF THE PIRATE.

There once lived a sailor who scoured the seas

In a sinister sort of a ship—

A Roberts by name,

Of piratical fame,

With the cruellest curl to his lip—

Yes, the cruellest curl to his lip.

His fingers he'd snap, and he'd roll out a song

Of the joys of a buccaner's life;

And it was his delight

To tell of his life

With a boast of a glittering knife—

Yes, a boast of a glittering knife.

Many prizes he sent to the regions below

In the depths of the bottomless sea.

Many vessels he'd sink,

With a grin and a wink,

While their crews were a-sleeping at sea—

Yes, their crews were a-sleeping at sea.

BARROCK  
(1915-16)

For this was, you'll admit, a diabolical trick.

Herb's field notes were enjoying a real,

To force them to draw

Is their vessel this long

-Let's see before we decide on a plan for

Leek or Petre- or Virep-100, 267

And they all had to drown, since the doctors all say

(And for once they all seem to agree)

That one never should take

in the sea or the lake

At 3:11 PM; 89 3001 after tea-

Yes, all swimming; so soon after tea.

In centuries past, many pirates have sailed

from Jane Ann to the Baron's Coast.

But none, I'll dare say,

In their rosiolate way,

—there is no more of this kind of thing

Yes, a barbarous, politerous feast.

100

At supper was late and extensive, (some had three help of soup, and then beef, and strawberries) we had no more than time to get ready for chaperon.

THIRD. The first scene was clear, and exciting, though we did not make out what the victims had done to be tied up in such fashion. The second scene was a tooth-brush race, which sent almost all the party <sup>out</sup> for the third scene. We had a political meeting. I.



President Wilson's policy with a vigor that brought down the House.

RECAPITULATION. This began with a formal dinner, visited by J.R. and other notables, while Blackpole acted as a sentinel. In spite of his care, De Vries slipped in and placed a bomb in a vital part of the vessel, so that a frightful explosion followed. In the second scene we might have been in some other part of the nature of the yellow oil-skin which that accompanied J.R., but when Tom Curtis appeared, dressed in "snow white", like the lady of Shalott, we realized that he was an angel, and that the scene represented the death of the hero. For the whole, we had a complete picture of the performance of a theatrical agent. Curtis gave us "the quality of mercy," or as much of it as he could remember: Blackpole was too bashful to say anything. Then J.R. with great effect, gave the dagger scene from "Macbeth".

PRINCIPLE. All boats look a good deal alike in shape, but A.T.'s long grey beard made him look like an ancient Mariner, even before J.R. appeared as the albatross. We knew she was an albatross, because she was labelled. Then, of course, she was an albatross, and the crew expired. The last two syllables went together, and the ship was the ship, and looked very nice in his eyes. He seemed to be a little of a seaman, for his visitors looked anything but happy as they went away. The whole was also very nice. This time J.R. had the best, and the best of the whole thing.

60  
and they played up, and played so long that we finally turned on  
(contin.)  
the fire-extinguisher.

These three words took up all the time, so the fourth side  
did not go out.

As there were ninety-five fish in camp, a volunteer squad went  
to work: C. J. P. S. P. Train, Korse, Hun, and Bennett. (Apologies if we  
have omitted any of the gallant band. They labored valiantly, and  
soon after half-past nine the fish were cleaned, and the cleaners  
were in the pond. Then they came in to faculty supper.

The rest of us played "Horned Lady". This game cannot be played  
with a very large number, because all brains would be hopelessly  
sprained, but it is great fun. Three survived without horns, and  
Chandler got eleven.

When God has willed, the frightened air shrinks back;  
The sail-boats pass, and try another tack.  
The dotted line and dotted line are dashed,  
The bill whips and whirrs, each to each.  
There of course, nothing in the world is left  
The airship is behind it, and the airship is  
Silly enough isn't it?  
When God has willed.

Far from the city, with its din and clack,  
The airship is within our reach.  
The airship has been heard to say,  
Silly enough isn't it?  
When God has willed.

Low brace your nerves and stiffen up your back.  
Linger then, Fairworth, beating over black,  
He lifts his voice in energetic speech,  
Thrilling each fish, and scaring every loach.  
For when the thunder hardly dices to crack  
Silly enough isn't it?  
When God has willed.

A. M. R.



July 16, 1893  
 7.30 AM  
 1.29.3  
 Cloudy  
 3.30  
 Rain  
 At night.  
 For a while it looked as if it would have to be at least a shore picnic, if not a house one, but the clouds lightened, and off we started.

PICNIC AT GOLF LINKS.

<u>CLANMATH.</u>		<u>THOR.</u>	<u>FRAN.</u>	<u>WORKER.</u>
F.P.	A.V.B.	J.H.	J.C.	J.C.B.
M.P.	Hallowell	Chandler	Domine	Chase
Newbold	T. Curtis	Norse	Davidge	Leland
Eslestone	Thelock	Plant	Dwight	Hennett
Train	Andrew			
<u>W.R.</u>		<u>WORK.</u>	<u>R.P.</u>	<u>VILLIAR.</u>
Goodyear		C.F.B.	P.S.P.	A.T.
Steeple		Foughton	Lickett	Stainwedell
Goodhue		Minor	P. Curtis	Hackie
		A.K.R.	Paine	J.G.
<u>YANTRICHOOR.</u>		<u>EDITHAL.</u>	<u>FRYER.</u>	
F.R.		F.V.V.I.	Tayson	
Van Rensselaer		Wiltmore	Lu	
Clarke		De Vazee	Hartworth	
Peabody		Roberts	Freckinridge	

We found all looking well at the beach except the ship, which had been moved wholly away. There was also been a road fenced in, leading to the point.

We went to the Abbot tree, not across the field, but by the path along the ridge, to spare the oats. There we rolled stones and had a very fine three-story pyramid, with Chase on top. Persons with sunburnt shoulders gazed a little, but the effect was fine. Goodhue and Lickett had a fight, and Roberts and Andrew had a wrestling match, so there was plenty of excitement.

Then we read "The Two Householders", after which came supper and singing.

After supper we had "Proud Upon the Waters."

Camping Trip  
July 17<sup>th</sup>

Leland  
Morse  
Payson  
Platt  
Train

J.R.

Yam merschooner  
Williwaw

62

WEDNESDAY,  
JULY 17.  
8.70 A.M.  
11.20 A.M.  
1.30 P.M.  
Dinner.

With morning after departure to  
Ravine, the Peabody ladies, and Robble  
Paine, whose mother is very ill.

At 9.30 sharp off went the first  
camping trip of the season, heading for Long  
Point.

Mike had a bath this morning, in 1840.  
Boughton and Wheelock did the job, and though he  
was very unwilling, at 10 P.M. had to pick him  
up and put him in, he felt very proud afterwards,  
about old things.

Great progress at swim. Stackpole passed the test, and Eggleston  
made the Piramide slip. Back to Andrew and Platt. In the  
afternoon Peabody swam down to the ladies' slip, which is his  
best performance so far.

George Clarke is out of his spirit, and very proud to have a  
five-finger that he can wiggle.

WOMEN AND MAIDS PRACTICE.

REP.	WORKER.	WORKER.	REP.	WORKER.
Peabody	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke
W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke
W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke
W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke

CONFIDENTIAL.	TERROR.	ARMED.	CONFIDENTIAL.
W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke
W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke
W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke	W. Clarke

ROUND ROBIN.	ROUND ROBIN.
W. Clarke	W. Clarke
W. Clarke	W. Clarke
W. Clarke	W. Clarke

ROUND ROBIN.
W. Clarke
W. Clarke
W. Clarke

They went down through the water. They turned. They  
distributed on float and point, they entered again. At 4.30



WIND all hands got ready for start.

The course was officially the same, but differed in whatever variations were observed with the boats or other idiosyncrasies of the contestants.

MAJOR RACE.

PAINTS	WIND	WIND	WIND
Red	Yellow	Blue	Green
White	Black	Grey	Brown

There was some wild steering, and the boats and the boatsmen were in a state of confusion. The boats were by no means equal in speed, and the boatsmen were in a state of confusion. The boats were by no means equal in speed, and the boatsmen were in a state of confusion.

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White	Black	Grey

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LOWELL SENIOR STEPHEN RABBITTS.  
 (Foot 1.)  
 TERROR. TONNICAL. PARABOTE. TRIBBS.  
 STEPHEN RABBITTS. TONNICAL.

The Parabote led for some time, with the Tonnical gaining.  
 Then the Terror overhauled both, and the boats crossed in the  
 order given above.

WARRINGTONS.	CAUCASOLOGY.	TONNICAL.	REPOGERS.
Dwight	T. Curtis	Stellvedell	Van Rensselaer
Brookbridge	Isabell	Stackpole	Farnsworth
Goodale	Houghton	Hallowell	Davidge
Whittemore	Lizette	Chase	Wheelock

The Worry won by several lengths. The Terror was rather  
 uncertain about the line, and though she got second place, her  
 crew had practically stopped paddling when she crossed. Then third,  
 up fourth.

It was a very satisfactory afternoon, for the first of the  
 season, and the swim had followed was well-earned.

And all this time I haven't said that it was Stephen's  
 birthday. It was, though, and we had just had a breakfast. I. O. E.  
 decoyed him away on some pretended message, and as soon as came  
 back, O. P. F. started us all up, with our napkins waving, and "Many  
 happy returns of the day." He had a cake at supper, and there  
 were also belated cakes for Henry Whittemore and Mary de Vaux.  
 It was a regular birthday party.

As the shop was hot in condition, owing to paint-jobs, we  
 had Diction Club on the Point, where it was quiet and moderately  
 cool. Then came "Gowd", which was no better, and in the middle of the  
 game it walked the following distinguished official:

*J. Arnold Lowell, Jr.*  
 The evening ended with half-past nine boats.



## Camp Plattsburgh

Camp Plattsburgh was named after its distinguished though reserved member, G. Platt. His comrades were - Chu chu Train, Arthur Morse, Sugar Payson, Jack Island, and J. R.

We fished on the way to the hills, but caught only a baby bass. When we got there, we bought condensed milk and ice cream and then went along, still trolling, to J. R.'s old place at the northeast end of Long Pond. We immediately took a very long swim as the day was extremely hot. On the shore we found two great spruce logs, which we launched. Each was buoyant enough to hold two or three, and so they made a great addition to the swim.

Next we fed on one of G. Terry's famous

66

basket lunches (patent applied for) and found it so good and large that we laid by parts of it for the hike next day. In fact, the butter he gave us lasted for the whole trip. Next we divided into two squads. Half went fishing, while the other half set up camp. Then at four o'clock the half that had stayed on shore went fishing, while the other half started supper. J. R. stayed on shore for both squads. The fishing was hardly a success. A. horse caught a good pickerel but never landed it. Everything else went well. We were lucky to find two dead pine trees for fuel, and some nails in an old boat on the shore, served for pot hooks. Through the afternoon, there was sundry swimming, besides the fishing, and Chu Chu's celebrated theoretical crawl was tried out and fully



discussed - both by Chu Chu.

Supper was composed of bacon, bread, cocoa, (very fine) and boiled potatoes. We cooked apple sauce, too, but saved that for the morning. In the evening we built a fine, big camp fire and sat around it, everyone telling a ghost story, and several repeating. The night was so fine that all save Morse and Platt slept outside, and never a mosquito nor a drop of rain to bother us.

Breakfast was - yellow mush, apple sauce, cocoa, and bacon. Soon after, we broke camp and moved across to Beaver Spring, where we started right off for Muskrat ~~mountain~~. It was a very hot day to climb, and the party held together remarkably well, with no complaining or lagging. The undergrowth along Muskrat pond

THE LITTLE FISH

And the little fish was very  
 happy and contented,  
 for he had found a home  
 in the sea.

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 in the sea.

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 for he had found a home  
 in the sea.

And the little fish was very  
 happy and contented,  
 for he had found a home  
 in the sea.

A.D.

And the little fish was very  
 happy and contented,  
 for he had found a home  
 in the sea.



is thicker than ever and should be cleared out by an all day sundry stunt. From the top, we had a fine view of the ponds, but the weather was too hazy to see the mountains.

Down Muskrat again, in good order. Much horse play, and Sugar was tamed as a wild duck, after his experience last year. Happy to say he didn't catch it this time. At Beaver Spring, we ate bacon sandwiches and raisins. Arthur Morse indulged in cold cocoa, but raised no enthusiasm from the rest of us. Then we started for home without a swim, that we might be sure of one when we got there.

At the mills, we had ice cream again and then rowed across to join our admiring friends at Camp.

Camp Plattsburgh was a good, average

camp, that climbed on a hot day without  
grumbling, ate and slept well, and  
was in general, shipshape and on  
schedule. May its successors be as lucky  
with their weather and with their yellow  
mush.

John Richards



THURSDAY,  
July 18.

7.07  
11.30.11

Hazy  
Rain.

We heard last night of the death of Roland Payne's  
mother. She had been ill for some time, and that was

why he went home. Of course we do not know yet at all

what his plans may be, or whether we shall see him back or  
not.

morning

This<sup>A</sup> arrived, at about 6-50, on foot as usual, "the fellow

the old boys call Chucky, and the <sup>new</sup> ones Mr. Henderson", of  
whom we heard the other day in the Sporting Letter.

R. B. Henderson

BOLD MOON.

Here, tinkering on the aquarium and its leak. We hope that  
this time it is really tight.

G.F.F. is mending the gnawle of the Abol: a rather busy  
job.

Ponderer Walk is in the shape now a real wharf, with a  
neat little nest of stones for faculty tooth-brushes behind  
the pine tree. R.C.F. has built a similar landing for the boat  
and when that was done he went to work on Miss Gregory's  
camp-stool stool.

J.J. has put the pane-closed door into shape, so that it  
will open and shut properly. He also put some air-holes in it.  
Several carpenters had better look out, for the closet would now  
make an excellent jail.

WENT COMPLETE SENIOR DAY CAMP AFTERNOON.

WENT TO VIEW.

No casualties this time, for which we are thankful. It was  
a good day, too, for as no one did any work, and had a  
load that they could get out of. The day was  
very hot, and the wind was very strong, but after



Wags vs. Wigs of July 18 at

Win			vs. Wagon			of July 18			at											
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
1	2		1 Chase	4			5-3		6-3			1-3					3	0	1	
2	2		2 Dwight	5			K		K			4-3					3	0	0	
12	0		3 L. C. Z.	3	K					2-3		1-3					4	1	1	
11	3		4 H. V. V. H.	2													4	2	4	
1	3		5 T. L.	1	f			K		4-2							4	0	1	
0	2		6 Bennett	6		4-3		1-3		(K) 2-3			1-3				4	0	0	
0	0		7 J. G.	8		(K) 2-3					K		K				3	0	0	
0	0		8 Whitten	7		1-3		K			1-3		K				4	0	0	
0	0		9 Curtis	9			1-3		K		1-3						3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	12		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												32	3	7	
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				1	13	1-b. on errors.													2	



The midday sun, which was going on at  
fronts. The game, was too hot to be very thrilling. The score  
was about 17-5, and a good many of the players were both slow  
and alone. They did try to do a little better, gentlemen.

After supper, as it was somewhat cooler, we had some on  
the bill. Then came "Punch and Judy", and a round of  
"Whist and Bridge".

And then the "Yellow Devil". (The friend mentioned is  
certainly a most accomplished player.)

#### A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA:

At midnight in his netted tent,  
The doc lay, brooding on the minute  
When all the crows, on the wing were,  
Should that bird be in it.  
In dream he heard them wildly cry,  
Was yillidw then or was not;  
And open each enormous eye;  
In dream he heard them sing of triumph heard,  
In dream he saw the flaming sun;  
In dream he heard the million sing,  
And sought the secret way to bring  
Of such a song to the bird.

A little after midnight's hour  
The doc lay, brooding on the hour  
When all the crows, on the wing were,  
Should that bird be in it.  
In dream he heard them wildly cry,  
Was yillidw then or was not;  
And open each enormous eye;  
In dream he heard them sing of triumph heard,  
In dream he saw the flaming sun;  
In dream he heard the million sing,  
And sought the secret way to bring  
Of such a song to the bird.

J.H.

And Pichang was now a good player and  
having played much and had a good game.

WEDNESDAY, July 29.  
The hottest day of this hot season yet.  
The sun came up till late in the afternoon, and  
the wind was light and eddying.  
The night was in Kansas City.  
Overcast.

As blankets were going on the hill, we had our first  
regular wrestling.

Andrew and P. Curtis: very good, resulted in a draw.

That named Payson.

David and Goodwin, a draw: very lively.

Chase and John Morgan.

Stinson and T. Curtis: a draw.

+ Miner  
P. Curtis: a very lively man, in which circle finally  
won.

George Clarke was swimming yesterday for the first time since  
he put his finger.

Aggleston and Platt both swam behind the dam, the latter  
only, Robert and Johnson to the front.

A. T. and J. T. had the pole-out this morning, for the  
first time of the season.

We had a very good day, the place was very hot, but  
the sun was not so hot as it was on the 28th.

We had a very good day, the place was very hot, but  
the sun was not so hot as it was on the 28th.

The first sign of the season was on this morning, at  
the following: 1st: Red-Start, 2nd: Yellow Warbler, 3rd:  
Yellow-Throat, 4th: Rose-breasted Grosbeak, 5th: Sparrow,  
6th: Red-shouldered Hawk, 7th: Towhee, 8th: Yellow-bellied Sapsucker,  
9th: Blue-winged Teal, 10th: Black-bellied Plover, 11th: White-throated Sparrow,  
12th: Red-winged Blackbird, 13th: Green Heron, 14th: Barn Swallow, 15th:  
Crows: a large flock of a bad morning: very.

























SATURDAY, July 14. Fair, very warm, a bit of pro-  
 cess. Did some work in the morning, and have since some  
 of the boys in the afternoon. I have a clever way of teaching the  
 youth. I have obtained leave of his father's place, and he will  
 shoot at flying geese till dark, then to the house to see and  
 talk.

SUNDAY, July 15. The strange craft we shall call "Hobbs'  
 Ark", because of its ability to—

The deciphering evidently here ceased to be a possibility.  
 Undoubtedly the happy group made a wonderful story of it. The  
 correspondent does not appear to regard the above fragment  
 and to resist the idea of anything but the family histories of the  
 therein-mentioned youths. In fact he is at work on it at present  
 writing. What he is able to bring forth, time alone can tell.



Thursday, this morning 1.0.1. told us something about the  
 working of railroads. And instead of our usual read-  
 ing we had .007.  
 S.V.

The first track and field squad went out for prac-  
 tice to-day.

A select squad washed the Quanaiche more thoroughly than  
 she has ever been washed before. After scrubbing, they swamped  
 her, and had a very good time.

P.S.P. went round to the lagoon, and got some fish for the  
 Aquarium.

Platz passed the swimming test this morning. Pick up,  
 Eggleston and Andrew.

R.H. went in to Gardner this afternoon, to spend the  
 night.

At afternoon reading we began 'Gay Hapnering'. It was so  
 hot that a good many were away; in fact at one time we counted  
 seven sleepers of assorted sizes.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHURCH FISHING.

WILLIAM. V. C. S. C. H. O. W. E. R. I. D. E. N. T. A. L.	THURSDAY.	PORT POIT.
H.R.	A.L.	A.F.
T. Curtis	Steinwald	Wheeler
Stadpole Chase	Andrew	Parmerworth
18 perch	2 bass	1 bass
		7 perch

PANASOFF. T. H. R. O. N.	COOPER.	YORR.	R.P.
A.V.M.	A.L.	A.L.P.	A.L.P.
Put	Van Ren.	Miner	McLund
Davidge	Parmerworth	Coming	P. Curtis
1 bass	Peyson	A.L.R.	McLund
1 perch.			

Total number of fish, 44.

Most of the boats started to have supper out, and then  
 when the wind came up, several came ashore to fish off the point.  
 or pass the canoe. The last person to A.P., who passed with  
 flying colours. It for the next one!

THURSDAY,  
(cont'd.)

CHAMBERLAIN.

Chandler	Hemlock
Horne	Platt
Train	Dwight
Hallowell	Robert
Heggen	De Wance
Goodman	
Cirle	
Frederick	
Thorne	

The Chamberlain was to have  
gone to the Hills, but had to  
be repaired first. This took so  
long that she was very late  
in starting, so she went round  
about the bay a solid paddle home

against the wind, and her paddlers and passengers were soaked.  
But that is all in the day's work.

The ship went for the mail, and had a good stiff paddle across the bay.

The ferry went to the brook beyond the fishing-<sup>brook</sup> pool for  
plants for the aquarium, and then tried the nearer <sup>brook</sup> for polly-  
wogs, and the lagoon for fish. Fishing was good, and we brought  
home pickered and baby horn pout in good numbers. We were wet, but  
it was rather nice on such a hot day. The wind was lively, and  
after we landed we got into bathing-suits, and took the canoe out  
again for the fun of it.

The ferry was delayed in starting, as C.F.B. was working on  
the Chamberlain. They came round to the lagoon, and carried across  
the point home.

After supper it was taken on the Hill, followed by two circles  
of half-past eight Boston.

And then we had thrills with "The Yellow Dove".







There was a small stream, on which was built an equally small  
bridge. The water was very shallow and the bridge was very old.  
The water was very shallow and the bridge was very old.

Spent 3 hours in the morning and 3 hours in the afternoon, but  
did not find a single specimen. The water was very shallow and the  
bridge was very old. The water was very shallow and the bridge was  
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... and the antipathies, and got some light as a result. (D.)  
 results were had to give in after thirty-six minutes, with a blank score.

Spinal, on a flat stone, and then dark and white pine trees, and beat the crowd with two minutes, in the very good time of 25 1/2 m.

All times were taken from the south fence.

While all this was going on A.P. was at work at something rather horrible in the drain line, and S.W.B. finished the Abol.

Two guests arrived this afternoon. We had expected them before, but they were detained *Molly Hill*

*Nora Coolidge*

After supper it was Digestion Club, and then Skipper gave us a talk about fire-building. After he had finished there was "Earth, Air, and Water" for fifteen minutes, and the half-past nine's played Telegrams and consequences. To give some of the results.

And after much delay, owing lack of gasoline in Mr. Anderson's Ford, R.R. got back.

#### TELEGRAMS.

Subject, Mexico, Ford, Prohibition.

To Bryan.

Program read. On Mexico's evasive theories. Heretofore entertained all newcomers.

Wilson.

To Wilson.

Perhaps millions of Mexicans evince traitorism. Action every alcoholic nourishment.

Bryan.

1891

(Cont'd.)

Villa to Carranza.

Peace rubbish opportunistically entered that immediate regions  
and migratory.

Pershing to Finston.

Pancho rotten old macker. Overlating middle has ended  
by smoked nany-goats.

A sensible man to a friend.

Procrustean regime of mediocre educator teaches hatred  
eternal: accomplish nothing.

Villa to Carranza.

Resilience! 'Ruin overcomes me. Later the horses: epilepsy  
all night.

Pershing to Wilson.

President, routed out Mexicans: elegant time hanging over  
the army. 'Hike'.

Wilson to Pershing.

Probable results of Mexican expedition terrible. Hurried  
in execution another note.

To the Sultan, concerning the British.

Perfectly sensible old man: marching entered to harrow  
every Arab manhood.

Halifax Vitherspoon to Boston Herald.

Pancho rumpuses. Oregon marries Eva Gray. Hearts shaken  
according nonsense.

Finston to Pershing.

Army old Mexicans: excuse for. Hurry over and notify.



July 19. Very early fishermen went out this morning very  
silently, except for the dipping of their heads. They  
got no fish, but then early fishermen seldom do. It  
is warm that early birds get.  
Slight rain p. m.

The navigators went out in pairs, two to a canoe:

PECUBA.	SOUMNACOO.	PINK.	GRAYLING.
Chase	Liggett	Stapole	Foulton
Dayliffe	Fallowell	Clable	Preckinsdore

They went out round Pickrel, circumnavigated the Fob White,  
and landed at the float. Two points were considered, one and

course. The results were as follows:

Time.	Course.
Pecuba, 4 1/2 h.	SOUMNACOO
SOUMNACOO, 4 3/4 h.	Pecuba
Pink, 5 h.	Pink
Grayling, 5 1/4 h.	Grayling

STOOD BY THE PASTEL AFTERNOON.  
CLOCK vs. 100 ft.

A first-rate game, and very exciting, for at no time were  
the winning team so far in the lead that they could feel safe  
of victory.

The clocks for the first half were set about  
midnight by J. J. L. and J. J. L. bought in three runs. The second  
round was in the fourth round to J. J. L. The third round  
could not overcome the lead.

The first half of the first round was set about  
midnight by J. J. L. and J. J. L. bought in three runs. The second  
round was in the fourth round to J. J. L. The third round  
could not overcome the lead.

J. J. L. is still laying over Bill Payson, as he used to  
last year. This time he hit him on the nose, and knocked him  
endwise.

O. J. L. P. J. L. and Horse all butted for 100











...the only very new having a ... in the ...  
 ...the weather ... the way ...  
 ...they stopped short of ...  
 ...with hissing the water ...  
 ...in his pyjamas (I spell it that way out of deference to the captain of the ship) and lay down ...  
 ...in his hand a ...  
 ...he died with a yell ...  
 ...the whole scene was a capital scene at the landing of a steamer ...  
 ...with passengers and luggage all complete.

Auction. It was very fine to see how J.R. and J.G. avoided the name of the land they were looking for. They had everything in the ... and their dog-sledge and the ... showed us very plainly that we were in the Arctic zone. "Ship" was a fine ...  
 ...their pieces in time ...  
 ...forward ...  
 ...the bidding ...  
 ...in the north ...  
 ...were ...  
 ...for seventy-five years, in all parts, from Lady Macbeth to little ...  
 ...the shipper's good-wood plank-stick, which had been used on the hinder end of various future presidents.

...a few minutes early, (I was over there) so J.R. and J.G. ...  
 ...I really get ...  
 ...the Valley ...









1901. The first of the 'Hemlock' was then was built - 1891.

...to the battery, our college's defender,  
...a ... and ... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..

and in 1902 the first of the new series of the "The Great War" was published.

For your merits were recalled at the time you had your place  
on,  
With every grace you had your

face upon the morning  
dawn;

And yet, despite your value to so unprepared a nation,  
It's one good thing you've got to get better situation.

Undoubtedly, this letter telegraphed to Merryweather  
Desiring naively for to get another job.  
When the army I'm disbanded, they have let me slip my tether,  
Let me come and place my steaming boots to smother on the hob.  
We've got a major-domo who has got a vigorous brain!  
He is quick at counting riches, and is dishing on the drain.  
We hope that he'll remain with us everlasting while,  
For he's earned all the ladies with his ever-ready smile.

J. G. G. J.



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INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD					
ALCL.	COMM.	INTL.	SWA.	CP.	YANKEE.
A.C.	J.C.	C.C.	L.C.	R.C.	P.C.
Leland	Platt	Chase	F. Curtis	Davidge	Roberts
Clarke	Stackpole	Furness	Goodale	Loughlin	De Vries
Fennett	Payson	Forbes	Wright	A.M.R.	Stonewall
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD					
WILLIAM.	PANTHER.	THUNDER.	THE METAL.	OF LANCIA.	
C.C.H.	J.V.	D.S.E.	Jan	J.M.	
Miner	Train	W. Moore	Liggett	C.I.R.	A.V.S.
Ereckinridge	Erleston	Ballou	Newbold	L.O.	P.C.
Peabody	Charler	Andrew		M.I.	C. Curtis
					Coring
					Hooker
					Goodyear



The "unofficial" group had been formed in the wake of the



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To quote the log of the doctor verbatim:

"You're the laziest airline I ever saw!" (Payson)

From the above, it is seen that the above is not a correct statement.

was paid too lowly. Paid on second night (4-25), potatoes on (4-26), rolling 4-27, calico rolled 5-23. Parson is terrible time getting clothes out of cattle, 5-26. Blackie's handkerchief put to bed, 5-26. Blackie's handkerchief burnt. Cider on fire, 5-27.

5-45.J.R. "What sort of people are there from the past?"

11. 10, instead of 100; 100, instead of 1000.



6-7. Play's like tennis; how about getting something really good?

6-3 FROM THE LIT. INFO. CONC. IN LIT.

0-9 Parson loses it again.

5-9 1/2 1. 1. Insufficient and orders good control.

No. 1. A.R.M.: boiled 205450.

Plants: 1) cut. on this base, 2) on a base.

Blackpool: "Hullo; so good to hear you; with bacon. I'll be  
back over soon. This is the way to cook bacon. I'll be  
back, it's in the news!"

6-19. "G. L. Woods good, very sure."

[illegible]

6-25. Plant runs into higher and firmer down country-side of railroad  
and local on someone's back.

6-29 1930年 10月 20日 星期一 15:17.

6-4) 2000-2001 жылдың басындағы жағдай.

Parsons James Largo October 1960 at Laurel

There is not a lot of time, with the rule-book of the game, and the bed, to get the things done. The things are done in the bed, and the things are done in the bed.

1000. The yellow dress. The name that we are chiefly  
(1000. 1.)  
was of 13 that really almost 1000. To 1000. about 1000  
number of times, but he passed her a good deal too. We hope to  
get on to more fighting soon.

We have again, as the following:

1. A walnut. Morse
2. A mass of travel. Train
3. A. agreeable colour. Goodhue
4. A wild barbarian. Hun
5. One who is never old nor child. Newbold
6. A man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow. Mine
7. A prodigious period. Goodyear
8. A wreath. Garland





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O.P.A.	19
L.P.A.	16
C.R.	16
A.B.H.	15
S.O.	14
A.O.I.	13

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## The Camp of the Archangels.

In the old days we would not have had a name beyond the one posted by Skipper on the door:

"Camp Kiddo." We would have gone complacently to the "Drydock" or Hoyt's, spent a comfortable day pitching a tent, and rowed back the next morning in time for breakfast. There were "Kiddos" in those days—real "Kiddoes." The name still survives, as names will, but the meaning is in a fair way to be entirely out of it. As far as size goes, "Kiddos" we were—a glance at the doctor's weight book will show it; but our deeds were the deeds of giants. So we had to have another name. Ladies and gentlemen, the Archangels:—

Yammerschooner	{	L.C.Z., Gabriel.
		Clarke
		Farnsworth
		Stackpole
		de Warzée
Williwaws	{	P.S.P., Michael
		Goodyear
		Peabody
		Roberts

We left the float in good order; which, being translated means that no thoughtful friends had tied anchors to our boats. ~~They~~<sup>We</sup> really did not need them. The Yammerschooner felt heavy enough without any; what she looked like, just visible above the water, stuck all around with fishing rods and struggling under the weight of duffle bags, I cannot say. The Ark, perhaps.

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But L.C.2. and P.S.P. were nobly aided by Georgie Clarke and Freddie Roberts. Otherwise, we never should have arrived at the Mills.

"What!" you exclaim; "the Mills!"

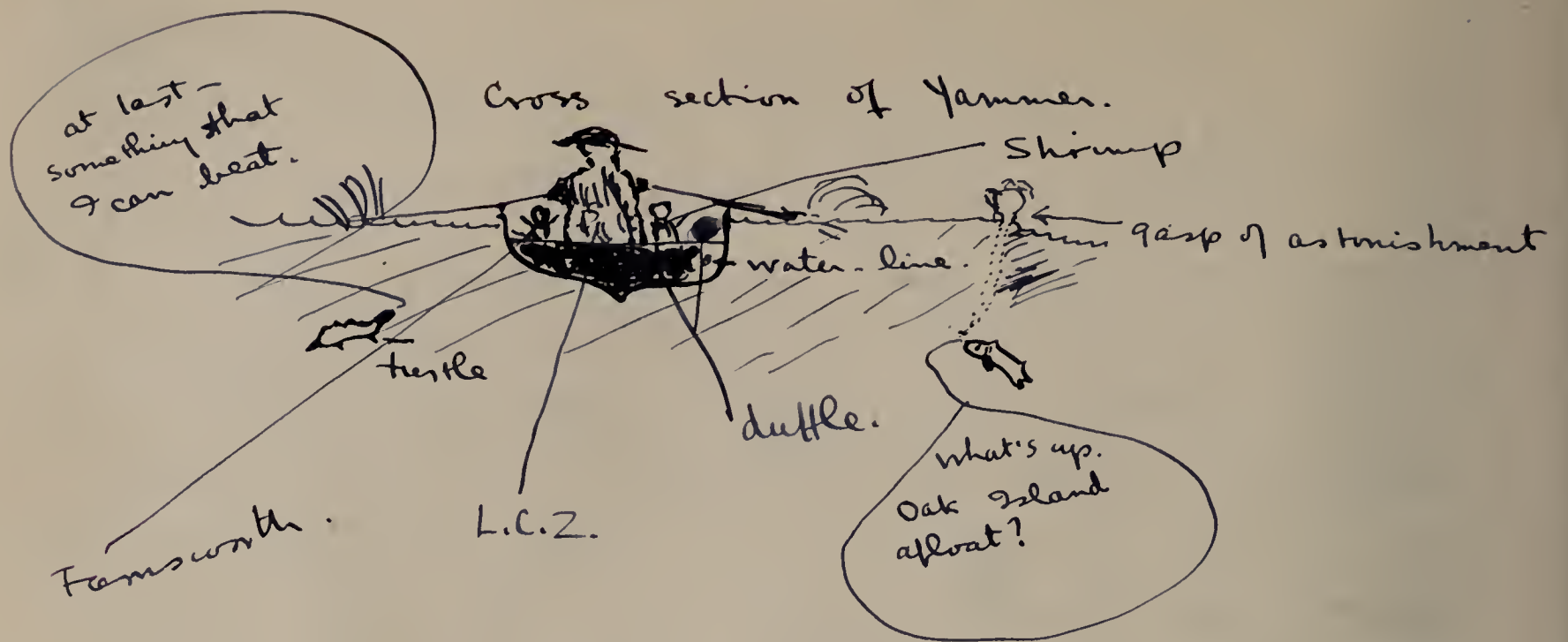
Why yes, the Mills — and ~~across~~ the carry into Long Pond. A real camping trip with all the fixin's. The carry was simple enough. Shrimp and Stacky loaded all the duffle into one boat, lifted it lightly to their shoulders, and pranced into Long Pond with it while the rest of us grunted — all hands — on the other. I said "all the duffle" — That isn't exactly right; for one little duffle was left behind — like the lame child ~~and~~ of Hamelin; but of this, more later.

In just two hours from Camp we arrived at our destination: the point just west of the Narrows. We landed at the tip of the point, but soon discovered a better camping place a little further along, and took possession of it. We started right in making camp, as businesslike as J. Caesar's commentators. L.C.2. untangled the tent while P.S.P. and the army went after the fire. The orders were to get white pine. The number of different kinds of wood which was



brought to Beef under the assumed name of white pine was little short of startling. But Beef was equal to the occasion and in twenty minutes had a blaze going strong enough to burn through his kettle sling and plump two kettles of hot water on the otherwise invincible fire. Dinner delayed. But the "Kiddos" were not in the least downhearted. Some of them ransacked the forest for rotten poplar and red pine while the others dove into the pond for waterlogged wood; and eventually we all eventually were swimmied and fed; I will not say 'clothed'.

On the way over, even, names had been discussed. It was the consensus of opinion that some name which bore on our huge number should be selected. Then someone remembered the song that somebody had to sing to somebody else. Shrimp counted up as far as six: "Six is the cheerful butler"; we got as far as seven; then Freddie shouted that "Nine are the nine archangels." The name was unanimously accepted. It was at dinner, over our bacon and cocoa, that the sad mistake was discovered. "Nine is the moonlight bright and clear; Eight are the eight archangels." Now it was cloudy and we could not hope to call ourselves "camp moonlight." So we stuck to our "Archangels" and adopted the simple scheme of electing one member the demon, while the rest served as archangels.

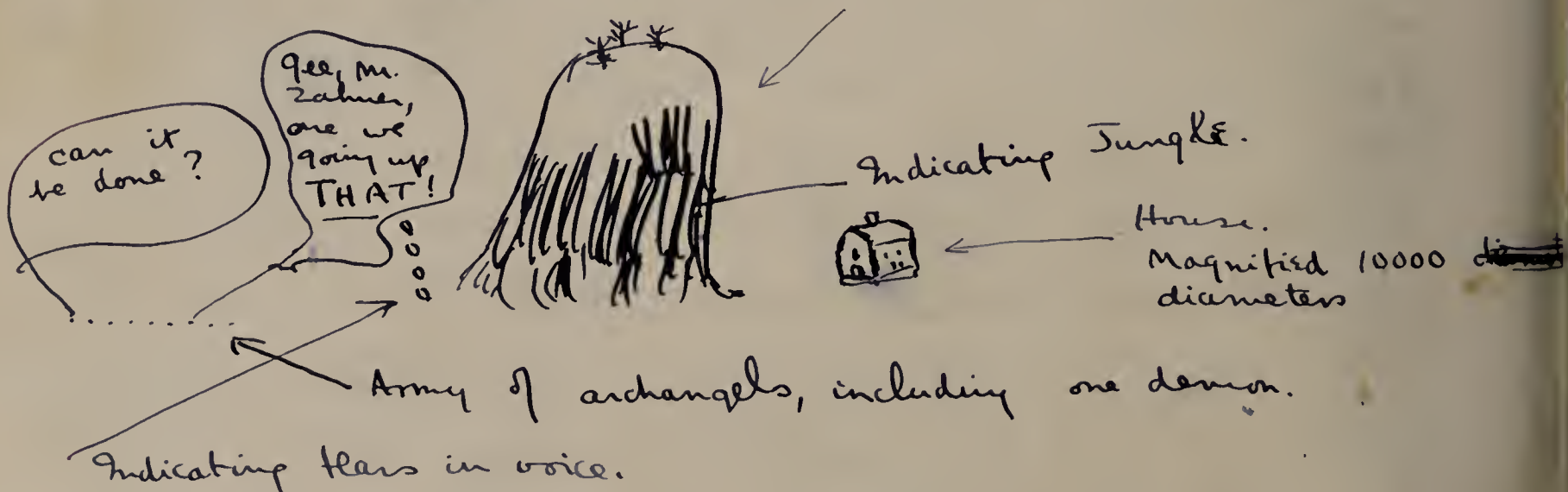


## Hombeam Hill.

From Far away:



From the foot:



If you want any more you can draw it yourself.  
Chores: One High Hombeam to climb.



At dinner Peabo received one vote for demon by putting pine-needles in Georgie Goodyear's food. Georgie is a meandering sort of an eater anyway, and the pine-needle complication set us back almost a half hour. We were all ready for something else while Georgie was still eating.

That afternoon we found a good place for Skowhegan along the shore. We had some very close and well-played games. From the boneyard, where the angel Gabriel, a non-combatant, held sway and Ingersoll, many thrilling incidents were discernable, such as the killing of Beef by Georgie Clark in a mouth-to-ear encounter. Here is the score:

SHRIMPS		S.	K.	R.	S.	K.	R.	S.	K.	R.	S.	K.	R.	S.	K.	R.
	de Warzee		X			X		3		X						
	Roberts	..	X			X			X					..		
	Clarke					X		2	..			2			X	
	Goodyear			..	X		X			X						X
VS BEEFIES	P.S.P.	.	X	...		4		X		X		..	X			
	Stackpole		X		.	X		X		X			X			
	Farnsworth	.				2	.	X		X			X			
	Peabody					X		X		X			X			

Shrimps, won 3.

Beefies, won 1. tied, 1.

That evening Beef, Johnnie Farnsworth and Clarke went fishing. Johnnie caught one bass; George landed a pickerel. Beef's score is explained by the fact that he rowed while the rest trolled. The trick was turned in only fifteen minutes.

The night was marked by the presence of creatures sometimes known as mosquitoes and ~~some~~ sometimes as something worse. We called them all the names we dared, and wished for morning.

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The next day we started bright and early for our final landmark: Hornbeam Hill. We cut out to the Narrows road, turned to the left along the Readfield road which we followed to the orthodox point of attack for Hornbeam.

The army was in fine form; we even had time to stop at the foot of the hill to eat raspberries and lose one of Peabo's sweaters. When we arrived sweating at the top - (it was a scorching hot day) Moose pond looked invitingly near. The question of a swim therein was put to vote, and carried. It is not every camping trip - even man sized, - that gets where it's going to, - and then goes further. "Hurrah for the kiddos", say I. In actual practice Moose pond was further away from Hornbeam than it looked. But by dint of hard plugging - past angry looking cows - through high meadows, over old brush-heaps - we got there and had our swim; chocolate colored and squddy, but a swim, and a good one.

The walk back, over a shoulder of Hornbeam, and back over the same road - was a hot and dusty one. We were beset by flies most of the morning. But the fish at Broadjump Brook, the spring at the foot of Hornbeam, and stories by various members along the way, made time fly.

At 12:40 we were back at our camping place. Again we swam and ate; then camp was broken, and we had a good south wind to help us to the Mills. Here the ~~last~~ lone duffle - a boy-scout kit borrowed from Eggy by Peabo and left at the carry - was traced to its refuge in the garage; and Peabo was elected Demon on the strength of it.

Long live the Kiddos, Archangels and Demon!





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Hulas		vs.		Brodus of		July 26		at		1										
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	0		Chase	4	P3	E											5	3	1	
0	0		Conning	8	P3				P3								4	3	1	
2	0		Morse	5					P3								5	3	2	
8	1		H. V. V.* H.	2					P3								4	0	3	
0	0		J. R.	1	P3												5	3	4	
1	0		R. G. H.	3													5	4	2	
3	1		Bennett	6													3	2	1	
0	0		Whittemore	7					P3								4	1	0	
0	1		Stennishill	9					P3								4	2	0	
			10																	
			11																	
15	3		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												39 21 14			
Balks.	Hlt by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-1 8 9 2 1 2 13 8 2 1										Earn'd runs.				
						* Chase runs										2-base hits.				
																3-base hits.				
																Home runs.				
																1 2				



Bones vs. Hulan of July 25 at 1																					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
0	3		Dan...	6	5	X		7.6									2	0	2		
2	1		C. F. B.	2	K	X											3	0	1		
11	0		A. N. R.	3	X		9.6		X								3	2	1		
0	2		T. L.	1	X		K		X								3	0	1		
0	1		Van Rensselaer	5	X		2.3		K								3	0	0		
0	0		Tramm	7	K		K		K								3	0	0		
2	1		J. G.	4		K		5.9	X								2	0	0		
0	0		T. C.	9	X			9.6	K								3	1	1		
0	0		Doughty	8		9.6											1	0	0		
				10																	
				11																	
15	8		TIME OF GAME.		1 1/2 2 2 2 1 3												23	3	6		
Hours.....					Mins.....												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	* T. L. bats 2nd, 4th on R. 6															
					† Van Rensselaer																
					1-base hits.																
					1-b. on errors																

One of the most beautiful themselves in the  
Eight Angels - and one down, in the camp of the angels. They  
had climbed back up the all sorts of exciting things.  
and now they were all in the middle of the camp.

And then they came in to dinner, passed and ready to see  
the world. They were all just as happy as the angels, so  
we gave them a cheer, and we gave us a special name to the  
angels and the angels.

The tower was all over the camp; it was all over the  
camp and the angels were all over the camp. The angels were  
all over the camp and the angels were all over the camp. The angels  
were all over the camp and the angels were all over the camp.

THE ANGELS OF THE CAMP.

1. The angels of the camp...
2. The angels of the camp...
3. The angels of the camp...
4. The angels of the camp...
5. The angels of the camp...
6. The angels of the camp...
7. The angels of the camp...







THE  
LADY

THE

I'm Captain John.

A lady down-cast--

Never do a stroke of work

From Labor Day till Easter.

In when I get spin'

Just watch me mill;

I may be lazy.

But I'm strong as a mill.

I like to go fishin'

An' sooner or later,

I'll have to admit it.

I'm redoubtable.

Weigh in on Sunday mornin'

Will up with children--

I call that redoubtable.

I ain't fishin'.

THE

This is my joy and my love and my wife.

Just like a baseball game, run on a side.

That could be done to anyone's heart.

That a little more of a passion still a side.

As a pitcher I'm there, for the crowd in my arm.

When the ball is thrown, but seldom does harm.

And my place is wherever I go, for I'm there.

I'm accustomed to call it my domestic.

THE

So, my love, I'm here.

From the first to the last.



There the greatest crowd  
To the U.S. Capitol  
From the cannon-belly of loading  
And forth between the lines,  
There I sit, and death defying,  
Think of security and of peace.  
People take me for the coach,  
Give me from head to toe;  
If they wish to, I can't stop them,  
Let them keep on thinking so.

A.S.

That's the necessity. I'm a kid.  
I'm the skipper's son and mother's son, in a word.  
With my nose to the wheel  
I can't sleep till I'm reading.  
I run when the skipper needs—  
Hold the book he says the clock.

That's me.

O.L.A.

This is the doctor, good and kind,  
Who makes the minor business.  
He helps the lawyer legs to find.  
At other times he crouches.  
He often walks away to do so,  
This king among the new-tons,  
And when he isn't shooting crows,  
He's generally writing letters.

I. V. I.

I am the King of the Mountain Cave,

Ye ho ho and a lot of soldiers!

A warrior strong and a soldier brave,

Ye ho ho and a lot of soldiers!

I do aday-dum with a merry will,

And I teach the ladies how to swim.

Or I am the King of the Mountain Cave,

Ye ho ho and a lot of soldiers!

I. V. I.

I am the Baron, and I come

From far beyond the sea.

I try into your heads to drum

And two and two and three.

At breakfast I am kind of queer,

At supper I am funny.

But one thing I can tell you here—

I'm always bright and merry.

Conclusion.

Some particulars I must confess—

They are of those kind,—

Ye cannot remember, unless

Ye see the book behind.

And since we can't do this for you,

Because we are not clever,

We'll now go back, we'll now go back,

And leave the stage forever.

I. V. I.



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1103-

THE CITY

17-10-1917

11 (1991-)

170 80-







# Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.	X	•			•		X		
T.L.	X			X			X		
O.H.R.	X						X		
A.T.			/		•		X		
P.S.P.		•••		X	•••		X		
A.M.R.		•		X			X		
Andrew	X	•••		X			X		
Bennett	X						X		
Chanler							X		
Clarke,					•		X		
Curtis, P.	X			X			X		
Davidge	X	•		X	••		X		
Dwight				X			X		
Farnsworth	X			X			X		
Hun		••		X			X		
Leland		•		X			X		
Liggell			/				X		
Mackie	X	•			•		X		
Newbold	X			X	•		X		
Platt				X			X		
Roberts							X		
Train	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O
Van Rensselaer				X			X		
Whillemore				X			X		
	10	13	2	15	10		21	9	

# Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X			X			X		
H.V.H.	X				•			•	
J.G.	X								
A.v.Z.				X			X		
C.F.B.	X	••••		X	••		X	••	
Breckinridge					••			••	
Chase	X			X			X	••	
Corning	X	••							
Curtis, T.			/						
Eggleston	X	•		X	•			•	
Goodhue	X								
Goodyear		•		X	••		X	••	
Hallowell	X				•			•	
Houghton									
Miner			/		••••			••••	
Morse					••			••	
Paine		•		X			X		
Payson							X		
Peabody	X			X			X		
Stackpole	X	•		X			X		
Steinwedell				X	•		X		
deWarzée	X			X				•••	
R.G.H.	X			X	•			•••	
	13	10	2	10	6		12	21	12









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1891-1892

Corning  
Chase  
Davidge

1891  
1892  
1893

Corning was the best horse I ever saw. Chase did not get a black horse.

Class 1st.  
1st horse.

Corning  
Chase  
Davidge

1891

A close heat. Corning was the best horse I ever saw. Chase did not get a black horse.

Class 1st.

Corning  
Chase  
Davidge

1891

This was a very good heat. Corning was the best horse I ever saw. Chase did not get a black horse.

Class 1st.

Corning  
Chase  
Davidge

1891

This was a very good heat. Corning was the best horse I ever saw. Chase did not get a black horse.

Class 1st.

Corning  
Chase  
Davidge

1891

There were well spaced. Corning was the best horse I ever saw. Chase did not get a black horse.

Class 1st.

Corning  
Chase  
Davidge

1891

A very good heat. Corning was the best horse I ever saw. Chase did not get a black horse.







1910-1911. (Carter)

During the winter months, when the weather was cold, we went to the lake and stayed in the cabin. We had a very good time and saw many interesting things. We also saw many birds and animals. We were very lucky to see so many things. We were very happy to see so many things. We were very lucky to see so many things. We were very happy to see so many things.

"Nick" Carter  
Dorothy C. Carter

While the obstacle was being removed, there was a good deal of interesting. This is a new game, and I am sure you will like it. It is a game of chance, and you can win a lot of money. It is a game of chance, and you can win a lot of money. It is a game of chance, and you can win a lot of money. It is a game of chance, and you can win a lot of money.

After dinner, I went to the lake and saw many interesting things. I saw many birds and animals. I was very lucky to see so many things. I was very happy to see so many things. I was very lucky to see so many things. I was very happy to see so many things. I was very lucky to see so many things. I was very happy to see so many things.

1910-1911  
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1910-1911

1910-1911  
1910-1911

1910-1911 or 1911-1912.

We had a very good time and saw many interesting things. We were very lucky to see so many things. We were very happy to see so many things. We were very lucky to see so many things. We were very happy to see so many things. We were very lucky to see so many things. We were very happy to see so many things.







οἱ Βαρβαροι vs. οἱ Πολλοι of July 29

[illegible]

α πολλοί vs. αὐ βάρβαροι July 29

[illegible]



There is a great deal of work to be done.

There is a great deal of work to be done.

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### PARADISE.

PARADISE.

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11:00 A.M. - A light rain fell from 10:30 to 11:00 A.M. The rain was not heavy, but it was enough to make the ground wet. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F. The rain was not heavy, but it was enough to make the ground wet. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F.

12:00 P.M. - The rain continued to fall. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F. The rain was not heavy, but it was enough to make the ground wet. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F.

11:00 A.M. - A light rain fell from 10:30 to 11:00 A.M. The rain was not heavy, but it was enough to make the ground wet. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F.	12:00 P.M. - The rain continued to fall. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F.
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1:00 P.M. - The rain continued to fall. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F. The rain was not heavy, but it was enough to make the ground wet. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F.

2:00 P.M. - The rain continued to fall. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F. The rain was not heavy, but it was enough to make the ground wet. The wind was light and the sky was overcast. The temperature was 60°F.





10:11 AM. The first time we saw any of the  
 11:11 AM. The first time we saw any of the  
 12:11 AM. The first time we saw any of the  
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 44:11 AM. The first time we saw any of the

Camping Trip  
 July 31<sup>st</sup>

Davidage  
 Dwight  
 Eggleston  
 Hun  
 Liggett  
 H.V.v.H

Williwaw  
 Yammerschooner

1890		1891		1892	
Jan.	1	Jan.	1	Jan.	1
Feb.	2	Feb.	2	Feb.	2
Mar.	3	Mar.	3	Mar.	3
Apr.	4	Apr.	4	Apr.	4
May	5	May	5	May	5
June	6	June	6	June	6
July	7	July	7	July	7
Aug.	8	Aug.	8	Aug.	8
Sept.	9	Sept.	9	Sept.	9
Oct.	10	Oct.	10	Oct.	10
Nov.	11	Nov.	11	Nov.	11
Dec.	12	Dec.	12	Dec.	12

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the train was a cool breeze that felt like a warm blanket. The air was crisp and clean, a stark contrast to the stuffy atmosphere of the city. I took a deep breath, savoring the scent of fresh earth and the distant promise of adventure. The landscape stretched out before me, a vast expanse of rolling hills and valleys, dotted with small villages and clusters of trees. It was a sight that spoke of freedom and possibility, a world waiting to be explored.

As I walked along the path, I noticed the way the light filtered through the trees, creating a dappled pattern on the ground. The sound of leaves crunching underfoot was a rhythmic accompaniment to my steps. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never experienced before. The world seemed to have slowed down, allowing me to appreciate the simple beauty of nature. Each step I took felt like a journey, a journey of discovery and self-discovery.

The path led me through a series of gentle curves, each one revealing a new vista. The hills were covered in a lush green carpet of grass and wildflowers, their colors vibrant against the backdrop of the sky. I could see the distant mountains, their peaks shrouded in a light mist. The air was filled with the sweet scent of wildflowers, a fragrance that seemed to fill every breath I took. It was a moment of pure bliss, a moment where time stood still and the world was exactly as it should be.

As I continued my journey, I felt a growing sense of wonder and awe. The beauty of the landscape was overwhelming, a testament to the power of nature. I knew that this was a special place, a place where the soul could find solace and the heart could find joy. I was grateful for the opportunity to experience it all, for the chance to see the world through a different lens.



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THE FIFTH PART

And the first of these is the  
fact that the world is not  
what it seems to be. It is  
not a simple matter of  
things and people, but a  
complex of forces and  
influences which we are  
beginning to understand.

One of the most important  
of these is the influence of  
the environment. We are  
not born as we are, but  
as the result of the  
conditions in which we  
live. The environment  
shapes our minds and  
our actions, and we are  
beginning to see that we  
must take account of it.

Another important factor  
is the influence of the  
past. We are not born  
as we are, but as the  
result of the history of  
our race. The past  
shapes our present, and  
we are beginning to see  
that we must take account  
of it.

T. H.



## SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R...	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
H.V.V.H.	2	8	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	.875
J.R.	1	5	3	4	1	1	0	0	0	.800
A.T.	1	4	1	2	1	0	0	1	0	.600
Morse	1	5	3	2	0	1	0	0	0	.400
O.H.R.	1	3	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	.333
C.F.B.Jr.	1	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	.333
T.L.	2	7	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	.285
Davidge	2	7	0	2	0	0	0	3	1	.285
T.Curtis	2	7	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	.285
L.C.Z.	1	4	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	.250
Chase	2	8	3	2	0	0	0	0	1	.250
Bennett	2	7	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	.142
Corning	2	8	3	1	0	0	0	2	0	.125
Van Ren.	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Steinwedel	2	8	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
J.G.	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	.000
P.S.P.Jr.	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Dwight	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Whittemor	2	8	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
P.Curtis	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Train	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000

## VISITORS.

R.G.H.	2	8	4	2	0	0	0	1	1	.250
J.A.L.Jr.	1	4	3	1	1	0	0	1	0	.250

Compiled by R.P.H.

## JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.F.B.Jr.	3	12	6	7	3	1	0	3	1	.583
P.S.P.Jr.	3	15	7	7	2	1	0	1	0	.466
Steinwedel	2	8	3	3	2	0	0	1	0	.376
Van Ren.	3	12	6	4	0	0	0	1	1	.333
Bennett	3	13	5	4	2	0	0	1	2	.307
Morse	3	14	3	4	3	0	0	2	0	.285
Chase	3	11	8	2	0	0	0	0	4	.181
Dwight	2	1	2	1	1	0	0	1	1	.142
Miner	3	14	2	2	0	0	0	5	0	.142
Train	2	8	2	1	1	0	0	0	1	.125
Wheelock	2	9	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.111
Davidge	3	10	4	1	0	0	0	4	5	.100
P.Curtis	3	10	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	.100
Whittemdr	3	11	3	1	0	0	0	2	4	.090
Liggett	3	12	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	.083
Payson	3	10	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
T.Curtis	3	12	3	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Corning	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Leland	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000

VISITOR.

J.A.B.Jr.	1	4	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	.250
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Compiled by R.P.H.



The Log of Camp Comfort - Being a true record of what befell several members of Camp Merryweather on the eventful days of Monday, July 31, and August 1st, Tuesday. A most restful, quiet, and withal an extremely original venture into the wilds of Long Pond.

The members afore mentioned were: H. v. H., in charge, Davidge and Eggleston, in the Williwaw; Allen, Dwight and Liggett, in the Yammerschooner. Our pre-departure incidents were few but inspiring: Allen carefully weighs himself, and swears to lose four pounds "en voyage"; Eggleston and Davidge provide subsidiary cooking utensils in the form of "The Maine Guides Handy Camp-Kit", \$1.75 at Abercrombie & Fitch. These are casually left behind by H. v. H. Liggett brings a large tin trunk, to hold his fishing tools and the fish he is going to catch.

Off promptly at 9:30, a smooth sea & a ripple.

We attempted to make <sup>146</sup>use of the short cut through Monkey Point. Hun's boat went first, and low as she was, stuck under the new bridge just put up. So we went around! The carry at Belgrade Mills was successfully negotiated, carriers being Hun & Dwight on bow and H. v. H. on stern; the others brought over dunnage bags.

A mile below the Narrows we stopped for swim and lunch. The former was fine, deep water just off-shore. Needless to say, the latter was appreciated too.

About half past one we started on, and crossed over to the West Side, trolling on the way. We got four fish for supper, three bass & a pickerel.

At 4 P.M. we landed at our camp sight, a logging place below the big island. A natural camping spot, and further improved by other campers. We found fire-place laid and rustic table erected. Here we soon pitched tent and established ourselves. H. v. H. was chief cook, with Hun as first assistant and wood-provider. With supper merrily boiling or cooking, a halt was declared for a hasty plunge. Then at 6:15 came supper, of fried fish, bacon, rice, cocoa, toast and jelly.



which H.V.H. smuggled into the outfit, from his fast diminishing store of Hawaiian products.

Supper over, & dishes washed up, we did our best to tidy camp, clearing & collecting twigs, branches and so on, to make a big camp-fire. Then H.V.H. told a story of adventure in Hawaii, which lasted till bed time came. At 9:30 we were all asleep, Dwight out side under the stars, and all the others in the tent. No one snored, no one talked in his sleep, and so the night passed.

Tuesday morning was bright and clear, with a strong N.W. wind ripping down the lake. We were not very full of ambition, so breakfast was a late meal, over at 8:30. H.V.H. rigged a sail on on of the boats, a blanket, three cedar poles and bits of marlin; then we sailed for an hour, just across and back, the width of the lake. We could not tack to windward, but could just about hold even.

At ten, we started on a hike - up the

logging road. to the top<sup>148</sup> of the ridge. Here we found  
a farm house and most delicious cool water. H.V.H.'s  
foot was hurting, so we only went about four miles  
in all. After lunch, we packed up camp and  
started back, about 1:30 P.M. It was a long pull,  
dead against the wind, to the Mills, and it took  
us an hour and a half. A little liquid refresh-  
ment at the drug store did wonders in soothing  
chafed hands & off we went again. We crept  
up the Ba of Hoyt's Island, to very nearly its end.  
Here we were directly to windward of camp, and  
here we hoisted our poles & blanket, towing  
the other raugley. How we did scoot home!  
and H.V.H. had all he could do to steer; those  
boats yaw a lot in a following wind.

In twenty five minutes sail, we were off the  
float, and soon after ashore, and putting  
away our belongings. Hun had gained a  
pound! Groans from the fat man; but  
what can you do else on a Camp Comfort!



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Payson

T. Curtis

Van Rensselaer

Chase

Leland

A.T.

Whittemore

Miner

P. Curtis

Goodhue

Train

R.P.H.

Morse

Start, 4-24

Hares in, 5-36

First hound, 6-32 1/2.

Corning

Houghton

Andrew

Stackpole

O.H.R.

Auchincloss

Hallowell

De Warzee

Peabody

Clarke

Breckinridge

Newbold

Chanler

Start, 4-37

Hares in, 5-23.

First hound, 6-7.

Morse did not really finish, as he went over to the  
Cave without reaching the fence.

Richard P. Hallowell 2<sup>nd</sup>

Horace B. Davis

J. W. WIGG

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### THE SECOND PART

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# Algonquins

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots Runs	Killed	Shots Runs	Killed	Shots Runs
J.R.	X	•• /	X	•	X	•
T.L.	X	• /	X	• /	X	•
O.H.R.	X	• /	X	•	X	•
A.T.	X	•	X	•	X	•
P.S.P.	X	•	X	••	X	•
H.B.D.	X	•	X	••	X	•
R.P.H.	X	•	X	••	X	•
Andrew	X	•	X	•	X	•
Bennett	X	•	X	•	X	•
Chanler	X	•	X	•	X	•
Clarke	X	•	X	•	X	•
Curtis, P.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Davidge	X	•	X	••	X	•
Farnsworth	X	•	X	•	X	••
Hun	X	•	X	••	X	•
Leland	X	•	X	•	X	•
Liggett	X	•	X	•	X	•
Mackie	X	•	X	•	X	•
Newbold	X	•	X	•	X	•
Roberts	X	•	X	•	X	•
Train	X	•	X	•	X	•
Van Rensselaer	X	•	X	•	X	•
Whittemore	X	•	X	•	X	•
Auchincloss	X	•	X	•	X	•
	16	9 6	12	13 7	19	8

# Iroquois

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots Runs	Killed	Shots Runs	Killed	Shots Runs
L.C.Z.	X	••••	X	••••	X	••••
H.V.v.H.	X	•	X	•	X	•
A.v.Z.	X	•	X	•	X	•
C.F.B.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Breckinridge	X	•	X	•	X	•
Chase	X	•	X	•	X	•
Corning	X	•	X	•	X	•
Curtis, T.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Eggleston	X	•	X	•	X	•
Goodhue	X	•	X	•	X	•
Hallowell	X	•	X	•	X	•
Houghton	X	•	X	•	X	•
Miner	X	•	X	•	X	•
Morse	X	•	X	•	X	•
Paine	X	•	X	•	X	•
Payson	X	•	X	•	X	•
Peabody	X	•	X	•	X	•
Stackpole	X	•	X	•	X	•
de Warzée	X	•	X	•	X	•
J.G.	X	•	X	•	X	•
	9	16 2	13	12	8	19 16







1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 26

[illegible]

Li





Her mother was married by his father's will.  
On the other hand George (James L.) lived in  
London with his father.

[illegible]

Lindsley Austin

W. R. <sup>†</sup> Smedberg

Arthur Meeker Oliver Edward

[illegible]

The boat-building was done by a few of the most skillful  
builders of the country, and the boats were of a fine quality, and  
were of a fine quality, and were of a fine quality, and were of a fine quality.





I have been thinking of you very much lately,  
 and wondering how you are getting on.  
 I hope you are well and happy.  
 I have been very busy lately,  
 but I have not forgotten you.  
 I have been thinking of you very much lately,  
 and wondering how you are getting on.  
 I hope you are well and happy.  
 I have been very busy lately,  
 but I have not forgotten you.

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 I hope you are well and happy.  
 I have been very busy lately,  
 but I have not forgotten you.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Received by you, 1931, March 21

12

2001 10 10 (A2, 10/10) 0 10 1000

$$\Delta \dot{y} = \Delta \dot{y}_1 + \Delta \dot{y}_2 = \dot{y}_1(t_0 + \Delta t) - \dot{y}_1(t_0) + \dot{y}_2(t_0 + \Delta t) - \dot{y}_2(t_0)$$

Wage 000 in 1977 (millions)

Free Rotation and its Effect

May 1900 in London.

But on the journey I have to make

Weg dem. der Neugierde.

May 1905 at Montgomery, Ala.

100 feet moving for the south end.

213 220 225 230 235 240 245 250 255 260 265 270 275 280 285 290 295 300 305 310 315 320 325 330 335 340 345 350 355 360 365 370 375 380 385 390 395 400 405 410 415 420 425 430 435 440 445 450 455 460 465 470 475 480 485 490 495 500 505 510 515 520 525 530 535 540 545 550 555 560 565 570 575 580 585 590 595 600 605 610 615 620 625 630 635 640 645 650 655 660 665 670 675 680 685 690 695 700 705 710 715 720 725 730 735 740 745 750 755 760 765 770 775 780 785 790 795 800 805 810 815 820 825 830 835 840 845 850 855 860 865 870 875 880 885 890 895 900 905 910 915 920 925 930 935 940 945 950 955 960 965 970 975 980 985 990 995

If the old world ~~is~~ may.

What you see the nature of things

For the world, help

1000' 1000' 1000' 1000' 1000'

1. 1. 1.









Sodas vs. Whiskies of Aug. 4 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
			Davidge	64	2b	6-3	1-2		1-2								4	1	0	
			A.T.	26	1b	2b				2b	2b						5	3	1	
			L.C. Z	3				2-2									5	3	2	
			R.P. H.	1													5	3	5	
			J. R.	42		1-2		1-2		1-2	1-2						5	1	0	
			C. F. B.	7		9th base	1st base										3	2	3	
			Van Ran	5		3-2	0-2	0-2		0-2	2-4						5	1	0	
			Austin	8	1-2				2b	0-2							4	0	1	
			Union	9	K		2-2		K								3	1	0	
				10																
				11																
			TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	6	0	6	0	6	1	7	0	7	4	4		41	15	12
			Hours..... Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's	Struck out..	1-base hits.	* Shifted to catch on 1st base. 9 men played with two fielders back in the										Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs
																	3	2	1	

Whiskies vs. Sodas of Aug. 21 at

[illegible]



No. 1 vs. 76 2 of at												No. 2 vs. of at														
Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
1	Leland		✓	✓		◇	◇			K			1	Leland		K			◇			K	K		✓	
2	Conner		◇	FC		◇				◇			2	Conner		◇		◇	◇			◇	out		✓	
3	White		◇		◇	◇	out			◇			3	White		◇		◇	◇			◇	out			
4	Paine		◇		◇	◇	FC			◇			4	Paine		◇		◇	◇			◇	out			
5	...				K	K				◇			5	...				◇	out			◇	K			
6	...				K	out		out		◇			6	...		◇		◇				FC	◇			
7	...					◇	◇		◇	◇			7	...				◇					◇	K		
8	...			K		K	FC		K				8	...				◇		K		◇	K			
9	...			◇		◇	K		out				9	...				K	◇	out		◇		out		
10													10					K	◇			◇				
11													11													
TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	4 5 1 5 2 1 0 3 1 1										TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	3 1 3 3 0 2 1 1 0 1										
Hours..... Mins.....													Hours..... Mins.....													

OFFICIAL RECORD.

The following is a record of the game played between the two teams on the 1st of May, 1901, at the home of the first team. The game was played on a fine day, and the attendance was large. The first team was victorious by a score of 15 to 10. The game was well played, and the spectators enjoyed it very much. The first team's pitcher was very good, and the second team's pitcher was also very good. The game was a very close one, and the spectators were very interested. The game was played for one hour and fifteen minutes. The first team's pitcher was very good, and the second team's pitcher was also very good. The game was a very close one, and the spectators were very interested. The game was played for one hour and fifteen minutes.





Heavy shower  
p.m.  
do.

Dr. Wilson came over in the morning, and spent the day, and  
the afternoon with us. He was very much interested in the  
collection of birds, and was very kind to show us his  
collection of birds, and was very kind to show us his  
collection of birds.

Dr. Wilson was very kind to show us his  
collection of birds, and was very kind to show us his  
collection of birds.

In the afternoon there was a very heavy shower, and the  
day was very much disturbed. In the evening Dr. Wilson  
was very kind to show us his collection of birds, and was  
very kind to show us his collection of birds.

Notes on the birds of the day.

There was a very heavy shower of rain, and the day was  
very much disturbed.

Notes on the birds of the day.

1. ...	2. ...
3. ...	4. ...
5. ...	6. ...
7. ...	8. ...
9. ...	10. ...
11. ...	12. ...
13. ...	14. ...
15. ...	16. ...
17. ...	18. ...
19. ...	20. ...
21. ...	22. ...
23. ...	24. ...
25. ...	26. ...
27. ...	28. ...
29. ...	30. ...
31. ...	32. ...
33. ...	34. ...
35. ...	36. ...
37. ...	38. ...
39. ...	40. ...
41. ...	42. ...
43. ...	44. ...
45. ...	46. ...
47. ...	48. ...
49. ...	50. ...
51. ...	52. ...
53. ...	54. ...
55. ...	56. ...
57. ...	58. ...
59. ...	60. ...
61. ...	62. ...
63. ...	64. ...
65. ...	66. ...
67. ...	68. ...
69. ...	70. ...
71. ...	72. ...
73. ...	74. ...
75. ...	76. ...
77. ...	78. ...
79. ...	80. ...
81. ...	82. ...
83. ...	84. ...
85. ...	86. ...
87. ...	88. ...
89. ...	90. ...
91. ...	92. ...
93. ...	94. ...
95. ...	96. ...
97. ...	98. ...
99. ...	100. ...

Notes on the birds of the day.

There was a very heavy shower of rain, and the day was  
very much disturbed. In the evening Dr. Wilson  
was very kind to show us his collection of birds, and was  
very kind to show us his collection of birds.

Dr. Wilson was very kind to show us his  
collection of birds, and was very kind to show us his  
collection of birds.













It is not necessary to say that the  
 same is true of the other two  
 cases.

The first case is that of a man  
 who is not a member of the  
 church.

The second case is that of a man  
 who is a member of the church  
 but is not a member of the  
 congregation. The third case is  
 that of a man who is a member  
 of the congregation but is not  
 a member of the church. The  
 fourth case is that of a man  
 who is a member of the church  
 and is also a member of the  
 congregation. The fifth case is  
 that of a man who is a member  
 of the church and is also a  
 member of the congregation.

The sixth case is that of a man  
 who is not a member of the church  
 but is a member of the  
 congregation.

The seventh case is that of a man  
 who is a member of the church  
 but is not a member of the  
 congregation. The eighth case is  
 that of a man who is a member  
 of the congregation but is not  
 a member of the church. The  
 ninth case is that of a man  
 who is a member of the church  
 and is also a member of the  
 congregation. The tenth case is  
 that of a man who is a member  
 of the church and is also a  
 member of the congregation.

The eleventh case is that of a man  
 who is not a member of the church  
 but is a member of the  
 congregation.















## Camp Flying Pond - and Bust.

Whenever a camping trip to Flying Pond is mentioned, all the old timers are reminded of the original Flying Pond trip - I think it was the original one - called "Flying Pond or Bust." They didn't bust; we did. All honour be to Art Terry and the commissariat that we did. We had all sorts of things to bust on that the original trip probably never knew - condensed milk, (ah-h-h.), fizzies, (whee-ee.); Canned apples - (m-m-m-m.); peppermints, (sh-h-h-h.). Do you wonder? Of course we busted. Who? - why

Bowden, the bouncing bumad.

Comins, Jan, Pop, Pan Jan.

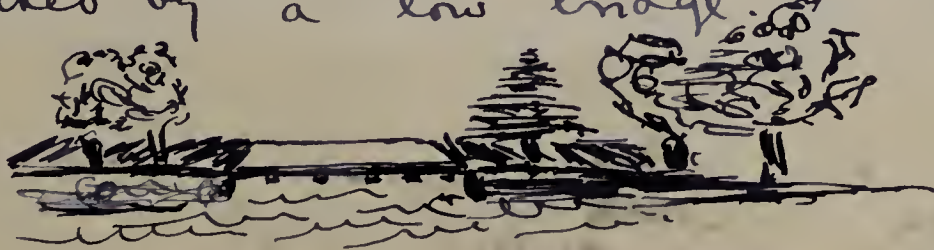
Edwards, he of the plump form.

Paine, the famous rubber tree

Smedberg, fisherman.

L.C.Z., disturber of dogs.

The wind was south and the sky overcast when the trip put out; not that that makes any difference, because we were sure to have a "whole of a time" no matter what the weather did. We headed straight for the Monkey Point canal; and, eternal curses on the whole tribe of anthropoids, the canal was blocked by a low bridge.



Just like that.

But by dint of grunting and pushing and unloading and saying things about Mr. Monkey, we managed to scrape through, and lost only about a quarter of an hour by the shortcut. At the mills we made up for lost time in what was probably the most efficient carry ever executed on that historic shot.

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In fact, Efficiency was one of our "middle names."

At no time after our arrival at our camping place was our woodpile unstocked; we even went so far as to have a drying line for towels and a special tree for toothbrushes. (Said tree left entirely unmolested and unvisited.)

After a row up Long Pond, during which Sued lost and rescued a trolling spoon, we camped on the point beyond the narrows, across from the yellow hotel. The place is a good one: plenty of wood, good clearing for tent, wonderful swimming.

That afternoon someone - Bouncing Bunrod, I think, suggested Skowhegan. All being of one scouting brand, we could not play Troquois against Algonquins, even if we had wanted to. But Troquois against Troquois makes a good lively game; so we went to it. Bunny and Smeddy and Rubber Tree stood everybody else and won three games out of three. By that time we were hot enough to try something else, so turned to water scouting, with different results. In the water, L.C.Z., Jan, and Oliver Edwards were invincible. Only once was the trio in danger: that was when Smeddy combined land scouting with water scouting and shot us from an impregnable rock on shore. Even after that there was some time left before supper; Paine volunteered to get supper while the fishermen tried their luck. L.C.Z. rowed Smeddy and Jan around, smacking them up in lily pads occasionally;



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but the fish were not very appreciative. Sued hooked the only one; Jan got a bite that did not materialize.

The meal that Bobby cooked was a memorable one, and lasted well after dark. Among its other features, it had the honour of using up almost our last cocoa. Happy thought - the hotel! The midnight ride of Mr. P. Revers could not have been more dangerous or exciting than the 8:30 P.M. row of Messrs. Snedberg, Corning and Coxswain L.Z. for cocoa. Leaving a lantern on shore so that we could find our way back, we pushed the Yammer out into the pitchy blackness of the American night and headed her straight (?) for the Gables. Narrowly escaping disaster by ramming a diving float, we safely piloted the vessel to the hotel landing. Leaving Sued in charge of the fleet Jan and L.Z. braved the terrors of an unknown shore and marched to the Gables. Here we were met by the wild barking of an unseen dog. We fled. But the vision of a cocoaless breakfast drove us back; we finally attracted the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Gables and they let us in, with the remark that "The dog was all right if we were," in a tone which implied that we were not. But when we actually paid cash for cocoa and bought some peppermints beside they were considerably softened.

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Jan still insists, however, that the proprietor sat up all night, his wolf hound at his side and his trusty blunderbuss on his knee. But we slept, as only those sleep who have a hard day behind them, a harder before them, and the woods around them. A thunder shower in the night did not disturb us; I have yet to discover a better sound than the beat of rain on a tent that won't leak.

We were up and off before eight the next morning, on the road to Viruna. Being provided with map, L.C.Z. and Edwards "pulled off" some military stunts - timing and pacing distances, etc. But Bunny & the hon. R.T. shot ahead and waited at crossroads. Jan and Sneddy brought up the valiant rear. In two hours we were in Viruna. To be more explicit, in two hours we were at the residence of Mr. Bailey, citizen of Viruna. If you ever want a good drink, go over to Viruna and ask for Mr. Bailey's. Mr. Bailey will take you into his cellar and give you a bucket-full from a twenty-foot well. Five countrymen along the road had told us it was hot; and I guess it was. At any rate, we ~~were~~ were all ready to stop at Bailey's spring.

Just as we came into Viruna, a high hill caught the eyes of Bunrad and Rubber Tree. One thing that Bunrad and Rubber Tree could not resist was a high hill. So we left Jan behind, sitting on a cracker barrel and talking politics to the storekeeper, and the rest of us started up



Viruna Mountain. Jan had a bad foot of some sort, and had been up Viruna Mountain more times than any living man, woman, or child, anyway. The grade being steep Bunrad, "the fleet foot kid" did it all at a fast walk. Paine, "fleetier of foot than the fleet foot kid," ran most of the way up. Sneddy and Oliver went on at a steadily decreasing rate of speed, and finally decided to wait at the half-way mark.

The view was worth the climb. High on an open spur of the hill, we could see over the hills and lakes for miles around. If anyone ever gets near Viruna, he should go on a mile or two further up the hill back of the village. It will be worth his while. Paine noticed the different strata of rock on the hillcrest, and discovered that the hill had once been higher; he even found out where the top had once been.

After the party was reunited in Viruna, we went over to Tlying Pond for a swim. All hands went into the water except Paine, who stayed on shore and did queer things to a dead muskrat and half-dead perch. His autopsy revealed the fact that the muskrat had been killed by a fishbone, the removal of which gave the perch its death blow. Item: Bunny lost his glasses; loss only temporary.

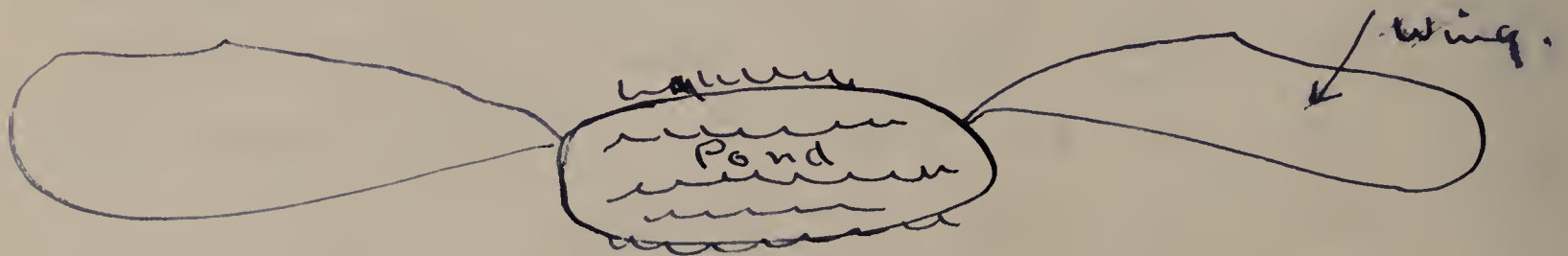
We made the return trip in an hour and a half. The only stop was in a wonderful grove of old trees, where we found a spring.

As usual, the fleet <sup>182</sup> fosters ran up all hills.

Our quick return gave us lots of time for a long swim. Dreddy and Jan collected a lot of logs, including one LOG and all hands had a fine time rolling around on it. It held everybody at once, including Edwards!!

Next on the programme was our final meal - the one that gave our trip its name; then we were up and away. Just as we rounded the point on the way back; three Pine Island canoes were in sight; it looked like a race, so we pulled our hardest and gained on them. But our victory was short lived. Before we were half way to the mills a downpour which had been threatening all the afternoon hit us full force. The oarsmen just "sot and tuk it". Edwards put on all the rubber things he could find, and Jan did himself up in the Pantofole. It was a wet - but very much satisfied crowd - that landed at the float an hour later.

The Flying Pond Trip is one which should be done often - whether or not it is a bust.



(Indian for Flying Pond.)



TUESDAY,

Aug. 8,

T. 72'

B. 28.90

Cloudy

S.W.

Rain

p.m.

This rather startling effect is due to the fact

that someone was using the typewriter to do some

copying, and I forgot to change the ink.

R.R. went in town this morning, to be gone several

days several days.

Some people don't believe that we had a shower early this morning, but we surely did. It rained hard and steadily.

Yesterday and to-day Skibber has been telling us about boat-building and the yacht race. This morning he told us all about the prize that Mr. Whittemore has offered for the best boat of some new type. The race for this prize will be a separate one, and the rules governing it will be published later. We may say now that it will not be enough to put some fool thing together, and call her a boat to contest for the Whittemore prize. Every boat must be passed by a competent committee, and if no boats are good enough to be worth while, the Whittemore race will not be run.

This afternoon we began 'Nicholas Nickleby'.

#### BOAT BUILDING AND YACHT RACING.

##### FOUR-PADDLERS.

ABOLITIONISTS.	SAINTS AND MONKS.	ENGINEER.	WARRIORS.
T. J. J. J.	Parson	Morse	Val R. J. J. J.
Goodie	Peacock	Andrew	Newbold
Parson	Archbishop	Engleston	Stackpole
H. Whittemore	Hallowell	Crain	Meeker

After a good deal of practice in starting, turning, etc., the crews raced in from Picquet. The Jokers steered the best course, keeping to the south, and out of everybody's way. The other three all steered wildly, and the Jokers was disqualified for pulling anchor and fouling the boat. The latter won, with the Jokers a good second, and the Abolitionists.



1830A7  
1016'1.)

PAUL-AND SINGLES.

1835 1845.

ABOL.

VORRY.

EBEN.

WORKER.

U. J. Curtis

Val R. R. 1.

1835

1835

The course of this highly original race was from the point to the float. The contestants sat in the bows of their canoes, and paddled that way. Have you ever tried it? Your boat goes every way except the right one, and if you paddle more than three or four strokes in succession on one side, she turns all the way round, like a wheel. It is a very nice race--to watch. Van led for a good way, but then he turned round, and U. Curtis, by very careful navigation, passed him. Morse was third, and Payson last.

Second race.

ABOL.

EBEN.

VORRY.

WORKER.

Whittemore

Achilles

Hallowell

Trail

Whittemore was the only one who got the idea very well. When he crossed the line he was about a third of the length of the course ahead. Achilles was close on Hallowell, but we thought at one time that Trail would be late to supper, he was so slow.

Final race.

ABOL.

VORRY.

VORRY.

EBEN.

Whittemore

Val R. R. 1.

1835

1835

The finals were held in pouring rain, but that did not dampen the ardor of the contestants. Van made a good start, but got rattled, and fouled the pie-plant. Still, he recovered in time to make a good second to Whittemore. U. Curtis was a snappy third, and though Achilles was last, he was far above the class of "also rans".

It was not so wet, and all sails were so wet, that all were sent round the 40 to turn 20, and then into the wind to pull out.

It was still so wet after supper that digestion was not helped in the slightest by the confusion of the early start.



the birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. (1851-1852.)

The half-birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night.

The half-birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night.

The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night.

# OBSERVATION GAME.

## TABLE I.

TABLE I.	TABLE II.	TABLE III.
Palmer, 15	Palmer, 15	Palmer, 15
Reynolds, 14	Reynolds, 14	Reynolds, 14
Wilkinson, 12	Wilkinson, 12	Wilkinson, 12
T. H. H. 11	T. H. H. 11	T. H. H. 11
Reynolds, 11	Reynolds, 11	Reynolds, 11
Harrison, 11	Harrison, 11	Harrison, 11

## TABLE II.

TABLE II.	TABLE III.	TABLE IV.
Palmer, 15	Palmer, 15	Palmer, 15
Reynolds, 14	Reynolds, 14	Reynolds, 14
Wilkinson, 12	Wilkinson, 12	Wilkinson, 12
T. H. H. 11	T. H. H. 11	T. H. H. 11
Reynolds, 11	Reynolds, 11	Reynolds, 11
Harrison, 11	Harrison, 11	Harrison, 11

## TABLE III.

TABLE III.	TABLE IV.
Palmer, 15	Palmer, 15
Reynolds, 14	Reynolds, 14
Wilkinson, 12	Wilkinson, 12
T. H. H. 11	T. H. H. 11
Reynolds, 11	Reynolds, 11
Harrison, 11	Harrison, 11

The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night. The birds are in the habit of going to the same place to roost at night.

The first of the month was a very fine day, and the weather was very pleasant. The wind was from the north, and the sea was very calm. The temperature was about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The sun was shining brightly, and the clouds were very few. The water was very clear, and the bottom was very sandy. The fish were very plentiful, and the birds were very noisy. The day was very pleasant, and the weather was very good.

The second of the month was a very fine day, and the weather was very pleasant. The wind was from the north, and the sea was very calm. The temperature was about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The sun was shining brightly, and the clouds were very few. The water was very clear, and the bottom was very sandy. The fish were very plentiful, and the birds were very noisy. The day was very pleasant, and the weather was very good.

TABLE OF THE MONTH

DATE	WIND	SEA	TEMP.	SUN	CLOUDS	FISH	BIRDS
1st	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
2nd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
3rd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
4th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
5th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
6th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
7th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
8th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
9th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
10th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
11th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
12th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
13th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
14th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
15th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
16th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
17th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
18th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
19th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
20th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
21st	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
22nd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
23rd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
24th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
25th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
26th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
27th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
28th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
29th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
30th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
31st	N	C	60	B	F	P	N

TABLE OF THE MONTH

DATE	WIND	SEA	TEMP.	SUN	CLOUDS	FISH	BIRDS
1st	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
2nd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
3rd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
4th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
5th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
6th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
7th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
8th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
9th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
10th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
11th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
12th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
13th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
14th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
15th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
16th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
17th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
18th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
19th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
20th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
21st	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
22nd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
23rd	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
24th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
25th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
26th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
27th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
28th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
29th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
30th	N	C	60	B	F	P	N
31st	N	C	60	B	F	P	N

The third of the month was a very fine day, and the weather was very pleasant. The wind was from the north, and the sea was very calm. The temperature was about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The sun was shining brightly, and the clouds were very few. The water was very clear, and the bottom was very sandy. The fish were very plentiful, and the birds were very noisy. The day was very pleasant, and the weather was very good.

The fourth of the month was a very fine day, and the weather was very pleasant. The wind was from the north, and the sea was very calm. The temperature was about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The sun was shining brightly, and the clouds were very few. The water was very clear, and the bottom was very sandy. The fish were very plentiful, and the birds were very noisy. The day was very pleasant, and the weather was very good.



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THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE VESSELS WHICH WERE  
 ON THE RIVER IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1862.

LIST OF VESSELS.

1. "The Great Republic"..... 100 tons.
2. "The Great Republic"..... 100 tons.
3. "The Great Republic"..... 100 tons.
4. "The Great Republic"..... 100 tons.
5. "The Great Republic"..... 100 tons.
6. "The Great Republic"..... 100 tons.

LIST OF VESSELS.

THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE VESSELS WHICH WERE  
 ON THE RIVER IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1862.

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THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE VESSELS WHICH WERE  
 ON THE RIVER IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1862.



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THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY.

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THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY.



There was no other sound,  
 Not a sound, not a word,  
 And the only sound would be  
 From the heart.

But when the old man's hand,  
 Flashed out from the dark,  
 With his finger pointed a line  
 That he had marked the same,  
 From the heart.

Providence, a harsher word,  
 Playing on the air,  
 Tripped and fell and warned his wife  
 And now his arm is almost done,  
 From the heart.

VII  
 Here we have our friendly doctor,  
 Attending to our needs;  
 Heaven will surely grant a reward  
 For his kindly deeds.  
 From the heart.

VIII

We have a very good family share here. Our son, J. B.  
 With his voice in song is heard in the distance, in the air.  
 He has a very good family share here. Our son, J. B.  
 With his voice in song is heard in the distance, in the air.  
 He has a very good family share here. Our son, J. B.  
 With his voice in song is heard in the distance, in the air.

23

171

72



1881-1882

The first of the year was a very dry one, and the  
 crops were much injured. The second of the year  
 was a very wet one, and the crops were much  
 injured. The third of the year was a very dry  
 one, and the crops were much injured. The fourth  
 of the year was a very wet one, and the crops  
 were much injured. The fifth of the year was a  
 very dry one, and the crops were much injured.  
 The sixth of the year was a very wet one, and  
 the crops were much injured. The seventh of the  
 year was a very dry one, and the crops were  
 much injured. The eighth of the year was a very  
 wet one, and the crops were much injured. The  
 ninth of the year was a very dry one, and the  
 crops were much injured. The tenth of the year  
 was a very wet one, and the crops were much  
 injured. The eleventh of the year was a very  
 dry one, and the crops were much injured. The  
 twelfth of the year was a very wet one, and the  
 crops were much injured. The thirteenth of the  
 year was a very dry one, and the crops were  
 much injured. The fourteenth of the year was a  
 very wet one, and the crops were much injured.  
 The fifteenth of the year was a very dry one,  
 and the crops were much injured. The sixteenth  
 of the year was a very wet one, and the crops  
 were much injured. The seventeenth of the year  
 was a very dry one, and the crops were much  
 injured. The eighteenth of the year was a very  
 wet one, and the crops were much injured. The  
 nineteenth of the year was a very dry one, and  
 the crops were much injured. The twentieth of  
 the year was a very wet one, and the crops were  
 much injured. The twenty-first of the year was  
 a very dry one, and the crops were much injured.  
 The twenty-second of the year was a very wet  
 one, and the crops were much injured. The twenty-  
 third of the year was a very dry one, and the  
 crops were much injured. The twenty-fourth of  
 the year was a very wet one, and the crops were  
 much injured. The twenty-fifth of the year was  
 a very dry one, and the crops were much injured.  
 The twenty-sixth of the year was a very wet  
 one, and the crops were much injured. The twenty-  
 seventh of the year was a very dry one, and the  
 crops were much injured. The twenty-eighth of  
 the year was a very wet one, and the crops were  
 much injured. The twenty-ninth of the year was  
 a very dry one, and the crops were much injured.  
 The thirtieth of the year was a very wet one,  
 and the crops were much injured. The thirty-first  
 of the year was a very dry one, and the crops  
 were much injured.

The first I ever had, was in the year 1800,  
 when I was in the city of London.  
 I had the first time from the great red fly.  
 long, long for the first time like London:  
 And I was not at all, but over London and the  
 into the very heart of the city of London.

In 1801, I was in the city of London, and I was  
 the first time from the great red fly.  
 long, long for the first time like London:  
 And I was not at all, but over London and the  
 into the very heart of the city of London.  
 In 1802, I was in the city of London, and I was  
 the first time from the great red fly.  
 long, long for the first time like London:  
 And I was not at all, but over London and the  
 into the very heart of the city of London.

Then, did you think of the great red fly?  
 long, long for the first time like London:  
 And I was not at all, but over London and the  
 into the very heart of the city of London.  
 In 1803, I was in the city of London, and I was  
 the first time from the great red fly.  
 long, long for the first time like London:  
 And I was not at all, but over London and the  
 into the very heart of the city of London.  
 In 1804, I was in the city of London, and I was  
 the first time from the great red fly.  
 long, long for the first time like London:  
 And I was not at all, but over London and the  
 into the very heart of the city of London.



The first of these is the fact that the  
 system is not a simple one, but a  
 complex one, involving many factors  
 which are not yet fully understood.  
 The second is the fact that the  
 system is not a static one, but a  
 dynamic one, which is constantly  
 changing and evolving.  
 The third is the fact that the  
 system is not a uniform one, but a  
 heterogeneous one, with many  
 different parts and components.  
 The fourth is the fact that the  
 system is not a closed one, but an  
 open one, which is constantly  
 interacting with the environment.  
 The fifth is the fact that the  
 system is not a simple one, but a  
 complex one, involving many factors  
 which are not yet fully understood.

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 open one, which is constantly  
 interacting with the environment.  
 The fifth is the fact that the  
 system is not a simple one, but a  
 complex one, involving many factors  
 which are not yet fully understood.





# Algonquins

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
J.R.	X	1	X	1	X	1
T.L.			X	1	X	1
O.H.R.			X	1	X	1
A.T.			X	1	X	1
P.S.P.			X	1	X	1
A.M.R.			X	1	X	1
Andrew	X	1	X	1	X	1
Auchincloss	X	1	X	1	X	1
Bennell	X	1	X	1	X	1
Chanler	X	1	X	1	X	1
Curtis, P.			X	1	X	1
Davidge			X	1	X	1
Farnsworth	X	1	X	1	X	1
Hun	X	1	X	1	X	1
Leland			X	1	X	1
Liggett			X	1	X	1
Maekie			X	1	X	1
Newbold	X	1	X	1	X	1
Roberts	X	1	X	1	X	1
Train			X	1	X	1
Van Rensselaer	X	1	X	1	X	1
Whillemore, H.			X	1	X	1
Whillemore, C.			X	1	X	1
Meeker	X	1	X	1	X	1
	11	9	16	11	18	19

# Iroquois

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
L.C.Z.						
H.V.V.H.						
J.G.	X	1	X	1	X	1
A.v.Z.			X	1	X	1
C.F.B.	X	1	X	1	X	1
Breckinridge			X	1	X	1
Chase			X	1	X	1
Corning			X	1	X	1
Curtis, T.	X	1	X	1	X	1
Eggleston	X	1	X	1	X	1
Goodhue			X	1	X	1
Hallowell			X	1	X	1
Houghton			X	1	X	1
Miner	X	1	X	1	X	1
Morse	X	1	X	1	X	1
Paine			X	1	X	1
Payson			X	1	X	1
Peabody	X	1	X	1	X	1
Stackpole			X	1	X	1
de Wazée	X	1	X	1	X	1
Austin			X	1	X	1
Bowden			X	1	X	1
Edwards	X	1	X	1	X	1
Smedberg			X	1	X	1
C.H.C.			X	1	X	1
	9	9	12	15	19	18

o Killed by stray shot

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# Philip Batchelder

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S C O U T I N G



The first of the month of August  
 we started for the mountains  
 and after a short stay at the  
 hotel we went to the  
 mountains. The weather was  
 very fine and the scenery  
 was beautiful. We saw  
 many interesting things  
 and had a very pleasant  
 trip. We returned to the  
 hotel on the 10th of the  
 month.

Camping Trip  
 Aug. 10<sup>th</sup>  
 ---

Chase  
 Curtis, T.  
 Goodhue  
 Van Rensselaer  
 Whittemore, H. H.  
 (J. L.) J. G.

Williaw  
 Yammerschooner

The first of the month of August  
 we started for the mountains  
 and after a short stay at the  
 hotel we went to the  
 mountains. The weather was  
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 hotel on the 10th of the  
 month.

The first of the month of August

and after a short stay at the

hotel we went to the

mountains. The weather was

very fine and the scenery  
 was beautiful. We saw

1. 1990年1月1日以前	1990年1月1日以前
2. 1990年1月1日至1990年12月31日	1990年1月1日至1990年12月31日
3. 1991年1月1日至1991年12月31日	1991年1月1日至1991年12月31日
4. 1992年1月1日至1992年12月31日	1992年1月1日至1992年12月31日

Farlands vs. Inshore of Aug. 11 at																					1
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	4		1 Davidge		1													6	2	2	
14	2		2 <sup>in 2nd</sup> Austin		6													5	4	2	
3	0		3 Bennett		5													6	4	1	
4	3		4 C.F.V.B.		2													6	4	5	
1	0		5 <sup>in 2nd</sup> C.N.C.		3													3	2	0	
1	5		6 P. Curtis		4													2	2	0	
4	0		7 <sup>in 2nd</sup> Davis		7													5	0	0	
0	0		8 Payson		9													5	1	1	
0	0		9 Bowden		8													4	1	0	
			10																		
			11																		
27	14		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins....		Runs total.	5	5	3	0	8	3	11	3	14	0	14	3	17	3	20	
Balks.	Hlt by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				8	6	1-b. on errors.													2	2	1



Archers vs. Fairlands of Aug. 11 at 1

201

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
0	2		1 Leland	P	2-5			4-3	0-2				0-2					1	1		
0	2		2 J. Conroy	1	4-3					1-3			0-2					2	0		
3	2		3 Fredberg	6	(K) 2-3			0-4		1-3	0-3							1	1		
10	0		4 Morse	3														3	2		
9	6		5 Train	2				0-6										3	0		
0	0		6 P. B.	7	K				0-3	0-3		K						1	0		
2	2		7 Miller	4		4-3					3-6	0-6						1	0		
0	0		8 Edwards	9	K		K		4-3		2-5	1-3						0	0		
0	0		9 Lizzett	6	4-3		1-3						3-6					0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
24	14		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												39	12	4		
			Hours.....	Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			9	7	1-b. on errors.															



There is a great deal of water in the  
 ground, and it is very soft.

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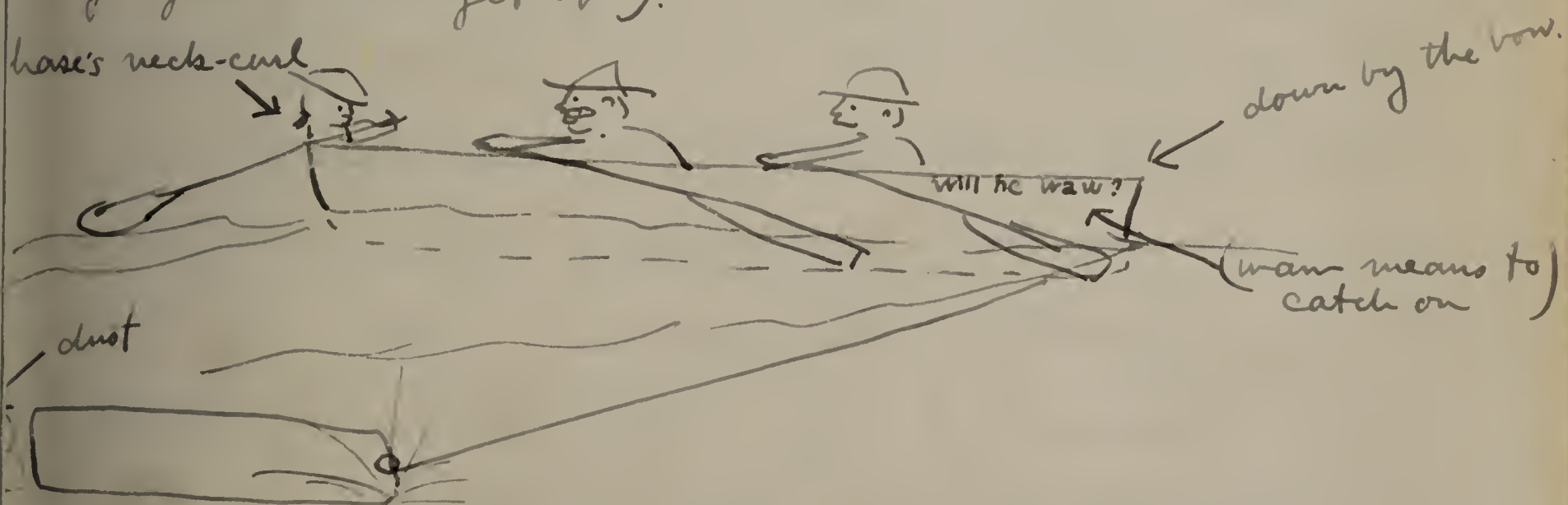
203  
Kamp Kokoazuleikit  
or

Up Meadow Brook in the morning.

Cowcatcher (William) J. G.; T. Curtis; P. Chase.

Caboose (Yammoschooner) Van Rensselaer; H. Whittman; Goodhue.

At precisely nine-thirty in the morning, on August 11, our hero gathered about him his trusty crew, and embarked on his famous cruise (pun). The start was noteworthy and swift - yet not so swift at that, for good reasons. The fact that Shipper was on the float was in itself cause for suspicion, and the result of a few lusty strokes on our hero's oars was cause for still more suspicion. The suspicion was well grounded (another pun, if you can get it).



—Commentaries Continued—

Cassan, having built two strong boats, embarked the Gentler Region with himself in the foremost, and placed the camp followers, under the general

204

command of sub-consul-under-tribune Van  
Kussalaen in the secuns. With oars, paddles,  
poles, and pitch forks, these boats were now  
propelled (propellata) up a stream in  
the vicinity, known to the Helvetii and  
Germani tibi as Brookus meadowiensis. The  
summit was reached at one o'clock on the  
same day, the only noteworthy occasion  
(occasio notisworthibus) being the discovery of  
two large rocks in the basketo lunchii.  
These Caesar hurled into the stream where they  
may now be seen. (The Doctor, on a later  
trip, grounded his boat on one of them). It is  
believed that the Terrible Terry mistook them  
for bread. They were fierce things. (punnus)

After the caboose had pulled into the  
depot at the head of the brookus, lunch  
(patulum) was eaten, and Goodhume,  
being under the weather (sub caelo) was  
taken into the Cowcatcher. At two o'clock  
(hora secunda) the luggage (impedimenta)  
was placed in the boats (naves) and  
the expedition headed for Little Pond, and,  
after entering (post ingrediantes) made for the  
beach at the south end. The only halt



made occurred in the <sup>205</sup>middle of the pond,  
Goodhue deeming it best to involuntarily  
lighten ship.

Camp was expeditiously made, and while  
the sporting gentlemen of the crowd played  
mumblety peg (mumbletensis pegibus) on the  
beach, the rest set the pot to merrily boiling.  
Supper was uneventful, save for Goodhue's  
morce (iterum et semper). The evening  
performance was even less appreciated than  
the matinee. After the evening meal had  
been disposed of, Cassan called his cohorts  
about him, and while the mumblety peg  
squad played three more sets, the Tenth  
Legion cleaned camp (castra causa carnis  
cleaniotate). Boats were again resorted to,  
and while the sun set and the moon  
rose and the stars twinkle (mica, mica,  
parva stella), rounds were merrily sung,  
until the lone loon of Little Pond cried thrice,  
and fainted.

How did Cassan and his legions return  
unto the shore, and sat around the  
twinkling camp fire (castrorum ignis) [fatuous]  
and smoked their corn cob pipe, while tales

of adventure - of romance - of hidden  
 castles and buried bullion circles through  
 the whispered silence. Now the ninth and  
 a half hour being reached (reachata)  
 taps were sung and "silence (silentia) like  
 a poultice (—), fell to heal the blous of  
 sound."

Next morning Cassar was awakened  
 (erwackend) by the gentle tap of rain upon  
 his tent, and knew that it was raining. He  
 acted accordingly - turned over and again  
 slept. Soon, however, he leapt from his Roman  
 couch, and in a twinkling had kindled the  
 fire and cooked breakfast.



After reading squads were posted, and the morning  
 was spent in exploring, sleeping, and water  
 sports. The start for home was made at  
 exactly 1 P.M., and Invermaythen was reached  
 at 4.30 P.M.

Vive la Kokoazulikit !!



THE END OF THE WORLD.

It was the night of the 11th of the month of the year,  
 In which the world was to be destroyed,  
 And the end of the world was to be seen,  
 In the night of the 11th of the month of the year.

On Friday, the 11th of the month of the year,  
 And the end of the world was to be seen,  
 In the night of the 11th of the month of the year,  
 And the end of the world was to be seen.

The day began with a bright sun,  
 And the world was to be seen,  
 In the night of the 11th of the month of the year,  
 And the end of the world was to be seen.

The day began with a bright sun,  
 And the world was to be seen,  
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The day began with a bright sun,  
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And I am not a mother, I am not

'The mother of the nation.'

And I am not a mother, I am not

'The mother of the nation.'

And I am not a mother, I am not

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SKOWHEGAN

at

Alexander's Pasture

# All Hands

J.G and O.H.R. choose up.

Followed by

one large size 1

Picnic at Oak Tree.





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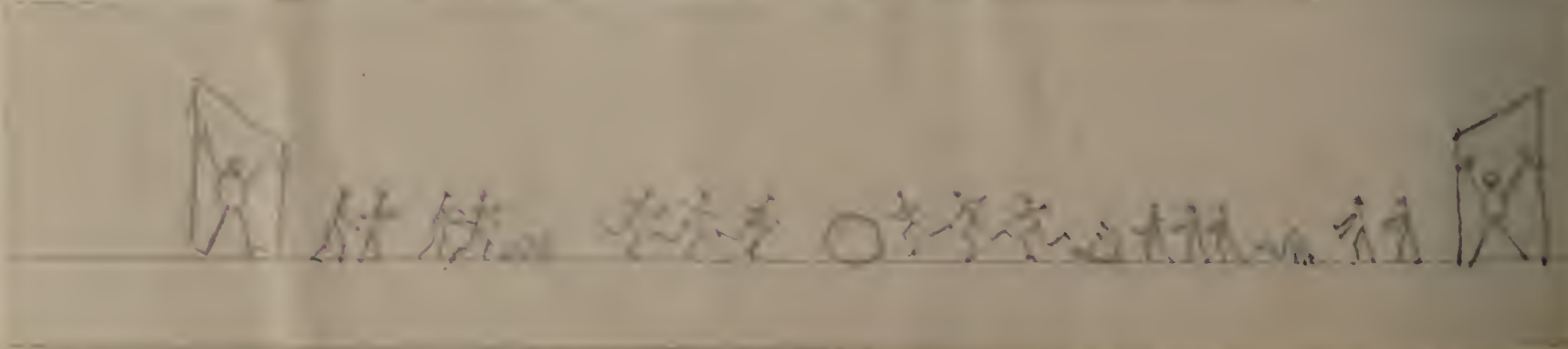
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Charles Wiggins





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26  
SLRIGENTHTIWIYALP PMAC.

" The wind she blew lak hurricane, 'bout half-past two, three, four," in the morning but later abandoned its effort to get canoe-test in action before breakfast, and settled down to a clear northwest blow, with the sky mottled with blanket-like clouds, and the mountains peering at you from just beyond the float.

The perspicacity of the Commisary-Sergeant was taxed with own efforts to supply food for us all. Why? The Dutchman was with us. Lucky for us the Sec. is a man of no mean ability, than whom there are no equals. The grub was great, especially the -- line forms on the right, lady.

On the morning of August 14 a fleet of two vessels of the Rangeley type put to sea from their camp at Horse Point. The expedition had a duty to perform, to wit, to navigate the Great Sea, cross Long Water, which lay to the west of Great Sea, and to become a landing-party, to make camp on some convenient point, headland, promontory, or other piece of land, said camp to be the base of supplies from which the journey of discovery was to proceed. The sturdy craft dropped moorings at 9.30 A.M. and proceeded in a westerly direction. Monkey Point was soon rounded and they sped through many small fishing-boats to the entrance of the outlet of the Great Sea. Navigation on this water is made difficult by ignorant captains of other craft, who, knowing no laws of the sea, make great confusion in the fairway. At Belgrade Mills the crews dis-embarked, repaired one of the vessels, and re-boarded in Long Water at 11.00 A.M., soon landing at the wharf of Monataka, where, while the crews enjoyed a swim in the transparent depths, the captain and the cook prepared tiffin.

Having decided to camp on a height of land, the party had, by 2.30, portaged all movable articles from the landing-place to the piazza of Monataka Cottage. A fire-place being built behind the barn and a place of rest decided upon, all hands set to gathering wood, of which there was a plenty. When enough for the immediate future had been procured, most of the party struck work, and the first mate, speaking for the crew, demanded a swim. So all hands abluted and returned, bringing back resinous white pine with which the captain and the cook started a fire.

At this point an attacking-party, under Lieutenant Miner succeeded in gaining a foothold in the barn, which capture they soon made complete, and disported themselves playing with the bayonets and munition supplies. Forgetting that we were on foreign territory, some of the crew made free with the contents of the canteen until surprised by the angry general commanding Monataka, who demanded many things, mostly of no importance. He was soothed and, after a few minutes, the barn locked up and the fire capped with pots. That meant food. Roll-call complete. And then--

And then-- well -- I refer you to Ranny Miner for a complete account of this incident. Briefly, the camp was invaded by a squadron of horse, eight in number, and the troopers were all girls. No, there was one, an older person, shall we say of 46 summers? ( we shall ), evidently in charge of the party. To see her cantering down the wood-roade at the head of her followers, massive, Amazonian, unsmiling, was to behold Brunnhilde and her maidens. But this Brunny was different. She was short, and square-



rigged, carryin a great deal of canvas. She spoke fractured English and was called Fräulein by her cohorts. By the ship's clock it took just ten minutes for Miner, Curtis, Austin and Houghton to become fast friends of these be-kickerbockered things. Their chief delight was to smash with improvised bow and arrow, the window-panes of the barn. I will say that the girls led in this destruction. When the troop finally mounted and rode away and the captain had heard the muster-roll completed, he breathed a sigh of relief. No desertion! Prodigious!

Supper was a lengthy affair and filled our hearts with joy and the rest of us with food. Huurah for the applesauce, cheers for the cocoa, and down with pilot-biscuit on a camping-trip! After supper, the captain told stories until bed-time. The weather did not call for a tent, and so it was used as a couch, and very comfortable it was.

We were up by six, and while Hun went down to the forest for more wood, the captain took a bucket-bath at the pump and the others did as they had done at every other meal. Breakfast was at sharp seven, after which camp was cleaned up, utensils scoured, duffle-bags packed, luncheon made against our return, and the party prepared for the morning's hike. The start was made at 8.45 A.M. and the return to the encampment was accomplished at 1.10 P.M..

We walked up the road towards Flying Pond to the foot of Mt. Royal, dropping sundry shirts and under-shirts on the way, and pulled up at the cold spring by the road to get what we supposed was to be our last drink of water until we had returned to our camping-place. Here we had to wait for Houghton, for the first and last time. He was never again at the wrong end of the line. The party divested itself of unnecessary clothing and reached the top of Mt. Royal at 10.15, where a halt was made while the captain climbed a tree to plot out the rest of the journey. Descending, they made their way along the ridge to a meadow on the shoulder of Beaver. Quenching their thirst at spring no.1, they continued northeast across the clearing to a road in the valley which ran from west to east down the valley that separates Beaver from Muskrat. This we followed until it led us to the foot of a great pasture that folds over the Muskrat range, a forest-flanked belt of grazing-land. Half-way up the meadow we drank at spring no.2, and continued to the ridge, where was a path that led us through blue-berries as big as pudding-balls, until we reached the top of Muskrat. On the descent, we found, leading from the haunted house a new path, broader, firmer, drier, cleaner, more nicely chosen, a veritable bridle-path, three miles long, very easy and very beautiful. The trail brought us to the road that passes Monataka, about a mile and a half to the north, and just at the foot of Johnny Walker hill. This we climbed, and descended to the lake, following the shore to the boats. After a brief rest all duffle, was brought to the landing, and a clean-up luncheon followed the short swim. While we were eating, H. V H. and Co. appeared and chatted with us.

We started the return trip to camp at 3.00 P.M., arriving at 5.00 for a restful swim and a quiet supper.





CHURCHILL.





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This afternoon arrived Eleanor W. Browne



אברהם בן יצחק אבן עזרא

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\* 1990-1991: 100% of cases; 1992: 75% of cases.



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The above are the names of the persons who have been  
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The above are the names of the persons who have been  
employed by the U.S. Fish Commission since 1884.  
The names of the persons who have been employed by the  
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employed by the U.S. Fish Commission since 1885.

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TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
 OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:  
 I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., in relation to the subject of the petition of the  
 undersigned.

REPORT OF THE  
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION  
 PASSED BY THE SENATE  
 JANUARY 18, 1887.

ALBANY:

PRINTED BY THE STATE PRINTING OFFICE, 1887.  
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*F. T. Perkins*

THE STATE OF NEW YORK,  
 COUNTY OF ALBANY,  
 ss: I, the undersigned, Clerk of the Senate, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the report of the Commissioners of the Land Office, in response to a resolution passed by the Senate on January 18, 1887, and that the same has been read and approved by the Senate on the 19th inst.





101130





THURSDAY,                Sorry the weather report got  
 AUG. 17,                lost, but we have given the most  
 Calm,                striking points. It was the hottest  
 Clear,                day we have had for a long time.  
 Hot.

It was also Jack Leland's birthday, and  
 recognized as such with all the honors of  
 war; to wit, "Many happy returns", and a cake at  
 supper.

To-day was the ninth anniversary of  
 Boulton Bartlett's death. Mrs. Richards spoke to  
 us about him at morning reading, and read us the account from  
 the log.

The first canoe camping trip of the year went out this  
 morning, with A.T. in command, and Morse in the stern of the  
 second canoe. They headed for Ellis Ford and the Itchfield  
 carry.

Phil Patchelder left this morning. It has seemed very like  
 old times to have him with us again.

Fredrick Roberts passed the swimming test this morning. We  
 knew he could do it.

Arthur Morse's new Oak Island record has gone by the  
 board. H.V.V.H. did the trick this morning in 22m. 27 4/5 s.  
 Anyone want to beat it?

We have now only two non-swimmers left in camp, Le Varzee,  
 and Jackie. The time grows short, friends, if you mean to get  
 to the point before the season closes.

The Class B chinning record is decidedly better this  
 week than it was before. On the whole we had better turn over,  
 and give it on the next page. It is a nuisance to begin a list

Camping Trip  
 August 17<sup>th</sup>

Breckinridge  
 Hollowell  
 Morse  
 Paine  
 Payson

A.T.

Aboljockamegus  
 Caughcomgomock

THURSDAY and find that you must break it in the middle.  
(Cont'd.)

CLASS E CHIPPING SQUAD.

Andrew	10
Cochue	10
Stackpole	9
Linier	8
Crane	7
Liggett	7
Farravorth	5
T. Curtis	4
Javidge	4
Eggleston	4
Le Varzee	3
Roberts	1
Auchincloss	0
Edwards	0
Lachie	0
Lesler	0
Lewbold	0
Peabody	0
C. Whittencore	0

Roberts has graduated from the zero class, and all who did it at all did more than at the last trial.

FIFTH JUNIOR BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

CHIEFS vs. HUES.

A rather dull game, it was so uneven. With coming on the sick-list, and F.S.F.'s finger still needing care, to say nothing of Morse, Payson, and Faine on a camping-trip, the ranks had to be filled in from the pudding-ball class, and there was some very poor playing. What was worse, there was more or less playing that looked as if the players didn't care whether they did well or not. It is a pity to show that spirit in anything, brothers.

The Chiefs got a long lead in the first two innings, and added to it at intervals. The Hues could never get more than two runs at a time, so they gradually fell into the rear.

Both pitchers were wild, Van giving seven passes and Javidge the same.

The Hues made two double plays, in the fourth and eighth innings, and the Chiefs ended the game with one. Cochue's





THURSDAY While we were at supper the wire came up, so  
(Cont'd.)  
it was (amused on the Hill) half an hour before anyone would  
have been justified in crying Foats.

Supper was a few minutes late, by the way, to give the  
"skitway" some a chance. These heroes, J.I., T.I., and I.C.Z.,  
put in the whole hot afternoon working on the grain. May  
laurels be twined about their brows in consequence!

"Earth, Air, and Water" kept the company busy till half-  
past eight, and then came Foster. In the middle of this latter  
game, Beef suddenly appeared and announced "Mr. Von Holt's here-  
yard is in the pantry." At this awful intelligence the king  
of the Lanneth Cave went hastily out, and we doubt if ever  
a hereyard got out of a pantry in shorter order.

The chief feature of the game of Foster was the remark-  
able attraction that Fowler and Francis Perkins seemed to have  
for each other. One or the other was being caught most of the  
time.



## The Divine Comedy

(Note. This is a camping trip - not a poem)

"The best little trip that ever was taken  
Was the one when the following ate up the bacon  
Bill Payson, Bill B —  
A. Morse and A. J —  
And a couple of others whose names will not  
gee."

(Old English song)  
Note :- B = Breckenridge, T = Terry

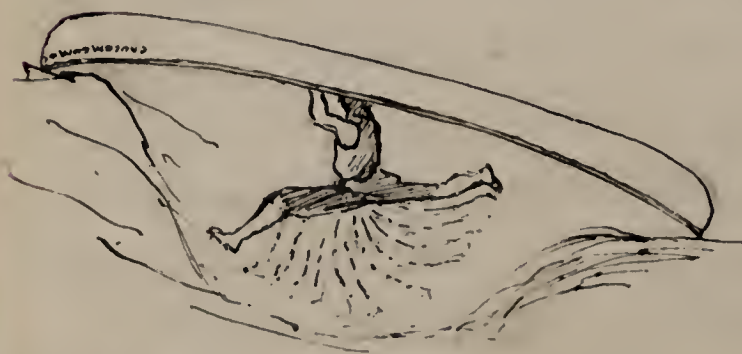
Note :- The others were :-

Samuel Hallowell  
Robert T. Paine

We got away to a good but leisurely start at 9 31 or 2 and headed south to fool the dopesters. A couple of the more ambitious were calling for a trip around the world, but no one seemed very disappointed when we decided on the Ititpudd Carry instead. We landed at Gleason's where we found P.S.P. feeling strong. He offered to help and took a large duffle bag for us. A.T. took one canoe, Morse & Bobby Paine the other, and Bill Payson and Bill & Sam loaded up all the dunnage. Thanks to Beef we made the carry in 25 minutes and after some few drinks at the Salmon Lake House started up Ellis pond at 10 30. Arthur Morse was all nervous after Skipper's stern commands not to tip over in front of Jerusalem, but we managed to get past without mishap. We found our way into McGraw without any trouble and paddled all the way up to the North end before stopping for lunch. We found a good beach and had a fine swim and a rather hasty meal as we wanted to get started early on the Caray. For those interested in such things I will say that we had beans, Johnny cake, bread and bananas.



At half past twelve we lifted the canoes out and started to work. A.T. and A. Morse took the first canoe half way up the hill while all the others took the dunnage. At the half way mark Sam Hallowell reported that the axe had been left "right beside a grey rock" at the bottom of the Hill. A.T. who went down for the second canoe reported lots of grey rocks but no axe, so Sam had to go down again and find it. A.T. arrived, half way up the Hill, at the place of the first halt but found it deserted and went on to find all hands at the top of the Hill with the rest of baggage - (Note:- Hill and CARRY are spelled with capitals advisably). We hailed a farmer on the porch of the house at the top of the Hill and asked for some water. He showed us the well and then, locking his doors, drove away in a buggy. It seemed strange that he should be so suspicious. We rested on the top for half an hour and then much revived, started down the other side. A.T. took one canoe, Morse, Paine and Payson took the duffle bags and basket and Sam and Billy took the paddles - cooking outfit and other small matter - We carried thus a quarter of a mile and then the first four went back for the second canoe. This seemed the best arrangement and we got enough encouragement from the down grade to keep up our hopes. At this point the party came very near to losing its head - A.T. did the same - The canoe was placed as shown in the diagram and A.T. with his head in the yoke stepped into the pit - His ears are still sore at the time of writing



A.T. RESTING



We reached the bottom of the hill at 3<sup>30</sup> but had hard time finding a good place to put in. The water was right at our feet but between us and the open lake was a hundred yards of thick woods and bushes - It looked rather discouraging and the prospect of carrying a half a mile around the woods was very gloomy. Arthur Morse finally by pushing and wading got the canoes through and the rest of us took the duffle around and met him on the other side. We all felt pretty happy when we felt the good solid water under us again. The ground had seemed very shaky to some of us. At 3<sup>45</sup> we were paddling into East Pond looking hard for our camp site, half way up the left shore. We made camp at a quarter to five on a very good old camp ground. There was a table, a built up fire place and a fine smooth place for the tent. Bill Payson and Bobby Paine put up the lean-to in fine style while Arthur Morse gathered wood and built the fire with Billy Breck and Sam and A.T. cooked. Sam seemed to be an expert on bacon while A.T. made some mighty fine cocoa. We also had doughnuts and bread and jam which tasted rather good.

After supper we interviewed three agreeable old glooms who came down to investigate our fire. "Wall", said No. One, "Looks mighty like rain" "I reckon", said No. Two, "it'll be a powerful cold night" "Seems to me" said No. Three, "that there'll be lots of mosquitos down here". We agreed with them and they departed saying that there was a fine well up at their house, and hoping that we would come back soon again. After this encouraging conversation we talked of various



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weighty matters. We discussed Dante's poem and struck by the similarity of his adventures in the three worlds and our own adventures of the day, determined to call our camp by its now well known name. A. Morse pointed out that we needn't go into all the deep stuff to get a name, saying that Bill Payson was a divine enough comedy for any man.

Lights were out at 9<sup>30</sup> and we retired to the tent, all except Arthur Morse who preferred the open air. It appeared that old gloom No 3 had prophesied rightly for the mosquitoes were there in a body. Arthur Morse tried to fox them by losing his trail in the water. He went out in a canoe and tried to sleep but had rather small success. The mosquitoes scored heavily on Bobby Paine also, and kept him awake a good time. The rest of us having clear consciences slept soundly until 6<sup>30</sup>, when Payson rolled onto Billy Breck who squealed loudly. Arthur Morse and Bill Payson went back to the south end of the pond to get A.T.'s sweater which he had thoughtfully left at the end of the camp.

They returned at 7<sup>30</sup> to find breakfast on the table fresh and hot from the skillful hands of A.T., Bobby Paine, Sam and Bill B. We had corn-meal mush, cocoa, bacon, fried potatoes, and bread and jam. We also cooked the apple-sauce but decided to have it cold for lunch. We broke camp comfortably and got away at 9<sup>45</sup>. We sailed up the pond most of the way with sweaters and entered the stream at about half past ten. - The brook down into North



Pond was very baffling for a while and several times we thought we had taken the wrong turn but with the aid of the map we managed to keep on the track and reached Smithfield at about eleven. Here we stopped and got some Ginger Pop on Bill Breckenridge who was acting as banker. We set our canoes over the dam and entered North pond much refreshed and much distended after our drinks at 11<sup>15</sup>.

There was a good stiff west wind blowing in our faces and we did some pretty hard paddling over to Little pond where we stopped for a final feed at 12 o'clock. The first order of business was a good swim on the bully little sand beach. The swim produced two patients for the first aid box. A.T. cut the sole of his foot slightly on a tin can and Bill Payson cut his toe quite badly on the same object. A few minutes later A.T. cut toe slightly on a broken bottle - There was also a tooth brush found in the fire place - Some one must have had a camp on that beach just a little before we came there.

The lunch was a royal one consisting of everything that was left - We had rice and gravy - A.T. made the gravy out of a little bird that he caught in the night. There were some who were sceptical and asserted that the gravy came in a can, but of course we didn't pay any attention to them. We had the rest of our bacon and potatoes and wound up with apple sauce - After lunch we rested for nearly an hour - Bobby Paine even went to sleep for a few minutes though he won't admit it. Arthur Morse took another swim and after cleaning up our dishes (all other campers please notice!) we started home at half past two. There were signs

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of a good thunder shower in the north-west but  
being bound for home and dry clothes we weren't  
much concerned and took our time. At the  
second bridge we found a good sneaker which  
we rescued from the water and brought home.  
It seemed nice to be on Great Pond again and  
we came home from Meadow Brook at a  
good pace leaving the stream at 4<sup>15</sup> and  
getting to the float at 4<sup>50</sup>. The place seemed  
very deserted and we were beginning to think  
the faculty had gone on strike and sent the  
boys home, when the Skipper came out and  
told us it was "Supper's out". Bill Payson  
said that it was just what he had doped  
and all the rest of us said so too. So we  
all doped it right and had a bully good trip  
no loafers trip but a good man-sized, hustler  
one. Everyone had lost weight that night, some of  
us a good deal, but the next day found everyone  
back to normal and Bobby Paine heavier than  
ever before. Comedy always is healthful.



11.11.11. This morning J.J. began to tell us about sailing.  
 11.11.11. The excitement scene is going to be for these days.  
 11.11.11. It looks as if our path will be saved.  
 11.11.11.

The Fir-Charter contest was a close one to-day.  
 Fir started thirty seconds behind, and came in ten seconds in  
 the lead.

Fir, 11 m. 20 s.  
 Charter, 11 m. 30 s.

Jack Ielard joined the supposed scene this morning. He  
 was carrying the sandpaper up, and fell over H.V.V.F.; it is  
 hard to see anyone so small, of course. I saw the boat or  
 his finger, to the distinct detriment of the latter. It took  
 five stitches to put it to rights.

SIBBY SIBBY-CUT STUNTS.			
FIR FIVE.			
FIR.	FIR.	FIR.	FIR.
J.C.	C.I.F.	H.V.V.F.	I.C.F.
C.F.I.	Lavigne	Stachole	Inchlers
F. Whittier	T. Curtis	Cocotte	Chase
Lavigne		A.L.L.	Austin
Fir			
Ed Lester			
Perrett			
Lissett			
FIR FIVE FIVE.			
YANKEE FIVE FIVE.			
F.I.F.	F.I.F.	F.I.F.	F.I.F.
Powder	Var Len.	Archer	Archinloss
Farnsworth	C. Whittier	Carey	De Varzee
		Hirer	F. Curtis
		F.I.	Lavigne
		Charley	I.V.F.
			I.C., Ielard,
			Roberts, Lecker.

The fishermen got away first. Why do we not mention the  
 boats they took? Because they walked to the Salter Lake  
 House, and hired boats there, to fish in Little Pond. (Those who  
 prefer to call it Salter Lake may do so, but I refuse.)  
 They walked over through the pastures behind Oleson's, and  
 reached Mr. Spaulding's establishment in safety. They consulted  
 him as to the best place to fish, and he said, 'Follow the other  
 boats'. This was not easy, as there were no other boats out. They



FRIDAY fished at the south end of the porcupine reef (Cort's).  
 and Billy-pacer, and got two big yellow perch and three rock bass. One nearly fourteen inches long.

Total number of fish, five.

They had supper on an old covered landing at the south end of the porcupine. Spaulding does not seem to be a beer drinker, for he charged only fifty cents for three beers.

They sat here while each came down into the water, and then started them up again; a pretty sight. They came home by the road, as the lane, though the woods is rather rough to be pleasant after dark.

The Mountaineers went up to the landing in forty-five minutes, and came back in fifty-nine. (John Andrew, please figure out the velocity of the wire.) The view was rather spoiled by the haze, but one can't climb Mount Hood without enjoying it. There were threatening clouds all about, but nothing came of them, and the party stayed in peace and comfort. Hires built a fire to burn up the rubbish, and we are requested to mention that the fire burned. Congratulations to our hero.

The Fog Brook crew were a little delayed by a beautiful illustration of what happens when a body moving rapidly in a straight line is met by an outside force. We are not clear whether I.C.Z. or C.F.F. was the body, but at any rate, they met on the slide when going rapidly in opposite directions, and went right off into the water. C.F.F., who was planning to get into the brook anyway, and had a full outfit of clothes in the boat, came along as he was, 'crawling with awkwardness', but I.C.Z. retired for a change.

The trip up the brook is a real trip, and we were filled with amazement at the labors of the pioneers. It is one of the prettiest brooks in the neighborhood, and it is time to have



It open to navigation so far.  
(Cont'd.)

When we reached the fallen tree at which the last expedition stopped, C.F.F. got out, and in time, and worked in water above his waist till he got the thing out and moved. He could not do any more clearing, as it was getting late, and there is a rather bad patch of sleepers right above. But there is also water, and with patience and tools much may be done.

We had supper round a fire on Mr. Lord's shore, and (Coco) says it was the best meal he has had this summer. While we were still sitting, Mr. Lord came over in haste from his house with a bucket, fearing that our fire might be doing damage, but when he found who we were, and that we would be careful, he sat down too and was very friendly. In fact he asked us to come again.

When we got home we found the Itchfield campers, cheerful but sleepy.

We got to such a point in "Whorring Valley" that we could hardly stop, but bed-time does come.



A.T. INSISTS ON  
REMOVING DEBRIS  
OF ANY KIND

POOR LITTLE C.F.B.,  
TASSING OUT A FEW  
SPLINTERS, WONDERS  
WHEN WORK WILL  
BEGIN.

C.W.  
PLAYING  
SWORD-  
FISH

ONE WITH  
BRAINS.

STACK READING THE  
VERY LAST FORD JOKE

AUCK DISGUISED AS  
an Unhinged boof

WELL THEY AINT  
ALL DEAD YET  
BE THEY?

CAN YOU BEAT  
IT?

— THE PANAMA CANAL HAS NOTHING ON BOG BROOK. —





You REALLY Don't Have to Act  
Your Age !!!



from Mag  
to ADORABLE Tag!



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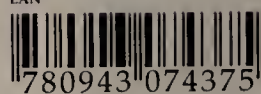
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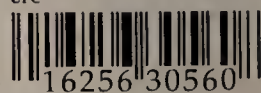
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SATURDAY  
Aug. 19

Fair, it was I that lost the weather report. I do not now  
Calm,  
Hot. recall. Lost it seems to be.

Freddy Roberts left this morning, to our great regret, and we hope to his. The town of North Haven has passed stringent rules for protection against infantile paralysis, and if he did not get there to-day, he could not go there at all. And his family want him.

This morning T.I. took the boiler all apart, and cleaned it. It seems to have been in a bad way with creosote.

The embankment squad is doing a big job, building cribs along the shore and filling them with stones. The stones are picked up from the bottom of the pond, and brought in boats. This stone-collecting makes a fine new game for swim.

We hoped all the morning that the wind might come up and give us scouting, but it was no use, so we had boat and canoe practice instead. This time it was all races.

#### BOAT AND CANOE PRACTICE.

##### SERVICE SINGLES, STANDING.

First Heat.

CRAYLING.	HECUBA.	SQUANNA COCK.	PINK.
-----------	---------	---------------	-------

Van Benschelaeer Train	Bowden	Austin	
------------------------	--------	--------	--

This and all the other races were from Pickerel in.

The start was a little delayed, because Austin tried to paddle out to rock standing up, and tipped over. This meant coming back to the float to dump. When they got away the Crayling soon took the lead, coming up past the Hecuba, and won by two lengths. The Squannacock was third; not so close a third as she would have been if she had not fouled the Pie-plant. The Pink evidently considered safety first, and was a rather



SATURDAY deliberate fourth.

Time, 1 m. 41  $\frac{3}{5}$  s.

(Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

<u>SQUANNA COCK.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>	<u>CRAYLING.</u>
Morse	Paine	Fayson	Hun

All four were wild at starting, but the Squannacock and the Hecuba soon got their bearings, while the other two boats were still zigzagging along the course. It looked like the Hecuba's race till the very last minute, when the Squannacock shot ahead and won by half a length. The Pink was two lengths behind, and the Crayling, a good distance in the rear, capsized just before crossing the line; so if she finished, it was by drifting bottom up.

Time, 1 m. 51 s.

Final Heat.

<u>SQUANNA COCK.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>CRAYLING.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>
Morse	Train	Van Hensselaer	Paine

The Squannacock led the last half of the course, and had no trouble in coming in first, three lengths ahead of the Hecuba. The Crayling was about the same distance behind, and the Pink a rather slow fourth.

Time, 1 m. 33 s.

JUNIOR COUPLES.

First Heat.

<u>SQUANNA COCK.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>CRAYLING.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>
Chase	Sneiders	Liggett	P. Curtis
Brekinridge	Stackpole	Leibold	Andrew

The Pink began by fouling almost at the start, and kept it up till she was creered out. The Squannacock won by two lengths, with the Hecuba second. The Crayling was a good way in the rear.

Time, 1 m. 35  $\frac{2}{5}$  s.

Second Heat.

<u>HECUBA.</u>	<u>SQUANNA COCK.</u>	<u>PINK.</u>
Miner	Lavidge	Auchincloss
Edwards	Hallowell	Oodhue

The Hecuba took the lead early, and won by three lengths. The Squannacock had to work to hold second place, and was not more than a yard ahead of the Pink at the line.

Time, 1 m. 34 s.



SATURDAY Final Heat.  
(Cont'd.)

<u>PINK.</u>	<u>SQUANACOCK.</u>
Chase	Miner
Freckinridge	Edwards

A fine heat with only about a foot of open water between the boats at the finish. Unfortunately the stop-watch slipped <sup>2</sup>cos, so the Pink's time was lost.

SINGLE SINGLE PAIRHEYS.  
First Heat.

<u>TEHIC.</u>	<u>YANNERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>FIFTH.</u>	<u>VILLIWAY.</u>
Train	Van Jansselaer	Forse	Faine	Faysor

The boats were pretty well bunched most of the way, the Yannerschooner leading till the last. Then the Terror put on a fine sprint which carried her over the line a winner. The Identical also sprinted, but too late to make better than third.  
Time, 1 m. 24 2/5 s.

Second Heat.

<u>TEHIC.</u>	<u>YANNERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>FIFTH.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>	<u>VILLIWAY.</u>
Powden	Fun	Chandler	Austin	H. Whittenore.

Powden says that the reason that the Terror won was because the Fekus fouled the Yannerschooner and got in her way. Be that as it may, the Terror won by two lengths, with the Yannerschooner second. The Fekus was a slow third. The Villiway spoiled her chances by heading so far north that she came in at the float, and had to wait for the Identical to get out of her way before she could cross the line.

Time, 1 m. 31 1/5 s.

Final Heat.

<u>YANNERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>FIFTH.</u>	<u>TEHIC.</u>	<u>VILLIWAY.</u>
Train	Fun	Van Jansselaer	Powden

A good race. The Fekus led till last second, when the Yannerschooner rose ahead six inches, by a lively sprint. All four boats were pretty close. The time, unfortunately, was lost.

SINGLE DOUBLE PAIRHEYS.  
First Heat.

<u>YANNERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>FIFTH.</u>	<u>VILLIWAY.</u>
Stachole	Powden	Cochie
Levhole	C. Whittenore	Le Varzee
Miner (c)	Lavigne (c)	F. Curtis (c)

The coxswains were not allowed to paddle, but they made



SATURDAY up for it as far as possible by the fire of their (cont'd.)

language. Miner in particular was addressing his crew with force and point all the way in from the rock.

The stiffening of the breeze made this and all succeeding races hard to start. The Yammerschooner won, with the Prebus overlapping her. The time was not taken.

#### Second Heat.

THIRCI.	IDENTICAL.
Andrew	Hallowell
Freckinridge	Mackie
Chase (c)	Smechberg (c)

Not a very satisfactory heat, for the coxswain of the Identical had to stop Mackie from rowing, as he did nothing but bang his oars against Hallowell's. This of course gave the Terror a walk-over. Time not taken.

#### Final Heat.

THIRCI.	IDENTICAL.
Andrew	Stackpole
Freckinridge	Leibold
Chase (c)	Miner (c)

The Terror won by two lengths, in spite of Miner's fir flow of language.

Time, 1 m. 42 s.

#### FOUR FAIRIE CANOES.

CAUCHOONOCOCK.	ABCLUCKKAMECUS.	EFFEZZEL.	VCHICOMTUCUS.
Fowden	Train	Austin	H. Whittenore
Liggett	Javidge	Smechberg	Chase
Archinloss	Eggleston	P. Curtis	Miner
Morse	Paine	Fayson	Van Beneselaer

Only the first three raced, as the Worry was delayed too long waiting for her middle men, who were coming in from coxing in the finals of the preceding race. The boats were fairly close, and crossed the line in the order <sup>given</sup>. The time was not reported.

Various other races of a less serious nature had been planned, but time was not sufficient to pull them off. Some other day we hope to have them, for they sounded very interesting.

In the course of the afternoon Miner lost his tooth-plate (as he did has done before, oh) and it took two men to fish it up off the bottom. Can't we solder it in for him?



SATURDAY As there was more time after supper than was  
(cont'd.)  
needed for planning charades, we had half an hour of diges-  
tion club, and read parts of "A Tramp Abroad."

### FEMINIST CHAIRS.

FRIDAY. We wondered what the mound of pillows was, for a  
mound of pillows may be anything, from Vesuvius to the tomb of  
the Capulets; but when C.F.I. entered, a stately abbot of the  
order of the Green Dressing-gown, and fastened a bell in place,  
we knew that this was the Inchcape rock. As it was ringing its  
solemn note of warning, Sir Ralph the lover (J.C.) sailed in.  
With a curse he cut the bell from its moorings, and it sank. We  
didn't hear the "gurgling sound" of which the poem speaks,  
but it was probably there. Then the lover came back through  
the fog, and he and his men met their well-deserved fate on  
the rock. In the next scene the pillows had become floating  
cakes of ice, whereon Eliza (Fowden) fled with her infant (Le  
Varzee), hotly pursued by J.I. and his dogs. The whole word was  
most moving. The judicial sternness of J.I. as Cromwell, the  
stoic calm of Faine as Basil Underwood, were admirably set off  
by the sweet-pathos of Stachyle as Fessie. To be sure, the  
lady did not really swing, but she held the rope, and said  
"Curfew shall not ring to-night" with great firmness.

THURSDAY: It was a revelation to see Chi-Chu and Belamor fuss-  
ing over their ties. Is that the way they behave at home? We  
should never have guessed it. Chasey was just as bad; and when  
they talked about the way girls fussed, we felt like telling  
them to look at home before they criticized. Then came I.C.Z.  
as an actor, rehearsing effects before Chi-Chu, who was evidently  
his manager. He pranced, he yawned the air, he spouted. It was



SATURDAY most inspiring, though perhaps, as the critic suggested, (Cort'c.)

a little too roccoco in spots. The whole word was a blood-curdling scene. A.T. mounted his throne, and then ordered his men to bring in the prisoners. One by one they came in, and were dealt with behind the scenes by the black-clad headman. We had seen him, with his black mask and his bloodstained block; and our very marrow was chilled as we heard the dull sickening thud that marked the fall of the axe (or the head?). When the supply of prisoners failed, the tyrant sent off his wives to execution.

IEFENI. To begin with, there could be no doubt that C.F.B., A.B.B., and Hun were deaf. The lady had an ear-trumpet, but it didn't seem to make any difference. (Appearances are deceitful, though. Just put one end of the stethoscope in your ear, and let C.F.B. roar through it, and you may wish you were really deaf.) Conversation was difficult, for Hunny wouldn't say anything but "How?". Everybody got extremely cross, and the party finally broke up in disgust. "End" was based on "Ironing Valley"; the moment when Eldon, finding that Uncle Jim Welsh is of no more use to him, kills him. It was done with a knife instead of a revolver, but he was just as thoroughly ended. The whole word was the gallant defense of a hastily constructed breastwork against a withering fire of musketry. Several of the defenders hit the dust, but at the psychological moment C.F.B. ordered a sally, and in a moment he and his men were back, bearing with them "banner with a strange device" which they had torn from the defeated foe.

CAITIELOPE. The three syllables were acted as one scene.

First entered H.V.v.H., with a scarlet sash and his ukalele,



SATURNIAY to win the lovely Wilhelmina ~~for~~ as his bride. The  
 (Cont'd.) maiden came coyly down the ladder, but their hopes were nipped  
 in the bud, for Mother (E.W.B.) gave the alarm, and T.L., the  
 stern papa, sent the lover about his business, and the lady back  
 to bed. The whole word was a scene in a melon field, where a very  
 moderate irrigation squad was at work under direction of  
 H.V.v.H. Morse came in to bargain for the crop; and then T.L.  
 wanted to borrow an outfit of tools. He went on to other sub-  
 jects, and the two farmers got going in a style that reminded  
 us of that noble drama, "Iun Iry". They were interrupted by the  
 necessity of stopping up a break in the river bank.

As we were ahead of time, P.I.'s side gave us another one.  
SQUADRON. We began with P.I. just finishing morning reading.  
 Squads were called, egg-nogs finished, and work went on finely  
 till broken off by the horn for swim. Then came a scouting  
 scene. L.C.Z., the guard, was killed by A.T., who made a run. The  
 whole word was a stirring cavalry charge.

ANTELOPE. This was one scene. C.H.P. and J.C. met, and we  
 heard the sad tale of the elopement of an aunt. These things  
 are very painful in families.

We had to finish "Ironing Valley", of course. And when  
 Athol and Scarlett were happily settled, we had two rounds of  
 clothes-pins. The sides were uneven, as one beat both games. No  
 names were chosen, and the score was not reported, so we cannot  
 give any more detail than the above.



SUBI/Y The new weather-man did not know how to read barometer  
 Fair, or thermometer, so he waited till someone should get  
 S.W.  
 time to tell him.

Much swimming to-day, with loading of stone-boats for  
 the embarkment. Two went out together in Moab, a new game so far  
 as we know, and Clem, who was out of swim for pig or piazza  
 Miz, fell in off the float. This is not so new a game as the other.

A great exhibition was held this morning of all the un-  
 marked and unclaimed clothes. It was fairly successful, but  
 there are still a horriple lot of garments, some of them per-  
 fectly good.

#### PICNIC TO SOUTHEAST BAY.

WILLIWAU.	YAMNEFSCHOONEH.	IDENTICAL.	TEFFICK.	EFFEUS.
J.F.	C.F.B.	Hun	Chanler	Train
Austin	F.P.	Bowden	Van Ben.	H. Whittmore
E.W.R.	L.C.	Farnsworth	De Warzee	Peabody

WCHFY.	ABCL.	COIKER.	HIP.	EBEN.
C.H.F.	A.T.	H.V.V.H.	T.L.	P.S.P.
Chase	Iavidge	Corning	Houghton	Snecker
P. Curtis	Liggett	Miner	Oodhue	Stackpole
A.M.F.	T. Curtis	Paine	Payson	Morse

#### QUAMANICHE.

J.C.

Andrew	Auchincloss	was pretty lively. In fact we have
Bennett	Edwards	
Carey	Fallowell	often stayed ashore for a wind no
Meeker	Newbold	
A.V.Z.	F.F.	worse. But we went gaily off, and when
L.F.F.		
Eggleston		the waves came slapping over the bow,
Leland, Mackie,		
Breckinridge,		we didn't care. The Hip got it worst, and
C. Whittmore.		

went ashore and dumped on the point opposite

Pine Island.

When we got ashore many shirts and sweaters were as wet  
 as if they had been thrown in the pond, so the first thing  
 was a fire. Then a wonderful drying rack was built round three  
 sides of the fire, and the clothes hung up to dry.



SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Most of the party walked to Hamilton Pond. There was not much more than time, as the paddle down against the wind had taken a good while. They walked down to the north end, and then walked back again.

A.M.F. and C.F.B. constituted themselves a flying squadron, and went to the three little ponds to the east of Hamilton. They found them looking very pretty. And to the west of the biggest is a fourth; a tiny horse-shoe thing, as pretty as a flower. There were a few white-fringed orchids still in bloom, and a heron came down and lighted on the shore. Wasn't that kind of him?

Supper was enlivened by some more wonderful jam from Jack Leland; orange marmalade, apricot jam, and grape jelly.

There was time for a little singing after supper, and then came a very peaceful paddle home, coasting on the waves before a good breeze.

After hymns we had "The Lights of Silk". Would anyone suppose that it was written by the same man as "Andy Coggin"? And then, to cheer us up we had "The Romance of a Busy Broker."

L.C.Z. has written both his camping reports, and they are now in the Log. Better look them up.

MONDAY, Our weather-man has got on to his game  
 Aug. 21, but we wish he had not made it quite so  
 7.66' hot. At six p.m. the mercury stood at  
 F. 89.18  
 Hazy  
 S.W.  
 eighty-three. But we anticipate.

At 4-30 a.m. four figures might have been  
 seen by anyone who was awake, stealing softly down  
 from the bone-yard, laden with blankets. F.V.F. had  
 to take the early train, so Sunshine Alley slept up  
 in the bone-yard, and all got up early together.

Francis Perkins left at a less melodramatic  
 hour, taking the nine-nineteen.

It always seems rash to let our Doctor go on a camping-  
 trip, but with palpitating hearts we risked <sup>it</sup>. Jigs went too,  
 so we consider him quite recovered.

A screen-washing squad did good work this morning.

Shipper's cold was so miserable to-day that he had his  
 dinner out by his tent. It makes some of us think of the 1911  
 days, when he was out there practically all summer with a  
 peculiar and painful foot.

This morning C.F.F. found a very large spotted salamander,  
 under some old lumber. An old lady once told us that she knew  
 a family that found one in a bed of cabbages, and they all  
 died; whether because the salamander poisoned the cabbages or  
 not she did not explain. But as this one was found in a lum-  
 ber pile we need not worry.

It is very difficult to decide which is getting on bet-  
 ter in swimming, Le Varzee or Mackie. Shrimp can go farther, but  
 can't keep his head above water. This is not practical when you

Camping Trip  
 August 21<sup>st</sup>

Carey  
 Chase  
 Curtis, T.  
 Davidge  
 Train  
 O.H.R.

Williwaw  
 Yammersthooner



BOBBY want to reach the Point. Mackie can't get very far, (Cort's.) but at least he can breathe on the way. Keep at it, friends.

## SUNNY STUNTS.

AIRLEFT.	IDENTICAL.	EFFUS.	FANTASCTE.	IFF.
I.C.Z.	T.I.	Justin	F.S.F.	C.F.B.
Andrew	Meeker	Feabody	Breckinridge	Liggett
Miner	Edwards	2 bass	Farnsworth	Hallowell
	Mackie		C. Whittmore	A.I.I.
	1 bass			
VOFFY.	CORNER.	ABOL.	EFFI.	WALK.
P.V.V.F.	J.C.	A.T.	Forse	J.I.
Auchincloss	Smeeberg	Corning	F. Curtis	Powder
Cochue	Eggleston	Stackpole	Foughton	Charler
H. Whittmore	Payson	Fennett	Faine	Hun
				Newbold
				Leland
				Le Varzee
<u>Total number of fish, 3.</u>				

The first three boats went fishing, with the varying luck given above. Van was to have gone too, but he was feeling so uncomfortable with his cold that he stayed at home.

When you are in doubt as to the whereabouts of F.S.F., go round to the lagoon. Thither he took his crew, armed with nets and rails, to wade on the bar and get fish for the aquarium. They took rods too, with very small hooks, and had very good luck. They got twelve little yellow perch, some pickerel, <sup>some</sup> ~~the~~ gave for the pickerel to eat, and a turtle. It is a very agreeable way to spend a hot afternoon.

The walkers had Belgrade Hill in mind, but the one thing that they had determined was to get back in plenty of time for a good swim. This being the case, they did not get to the top of the hill, but turned back at the cross-road.

The Corner, the Abol, and the Eten went to the Caves; really went there this time, in spite of apple-trees. (J.C. thought of taking an apple-tree in a pot, so that he should be sure to find one.) All went merrily, and no one stuck in the Caves. It always looks as if someone would. They came home, strange to



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MONDAY      say, in time for a swim. The whole camp had swim on  
(Cont'd.)  
the train to-day.

The Hix and the Worry went up Tanner's stream, and then  
came down again. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Put, wait.

We carried at the dam, and paddled gaily across the mill-  
pond, at the head of which was a large fallen tree, which made  
a bad combination with several rocks. There were two logs jammed  
across, too. H.V.V.H., C.F.B., and Py got out, and with axe and saw  
and elbow-grease got the logs and the tree cleared away. Mr.  
Tanner is two logs to the good. At the fish hatchery we all got  
out, and from there up most of the party waded, flopped, floun-  
dered, and swam. A.M.F. was very luxurious part of the way, being  
towed up through two stretches where the wading was a bit  
deeper for skirts. The worst obstacle was two big old birch logs  
just above the hatchery. The first one was cut through and lifted  
out. Then came the second; and as soon as it was moved, over came  
two good-sized young hemlocks, right across the stream and on  
top of C.F.B. It was rather startling for a moment, but he was  
not damaged.

Well, we finally reached the ruins of the old barrel stave  
mill, and Cocchue, Auchincloss, and Hallowell pranced up to the  
top of the dam and took a dip into Ellis Pond. They needed it,  
being very black from the charred logs.

There wasn't room to turn the boats round, so we went  
down stern foremost, H.V.V.F. in the nose of one boat and  
C.F.B. occupying a similar post in the other. We shot rapids,  
we shot round corners, we stuck on rocks; and when we did that,  
we all got out, and waded till it seemed a good chance to get



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MONDAY in again. It was fine sport, and why we didn't tip  
(Cont'd.) over we do not know.

When we reached the mill-pond, several felt that they were not wet enough, and went swimming.

And then all hands except A.L.H. tried to walk the boom, and found the logs too slippery for anything but spikes. Result, more swimming.

And when we finally got home, after one of the best stunts ever tried, there was a final swim, to get clean. But we do not think Darren's stream would be the place to go in one's best clothes.

After supper it was too hot for anything but boats, so we boated. And then the wind came up, and the ~~boats~~<sup>waves</sup> began to come up, and the boats to come in. A few were called in; and two, who had gone over to the lee of Oak Island, where they had a cozy time among the bats, telling ghost stories, were come for by a rescue boat, when they were on the way home. They were all right, though Houghton was cursing the Wobbler a good deal.

We had some good singing before half-past eight. And then the wind died down again entirely flat. It was hot everywhere, but we managed to be fairly comfortable by lying still on the piazza. L.E.H. told us a new ghost story. J.C. took us up a haunted trail in the White Mountains, and T.L. told us a true story about a lady and an escaped maniac which made one afraid to look under a bed.



TUESDAY, There are forest fires again somewhere, for the  
 Aug. 22, smoke is heavy. No nor yellow sky, though, for which  
 T. 70° we are thankful. That was not a nice day.  
 E. 89.12  
 (no sky  
 P.V.

J.I. went in to Cardiner this morning, by motor.  
 No trains at present. We might as well say here that he came  
 back in time for supper, bringing John Viggins with him.

This morning H.V.V.H. told us about surfing in Hawaii. It  
 must be a sport for kings; but I fear that a good many of us  
 would never get beyond Cornucopia.

We finished "La Salle" this morning. He is a man worth  
 knowing. But did anyone ever had harder luck?

The school posted as "Poly Jumpers" puzzled everyone for  
 a while, but they went up and practised high-jumping. You see  
 the high jump was left out of the last two practice meets, and  
 that long-suffering body, the handicap committee, needs data to  
 work on.

The afternoon was devoted to boat-building, signalling,  
 and more high-jumps, with soccer to follow. The high-jumpers did  
 not play soccer, but built boats when they got through jumping.

It looks as we should have a large group of people with  
 no boats to their credit. If you dig into your boat hard and  
 long, you will, of course split her; and if you leave her in the  
 middle of the path, someone else will split her. Still, there are  
 going to be some good ones, and we hope for an exciting race.

Too many people are going in for the Whittamore prize by  
 the simple process of building the craziest freak that they  
 can think of. This is a mistake, for nothing will be allowed to  
 compete that hasn't some sense in it.

The soccer game was not so close as usual, for the score



TUESDAY was 5-1. The goals for the winning team were shot (cont'd.) by Faine (2), Morse (2), and F. Curtis (1). F. Whittencore shot the only goal for his team.

Though not so hot as Monday, (which was the hottest Aug. 21 since '83), it was hot enough for everyone to be glad of a swim. Ever boat-building makes you feel sticky and untidy in hot weather, and the soccer-players were very damp.

C.F.I. and his campers came home about half-past five, having camped on Little Pond. They were rather aggrieved that they were not given butter; so Skipper posted the following list of suggestions for future trips:

1. Butter.
2. Cream (for cereals).
3. Coffee (in thermos).
4. Ice cream (three kinds).
5. Watermelons.
6. Ginger Ale.
7. Lemons.
8. Pot-water bottles (three).
9. Kerosene stove.
10. Beds (with mattresses).
11. Power-boat (to tow party).
12. Ford (for carries).
13. Cook.
14. Two cockees.

Rehearsals for the fancy-dress party are on us. F.I. took a squad out to supper, and after supper a big one went to work in the main room. It was boats for those who were not rehearsing, and the actors went out in boats too when they got through.

T.I. got one bass. Total number of fish, one.

The half-past nine game was Limericks. (Sudden desire for bed on the part of C.F.B.) You write a line, and pass it on to the next man, who adds the second, and passes it on. Thus every verse is the work of five people. Do you get it? We give some of the best on the next page.

1.

A young man went a-carrying named Carland.  
He tried for to go to a far land;  
But he came to a bog,  
Stove his boat on a-log,  
And said, "For the future I har land."

2.

There is a young canker named Zu,  
Too clever by far to be true.  
But all the girls say  
That when he's away  
There is nothing whatever to do.

3.

There was a young student at Princeton  
Who tried to perform on a grindstone.  
But the first thing he knew  
He sneezed "Ah Berchev!"  
And they dosed him with treacle and brinstone.

4.

There was a poor dancsel of Susa,  
Whose relatives all did abuse her.  
Till she cried in despair  
And tore all her hair,  
And wept at the court Anethusa.

5.

There once was a fellow named Carey,  
Whose nose was quite up-in-th-airy.  
But he fell on his knee  
For the end of his spree,  
And we hope that he'll now be more wary.

6.

There was a young person named Train,  
Who met a fair maid in a lane.  
As his clothes were distrahit,  
And his shoes did not mate,  
He was left withoa feeling of pain.

7.

There was a young dame called Miss Gregory,  
Who ran a tremendous nogg-eggery.  
But the boys grew so fat,  
(Nothing strange about that)  
That she stopped lest we all come to keggery.

8.

There was a sweet nut named Bill Payson,  
Who had a remarkable face on.  
With a grin quite eternal,  
Within and external,  
He washed the said face in a bason. (Old spelling. We put  
it in for the sake of the rhyme.)



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# Camp De Luxe

August 21<sup>st</sup> 1916

The day was made famous, first by the fact that the dumbless "Six" embarked on their journey into the wilds of Little Pond and second because it was the hottest twenty-first of August since 1883. However in spite of the high temperature, the spirits of the "Six" ran high and they set out from the float light hearted and with merry song, neither weighed down by dragging anchor nor by rocky ballast in the lunch baskets.

In the Williwaw were Chase Darridge and O.H.R. The Yammer-schomer was manned by Carey, Train and T. Curtis.

By the time the expedition reached  
the mouth of Meadow Brook, various  
external garments were being shed  
rapidly. The sun grew hotter and  
hotter; still more garments peeled off.  
till finally white radii began to glisten  
here and there among the tall reeds,  
turning up expectant Shoulder Blades  
to the ardent orb above.

Gentle words of warning concerning  
the dire effects of dermatitis caloricæ,  
fell on unheeding ears. The sage  
commented (internally) on the folly of mortal  
man and wasted no more pearls of  
wisdom. The voyagers proceeded on their  
neglectful way.

Navigating Meadow Brook in Pangloss  
is not a pastime for the senile and  
decrepid as some others will bear  
testimony. It takes all the genius,  
intellect and fine co-ordination of the  
modern Super-man. (We have lots of these



in Camp Merryweather<sup>267</sup>). However being  
of a considerate nature and quite  
impressions of the sympathetic ear, we  
saw on the titanic struggles we  
had with the numerous water demons  
which dwell on the bottom and along  
the banks of the river, and proceed at  
once to the marvels of Little Pond.

Long before we reached that  
Cyprian shore, we after another, the  
various members of the gang had  
stealthily replaced the ear-marks of  
conventionalism. Now and then a soft  
curse rippled thru the still air as  
an unfeeling shirt rubbed carelessly  
over rubricated shoulders. But joy  
of joy when we arrived at that  
"silver strand": here a splash, then a  
splash, here and there etc. Ah—  
It was just for Rings. We fought all  
about the long hot full, in the coolness  
thereof.

Hold; what ~~strange~~<sup>268</sup> sight was this  
that greeted my eyes. The sun rising  
from the waters of the lake? No, it  
was my Jiggs C.'s flaming back  
emerging from the water as he climbed  
up in the sitting rock.

There was no hurry in Camp de Luxe.  
Why should we? Why spoil the beauti-  
ful harmony of the scene by unwelcome  
activity. The white crescent of sand was  
so inviting and the water so alluring  
that it was impossible to resist their  
charms. If there had been any lotus  
growing in the vicinity, we should not even  
have stirred ourselves to make a fire.

The only jarring note in the serene  
atmosphere was the occasional clatter  
and bang of one of Chu-Chu T.'s  
excruciating criticisms as it struck  
the tympanum of his unsuspecting  
comrades. Poor chap, he is acutely  
conscious of his malady.



The night was one long dream of  
 supreme content and luxurious repose  
 for the weary, to all except the much  
 to be consoled with, Tom C. who  
 was kept awake thru the long  
 hours by the rugged and thoughtless  
 moods of his gin senseless bed-fellows.  
 At least, so Tom says.

With the clear rose colored dawn  
 which came creeping over the eastern  
 shore, certain primitive instincts began  
 to stir in the brains of the sleeping  
 men. Chasey & Dandage seemed to be  
 the most things affected, for they leaped  
 out of their blankets, seized a great  
 yellow minnow, hurled themselves into  
 a boat and raced across the  
 peaceful lake with terrific speed.  
 The gods of luck were with them.  
 After some hours or so they came paddling  
 leisurely homeward bearing the makings  
 of a sumptuous piscatorial repast. The

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wondrous enjoyment of that breakfast  
will live in our minds for ever to come.

So the golden hours flowed on.  
When we had eaten we swam, and  
when we got tired of swimming we  
eat. But time is inexorable and  
the end had to come.

Deep depression preyed upon the "six"  
as they looked for the last time on  
that beautiful spot where for a  
brief span they had found the  
ecstasy of luxury. However, youth  
is ever resilient and no sooner  
had they landed on the shore of  
Merryweather than the joy of  
life came rushing back in  
flood tide.



WEDNESDAY, This morning J.F. told us about the Battle of  
 Aug. 23, Waterloo, with careful diagrams of just how how it  
 T. 66' all happened.  
 B. 29.00  
 Smoky,  
 S.W.

Heavy  
 showers  
 P.M.

L.F.F. began "Two Noble Lives."

We have had no wrestling for some time, but  
 this morning there was a fine revival.

The bout between Davidge and Cocdrus was a draw. Joe  
 had a very sore sunburnt back, but he stuck to it like a man.

The featherweight match between Peabody and Le Var-  
 zee was also a draw.

Great army match, cavalry vs. infantry; i.e., Smeckberg vs.  
 Edwards. This was a lively affair, ending in a draw, though  
 Edwards says that Smeckberg had the advantage of him.

We began to wonder if it was to be all draws, but Andrew  
 did Auchincloss in fifty seconds.

Bowden vs. Chanler came next. Bowden won, in twenty seconds.

The bout between F. Curtis and Andrew took longer to  
 settle, but Pelamon did the trick, in a minute and fifteen  
 seconds.

Le Varzee, having got his breath by this time, took on  
 C. Whittermore, and got him down in exactly one minute. He is too  
 fond of holding by clothes, though.

The bout between Hun and Morse ended in a draw. Hun could  
 sit on Morse, and did so, but he couldn't roll him over.

Edwards and Levbold made it a draw.

In the few minutes left before reading H.V.V.F. and C.F.B.  
 showed the company various points of the game, and explained  
 various faults.



The result of the cleaning that T.I. gave the boiler last week was apparent this morning. The boiler full of cold water, with forty-five towels in it besides, took only ten minutes to come to a hard boil, from the touching of the match. How is that for Frometkeand?

Mr. and Mrs. Van Besselaer came this morning by boat, and made a long-distance call from the front of the float. Too bad we could not have them ashore, but what are we to do?

C.H.F. and A.T. went out in the pair-oar this morning, and then A.T. and F.S.F. The latter crew started so late that their arrival at dinner was anything but prompt. In fact the Time had to ask T.I. to come over and carve, or it would have gone hungry.

This was to have been a senior ball afternoon, with the bug league and boat-building, but shortly after reading a big shower broke on us; a real soaker. The thunder and lightning were the sharpest we have had this year, and a barn on Blueberry Hill was struck and burned. We hope that the house did not go too. It is pretty hard to put out anything if a farm fire, as there is almost never any supply of water large enough to do effective work with. Besides, hay burns like tinder.

A great deal of boat-building was done, and we begin to feel more hopeful. When people come and ask for thread and needles, it means that they are really getting somewhere.

While looking for lumber in the loft of the shop, T.I. found a live green frog. He put him out the window, but the point is, how and why did he get there? It is not the sort of place that one would think of as attractive to frogs.

After supper, as it was raining hard, we had Digestion Club in the Infirmary.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

THE ULTIMATE SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.I., J.F.
2. Violin Duett.....F. Donaghen, J. Cusick.
3. Stunt.....J.F. and other Borne.
4. Chorus.....Camp Chantey, Trink Puffy, Camp Song.
5. Stunt, "The Travelling Salesman." H.V.V.H., A.T., J.F.,  
L.C.Z., C.H.F., J.C., T.I.

At exactly seven-thirty the inspiring strains of our beloved "Chopsticks" resounded on the air, recalling to us many precious memories.

The violin duett was delightful, and we should have liked a longer encore.

The great and historic "John Stunt" is familiar to some of us, but it is always a little different. This time Houghton gave a wonderful presentment of the Boatman, sleeping so soundly that he had to be mauled as well as called before he showed any signs of life.

Then came the sudden and heart-rending pathos of the second part. Corning brought the wagon home; the wagon that certainly would not hold them all. Tears flowed, handkerchiefs were pressed to manly eyes, and the sternest bosom was softened at such signs of woe.

The third scene was extremely spirited. Leland, a charming matron in pink, came in, followed by her five sons, all innocence and white pajamas. With some difficulty she got them into bed, whence they all leaped to join in the immortal strains of "Mother, please christen me Johnny." It was a lovely scene, and we can all agree that "The Johns are all handsome and gallant and true.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

We had two choruses, and, to our surprise, the camp song; it had been a tiring day, and we wanted to be fresh for tomorrow. We sang it, in some doubt as to what this portended. And just as we expected to be sent to bed, a voice cried: "Valsepar approaches!" These mystic words have been haunting us for days, and have been explained in various ways. Some thought they had something to do with desserts, others were sure that Valsepar was a character in Nicholas Nickleby. But now we were to know all about it.

The curtain rose, revealing a viking ship, her oars threshing the water, her shields hung along the rail. J.C., in the prologue, gave us the setting, in language which we will not spoil by paraphrasing. In fact the whole precious work is here in the Log, so he who runs (and some who never get beyond a walk) can read.

Some comment, however, must be made upon the characters. Valsepar was a true horse hero; a man with the mingled gallantry and sternness of his native icebergs. Alas that so splendid a figure should bite the dust.

Curtrun the slender was a bride to win any man's heart. Alas that one so fair should be false! We would have had her, like her namesake who was wedded to King Claf, seize her hair-pin and try to slay the murderer of her lover.

Butler the tough, though lacking the smoothness and gloss of Valsepar, was a fine powerful figure. But crimes will never prosper, and we knew that he and his guilty fair one would sooner or later meet their doom.

Steered the ship, the faithful vassal, was an impressive personification of relentless Fate, pursuing the criminal to his undoing, and involving itself in his ruin.



The Travelling Salesman

or

Slumming in Salem.

( A Hymn of Hashed-up Hate. )

#####

Valspar the Veracious .....	H. V. v H.
Gurtrun the Slender.....	A. T.
Rutger the Rough.....	J. R.
Steerc the Stupid.....	L. C. Z.
Arctic Ghost.....	O. H. R.

#####

Prologue.

Where the rock-set shore stands upward,  
 Where the heavy headland huddles,  
 Where the sea-gulls gulp and gargle,  
 Where the nauseous seas scar skyward,  
 Stands a windworn habitation,  
 Sudden, solemn and secretive;  
 There the magpies mew and mutter,  
 There the the whale-like walri wallow,  
 And the icebergs crash to seaward,  
 Cakes of ice that splash and sputter,  
 Ice of indigo and iris,  
 Ice of red and green and yellow,  
 Ice of brownish blue and purple,  
 Ice that crashes now to portward,  
 Ice that crashes now to starboard,  
 Ice that moves now back now forward,  
 With a strange uneven motion,  
 Ice, in short, that melts by sunlight,  
 Ice that freezes in the darkness,  
 Ice beyond the wildest dreamings  
 Of the avaricious iceman.  
 See the seaweed moving  
 Like the melancholy mountain,  
 Seaweed seething in the sunlight,  
 Seaweed drying in the darkness,  
 (Which infers the blooming tide's out.)



Seaweed slinking out to seaward,  
 Seaweed shoving in to shoreward,  
 Seaweed dancing like a dervish,  
 Seaweed fit to fill a freight-train.  
 Fishing fleets now fill the fairway,  
 Fishing for the flashy flounder,  
 Casting for the cunning cunner,  
 Playing for the puffing porpoise,  
 Striking seaward for the sturgeon,  
 Swearing at the sweaty sword-fish,  
 Hauling up the hapless haddock  
 With a healthy hesitation,  
 Fish amphibious and finny,  
 Fish that flee the far-flung finger,  
 Fish, in short, that are seen to be converted into  
 sardines at the neighbouring sardine-factory, where is discovered Valspar the  
 Voracious, in sea-boots and a straw-hat, eating gum-drops and drinking gin.

The tail of our scene, that is to say, the scene of our  
 tale is laid on the west coast of Iceland, diametrically opposite the east  
 coast of Greenland, and not far from the site of the summer home of Luck the  
 Leafy. It is a scene which exceeds the wildest imitations of the imagination.  
 Overhead, in ever-narrowing circles, soar the great sagas of Iceland, while  
 herds of gerfalcons graze at large on the plains. Here and there, in the bushes  
 one can hear the cawing of the turtle-cows and the coughing of the rubber  
 horses. It is a scene of pure pastoral delight, tinged with melancholy. Now  
 and then a black musk-ox scars lazily by, his wings gleaming in the irri-  
 descent beauty of the pale pink of the aurora borealis.

#### SCENE ONE.

The power and perspicacity of the producers has been  
 taxed to the dermis in their effervescent efforts to unveil before your lash-  
 encircled eyes a reproduction of Icelandic marine life in the time prior to  
 the Fugitive Slave Law. As a matter of fact, it can not be done, so we offer  
 this substitute at the same price. Imagine yourselves standing on a mesa,  
 gazing seaward, where floats becalmed the Viking ship of Valspar the Voracious,  
 neat and trim in its new coat of battleship gray. Observe Valspar and Gurtrun  
 the slender sitting on the bobby-hatch, sucking lemons, seemingly unaware of  
 the approach of our star photographer. In the offing is heard the low rumble  
 of lightning and the flash of thunder. Now and then comes the loud roar of  
 a thunder peal, or the splash of a lemon peel, followed by the swift sweep of  
 an albatross. Valspar, in a moment of temporary ecstasy, bursts into song.

The mighty broadsword clanks and clangs,  
 Avast, belay, my dear-O,  
 The concertina whiffs and whangs,  
 And I am now thy hero,  
 My family consists of me  
 And my retainer, Steero.

Gurtrun bursts into tears, and answers thusly, in the inimitable accents of  
 Iceland.

There are many who sing  
 Of the twine and the string,  
 And the way of a bird with a worm, dear,  
 But give me my Valspar, I say, for I sing,  
 One coat of it make you quite firm, dear.



Steere the Stupid, Valspar's trusty retainer, staggers along the lee rail, garbed in doe-skin, and with a simple piece of pink seaweed draped around his left ear, singing in his rough sailor fashion, the while he wipes the self-raising flour from out his right eye.

As I'm a simple sinner  
 It is time to come to dinner,  
 For the stew is on the table,  
 You must eat it while you're able,  
 If it's cool then you may heat it  
 With your breath before you eat it,  
 If it's hot then you must beat it  
 With a tea-spoon, then repeat it.  
 I have placed a pat of butter  
 And a silver knife to cut her,  
 And a glass of soda-water  
 For the valiant Viking's daughter,  
 And a jug of foaming sperrits,  
 You may judge it on its merits,  
 There's a ten of Edam cheese,  
 You may eat it if you please,  
 Come, gosh durn it, eat your supper,  
 Or I'll throw you in the soup-er.  
 If you're in a mawkish mood,  
 Never mind the gol durned feed.

And so Valspar and Gurtrun find a companion way to luncheon, and the food their teeth will crunch on.

Meanwhile, the moon, which had been sweeping back and forth between east and west, settled down to a hard, northerly blow, and the stars that had been much knocked about by its swift encushes, cleared entirely out of sight. The sun, although totally invisible for some days, now quietly dropped to the horizon and eased itself into the sea. Night had fell and all was quiet save for the crashing of the thunder, the roaring of the sea, the bellowing of the walri, the clanging of bells, the blowing of horns, the quick rush of feet on the deck overhead, and the ticking of the eight-day chronometer which Valspar had brought back with him from London on his last trip to that continent. Suddenly the ship was becalmed while the frightful gale rushed by on either side. About the frightened pair towered the huge mass of the steel-trestled fighting-top. "Below, there!", shouted Steere, from the crow's nest, "I hear a signal-fire!" Valspar leaped to the bridge, tea-spoon in hand, stopping barely long enough to black his boots and shave with several swift sweeps of his Gillette. "Mustering all hands to the forward harpoon platform," he cried, "the beacons beckon." There came a clatter of pans from the galley. The cock had stubbed his toe on the Edam cheese. It was a crucial moment for the crew. Everyone felt the strain. In fact, the cock fell into the strainer. The ship's cat mewed on the bowsprit. Suddenly came a loud hush, followed by a heavy crash!

#### SONG OF THE SIMPLE SHIPWRECKED SEAMEN.

(never sung, since all the simple seamen were drowned beneath the black rocks near the desert-island home of Rutger the Rough, who had lighted the fatal false fires that had lured Valspar's Viking vessel to its fate. It is inserted here to give the scene-shifters time to shift the scenes, and to let Gurtrun powder her nose where it had been rubbed off during the shipwreck.)



We were sitting in the cabin, playing cards,  
 When the lookout shouted hoarsely from the yards,  
 We are biting on our rations  
 As we do on all occasions,  
 When we felt the jolly tow-boat strike the rock,  
 Oh, the cock he stuck his head above the deck,  
 And a falling mast removed it at the neck,  
 Then the boatswain struck his crummet  
 On the captain's speaking-trumpet,  
 And he never quite recovered from the shock,  
 In divers ways we got our mortal blows,  
 We were struck on ears, on shoulders, legs and toes,  
 As the bilge-keel ripped and groundered,  
 Why, our Viking vessel foundered,  
 By London time, at half-past eight o'clock.

Valspar and Gurtrun, who had floated ashore in a dishpan, and had wandered for hours, hand in hand, through forests of drifting seaweed, at last came to a haunted house, where we have been trying to get them for seven pages, and sank exhausted.

## SCENE TWO.

We now come to the most gruesome and exciting part of our tale, because we are at last able to ring up the curtain on the ghost. He came sneaking around through the clothes-yard, tripped on the garbage pail, stepped on the cat, knocked over the morning milk, and stuck his head in at the kitchen window. His pertness prevented further progress, and all would have been up with him, (for Valspar was a professional ghost-layer), but for the timely arrival of the snaggle-toothed Rutger the Rough, clad in a pair of pink pyjamas and a wealth of yellow hair. Grabbing the ghost by the feet, he pushed him with a mighty shove through the window and onto the pianola. Valspar, pretending he had never been asleep, yawned prodigiously, and thus addressed the ghost.

"You're the servant of my enemy, I hate thee, cursed sprite,  
 I will slay thee even though it is the middle of the night,  
 I'll cut thy head from off thy neck and lay it on thy thigh,  
 The spirit laughed a horrid laugh and curled his nether eye,  
 He whistled shrilly through his teeth, which rattled in the blast,  
 And smiling like a devil-fish he chortled as he passed,

(We explain at this point that we are uncertain as to the behavior of Icelandic ghosts, but as no one else in the crowd knows any more than we do, we are going ahead as we darn please.)

See where the straw on the floor is uprooted,  
 See where poor Valspar has fell on his neck, ~~Hark to the~~  
 Hark to the screams of the ghost unrefuted,  
 The while he exhales his false teeth by the peck.  
 Valspar has risen and boldly he lunges,  
 Seizes the spirit and kicks him on high,  
 Bites his left elbow as forward he plunges,  
 Rips from its socket his leather-tipped eye.  
 See, he has ripped the right leg from the thigh-bone,  
 Hurlled the thing through the stove to the sink,  
 Blood gushes out like the top of a syphon,  
 Or anything else you may happen to think.  
 He cut the head off, to be short, lest we bore, you,



And held it securely, he wasn't afraid,  
 On the leg that was left, the left leg we assure you,  
 And ~~the~~ thus the tale ended. The phantom was laid.

Like the skylark' we again burst into prose. The ~~ghost~~<sup>h</sup> departed hanging up the chimney, his head in a suitcase. Valspar turns to arouse the still sleeping Gertreen, only to discover Rutger the Rough bending over the fair form. For some time, perhaps an hour, they stood glaring at each other. Valspar drew his claymore with one hand and bit his lip with the other, the while his tongue thrashed about his face, licking off coat after coat of pure varnish. Rutger, on the other foot, looked him aimlessly up and down and across, while his nerveless fingers twiddled ~~nxxxxxxxx~~ with his hunting cap, which he had left outside on the back stoop. His brawny arms heaved with emotion. Soon they began heaving flatirons.

SONG OF A FLATIRON GOING INTO BATTLE.  
 (FROM AN ANCIENT SAGA)

Gertreen waking from her slumbers,  
 Saw the warriors fighting thus;  
 Flatirons flew in countless numbers  
 From each one to the other cuss.  
 Bam! a flatiron pierced the ceiling,  
 Bam! it came back through the floor;  
 Bam! in countless squadrons wheeling,  
 Whirled they through the kitchen door.  
 Valspar stepped upon a weapon,  
 His eyes commenced to wildly roll;  
 It was a foolish thing to step on--  
 The iron entered in his soul.

At this point Valspar rolled over and expired, and the authors breathed a sigh of relief at having gotten rid of the cuss. He had been a heavy weight on our shoulders, and we felt well rid of him. But wait, gentle audience, there is dirty work in the offing. Gurtrun stands up, shakes the hayseed from her hair, and viewing Valspar lifeless, though still breathing on the floor, decides that he was a poor stick after all. (In fact, he was rather a mess.) and, fickle creature that she is, turns ~~toward~~ Rutger the Rough with open arms and a cake of William's shaving-scrap, singing this song.

Thine eyes are green, O Rutger,  
 Thy hair is white as snow,  
 I like your beautiful raven locks,  
 I love your splendid lisle-thread socks,  
 I like your style and I always did,  
 And together we will go.

We'll leave the corpse of Valspar.  
 The thing that had to die,  
 And beat it away in an open boat,  
 Provided, of course, the thing will float,  
 And I'll marry you on Xmas Eve,  
 Or at least on the Fourth of July.



Rutger, filling his mouth completely full of gingerbread which he pulled from his pocket, replied, in clear, sibilant tones,

Now, what you say I would not call an unattractive proposition,  
I understand your feelings, and appreciate them, too,  
The poor, misguided Valspar executed his commission,  
And I think that we have done with him. Now come and kiss me, do.

Rutger here paused having run out of rhymes. But only for a moment, his apt brain taking up the thought and curling it into these fragments. (The authors have lost the fragments so we continue without them.) Rutger the Routh here picked up Gurtrun the Slender, and carried her pig-a-back around the room, crooning a lilting lullaby, followed by Steerc the Cubist who has not appeared since the shipwreck. due to a shift in the train schedule, causing him to miss the midnight cut of Hecla. However, he is again on the scene, and we are glad. for we thought that Valspar had been left without a friend. Steerc registers grief and bull-dog fidelity. In his lust for blood he follows him round and round the room, doggedly filing his nails..

#### SWAN SONG OF THE MADDENED VIKING.

Kill you I must,  
So in heaven I'll trust;  
And disfigure your crust,  
With a heart full of lust,  
Though my good sword be rust,  
I'm eternally cussed  
If you don't bite the dust.  
It is certainly just.

(Here the lovers are fussed by emotional gust.) At this point Steerc catches them, having circled the room nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times. Grabbing his nail-file firmly in one hand he cuts off their heads with a single blow. Steerc, having developed locomotorataxia during his long pilgrimage around the room can not stop, but continues until he dies of starvation, finally falling breathless on the pianola, which plays Chopin's funeral-march in measured tones. Thus, in one night the civilization of the island was wiped out.

#### EPILOGUE.

Lower, lower sweep the lorries,  
Talons tingling to their task,  
And the taxi-horn is silent,  
And the aeroplane is passed,  
And a somber silence brooding,  
Sings the song of Steerc's hate,  
Of a sudden comes the Skipper,  
Lowly calling, "Half-past eight."



VELMISJAY  
(Cont'd.)

An Arctic ghost is an awful thing, even to a professional ghost-layer. We hardly believed that ever Valspar could face such a demon of the night. The moment when he tore the evil spectre limb from limb (C.F.F. began to look anxious as to the fate of his ragdolls) was one of the most gruesomely realistic that we have ever seen.

J.C. took the part of reciter, expounder, and commentator with ease and elegance that added greatly to the charm of the drama.

As for T.I., he was stage-manager, property-man, motive-rover for the cars, and last but not least, type-writer. When an author balances a type-writer on his trunk, and type-writes in all his leisure moments, words fail us to express our gratitude.

But why, you ask, did we have the carry song early? So that the play might end with Skipper saying "Half-past eight."

When the mists had cleared away, we put up a "curtain," and played "Foot and Mouth", which is really "Eyes and Ears". The sides were not very even, largely owing to the sleuth-like brilliancy of C.F.F., who really ought to be a detective. On eyes his side won 5-2, and on noses, 9-8.

On eyes, A.B.B. was hailed as C.F.F., Fovden as A.B.B., and C.F.F. as Fovden.

The rain was still at it when we went to bed, though the paper politely called it "scattered showers."

We close with a clipping from a Boston paper that seems to have a certain appropriateness.

**EPIDEMIC OF INFANTILE  
MUSTACHES AT CAMP**



THURSDAY, We heard this morning that Mr. Herrow, from whom  
 Aug. 21,  
 T. 61' we get our milk, lost two cows in yesterday's storm.  
 F. 29.00  
 Cloucy They were struck right out in the pasture. It is a  
 I. V.

considerable loss, for he is always very careful to get  
 good cows. One of our poets expresses his sympathy as follows:

On the Death of Two Cows, Struck by Lightning.

O mottled cow, whose much regretted death,  
 By Zeus' hand, while standing on the mead,  
 How oft hast thou, in innocence of greed  
 Close-cropped the growing green to sweet thy breath.  
 Poor thing, thou wast not cognizant of bolts,  
 Of wicked forked lightning from on high,  
 Nor yet thy playmate, foreordained to die,  
 In the loud storm, vet-flanked among the colts.  
 O mellow milk, that once a pitcher filled,  
 O luscious, heavy cream that graced a glass,  
 O milk that often down the throat was spilled,  
 O sweetened fluid of the ripened grass,  
 No more wilt thou come campward from the browse  
 Of pastures green where graze the other cows.

T. I.

Boat-building squad has taken its place with the  
 other regular morning occupations, and we are really moving.

This was Harlow Chanler's birthday. We wished him luck at  
 dinner, and at supper he had a cake. So did Artful Andrew Carey.  
 The latter had hidden his birthday under a bushel till it was  
 long past, but we thought a cake was better late than never.

Mrs. Chase rode over from Cleason's this morning, to get  
 a glimpse of Phil. We wish we did not have to keep our visitors



THURSDAY at such a distance.  
(cert'ly.)

SIXTH BASEBALL / FIFTH (C).  
THURSDAY vs. FIFTH.

We have had rather trying experiences in senior ball this year, but the streak of bad luck is broken at last. No injuries, and a rattling good game.

Things began fast, for only once in the first three innings were more than three men up, and then it was only four.

In the first, T.I. at short made two startling assists to first, putting out two men who certainly had good reason to suppose that they had got safe hits.

In the third, T.I. and Ferrett were both out, on a double play between short and first. I.C.Z. almost made an error on Morse's ball, but picked the ball up somehow, and got to the base just in time to get him.

In the fourth Davidge made a first-rate one-hand catch, and I.C.Z. caught a foul fly, when he was running at full speed.

In the fifth C.F.F. and C.F.F. doubled J.I. and A.T. out.

In the seventh I.C.Z. put C.F.F. by a brilliant one-hand catch.

Batting List:

A.T.	.750
C.F.F.	.750
Morse	.666

SIXTH BASEBALL / FIFTH (C).  
THURSDAY vs. FIFTH.

This was a slower game; for when a good many of the seniors had been in the pen, and come out, and were sitting on the piazza all brushed and tidy for supper, the big-leaguers were still battling fiercely. The score does not go into much detail, but runs were many. The teams were tied, 27-27, when an



THIS DAY capture rally on the part of the Twigs netted ten runs (cert'c.) and won the game.

We do not give the score card, as it was done with such a blunt pencil that it is not very legible.

Beavers vs. Muskrats of Aug. 24 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
1	1		1 Chase	4	K				84		K		6					4	0	0	
0	3		2 P. S. P.	1	K				83		83		83					4	0	0	
0	0		3 Train	7	K				2-6		K			K				4	0	0	
12	4		4 C. F. B.	2		6-0			5-6		3-6		2-6					4	0	3	
0	0		5 Paine	9		K			K		2-0		K					4	0	0	
11	1		6 O. H. R.	3		1-0					0-3							3	0	0	
0	0		7 Bennett	8		2-0		5-6					K					1	0	0	
0	3		8 T. L.	6		2-0		1-0		K								3	1	1	
0	1		9 Morse	5				0-3					1-0					3	0	2	
			10																		
			11																		
24	13		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	30	1	6
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	
				2	14	1-b. on errors.													2		

Muskrats vs. Beavers of Aug. 24 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
1	0		1 Van Ren.	5	1-0			K		K								3	1	0	
7	0		2 A. T.	6	6-0													4	1	3	
0	3		3 J. R.	1	6-0													4	0	1	
11	4		4 H. V. V. H.	2			K				4-0	K						3	1	0	
1	1		5 Davidge	4								0-3						4	1	0	
7	1		6 L. C. S.	3														4	1	1	
0	0		7 Corning	7				K		K								4	0	0	
0	0		8 Austin	8				0-3										4	1	0	
0	0		9 Smedberg	9				K	K			K	K					4	0	0	
			10																		
			11																		
27	9		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	0	4	0	4	2	6	0	6	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	
				2	11	1-b. on errors.															

T. I. and C. F. I. went out fishing at five o'clock, and took their supper. They got one bass.

Total number of fish, one.

Games on the Hill were followed by "consequences." We have never played it with the whole crowd before, but it went very well. We give a few lines on the next page.



THURSDAY      CONSEQUENCES.  
(Cont'd.)

Fat Old Crow Hill groans awfully on the trail of the  
Kerosene pine.

Our Carey Hero ruminates badly in the 112.

The gaily Archibalds eats prodigiously on the way to C&K.

The wobbly Chu-Chu snakes ecstaticatingly on the spring-  
board.

The hor-legged Doctor trims hats cautiously in the  
Tutorium.

The lantern-jawed Corning shaves ostentatiously under  
the Mammoth Cave.

The spindle-shanked Mr. Von Holt sparks handsomely in  
the boiler.

The albino-haired Furry rises jumpily in the scouting-  
cup.

The small Sammy Hun runs for the mail on a surf-board.

The humptious Newbold rotates blithely in the Cranapple.

The riggish Foughton elopes expensively in Buckingham  
Palace.

The hectic Miss Alice tangoes emphatically in Sunshine  
Alley.

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After this we began "The Tragedy of the Korosko"; a  
tale mostly of horrors.

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FRIDAY      This morning Doctor Robertson told us something  
Aug. 25  
T. 65°      about infantile paralysis. It is interesting to have  
B. 29.00  
S. V.      something besides the newspapers to go by.  
Fazy.

    We finished "Two Noble Lives," and began "The American Hero of Kimberley": the story of a man who is not so well-known as he ought to be.

    A very select squad is taking the deck off the shell, and putting on a new one. It is worth while to see how prettily she is constructed.

    The pent-house, which H. V. v. H. and his squad have finished, is a great addition to comfort and convenience.

    This morning Chanler beat Hun by over two minutes on their usual course.

    After reading L. E. F. went in to Gardiner for the night, taking Johnny with her.

#### FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

    The day was a bit warm and still for scouting, but the time is now so short, alas, that we had to scout if it was in any way possible.

    The first game was a hot one, as will be seen by the score. Huns were tied, but the Iroquois were three shots to the good. There was much activity in the woods.

    The second game was equally fast, and was even closer. At first it looked like an Algonquin victory by one run, but it appeared presently that C. Whittermore had not gone within some yards of the boundary, and therefore had not made a run at all. This gave the game to the Iroquois by one shot.

    In the third game the firing was heavier than in either of the two preceding. The Iroquois won, on runs and shots both, which leaves them two up for the season so far.



# Algonquins

	I				II				III			
	Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs	
J.R.	X				X				X			
T.L.	X	••			X	•			X	••		
O.H.R.	X					•			X			
A.T.		•	1				1		X			
P.S.P.	✓				X		1		X			
A.M.R.	○	○	○		○	○	○		○	○		
Andrew	X						1		X			
Auchincloss	X				X				X			
Bennett	X	•••			X	••						
Chanler					X				X	••		
Curtis, P.		••					1		X	•	1	
Davidge	X				X					••••		
Farnsworth	X				X	•			X			
Hum		••			X				X			
Leland	X		1		X				X	✓		
Liggett	X					•••			X	✓		
Mackie	X	•			X				X	✓	1	
Newbold	X				X				X	✓		
Train	X					••			X			
Van Rensselaer		•			X	•••			X			
Whittemore, H.	X				X	•	1		X			
Meeker	X	•			X				X			
Whittemore, C.	X				X				X			

# Iroquois

	I				II				III			
	Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs	
L.C.Z.	X	•			X				X			
H.V.V.H.	X								X			
J.G.	✓								X			
A.V.Z.	○	○	○		○	○			○	○		
C.F.B.	X				X				X			
Austin	X	•										
Bowden	✓				X		1		X			
Breckinridge	X								X			
Carey	○	○	○		○	○			○	○		
Chase	✓											
Corning		••	1							•••		
Curtis, T.	X								X			
Edwards	✓								X			
Eggleston	X	••								••		
Goodhue		•			X							
Hallowell	X									•		
Houghton		•							X	••••		
Miner		••••			X		1					
Morse	X								X			
Paine	X	•								••••		
Payson	✓				✓				X			
Peabody	X				X							
Smidberg	X	•			X				X	•		
Stackpole	✓				X					•••		
de Warzée	X	•							X			

FFIIAY  
(Cont'd.)

liner reads the firing list, with ten shots for the afternoon. Corning and Morse each made five shots in one game.

Lavidge made his run very sure in the second game, for not knowing exactly where the boundary was, he came down to the Infirmary piazza. Someone suggests that next time he go into Skipper's office and sign his name.

There are still suspicious signs of voice killing. If you do not move, and the instant you shoot someone you are shot yourself, it looks a little fishy. There were other points that some of the younger seem to have forgotten or misunderstood. Let us hope that the two remaining days will be without any carelessness or suspicious conduct.

-----  
After supper we had a long and peaceful time in boats; circumnavigating Oak, fishing, building fires, telling stories, or playing the mandolin, as fancy prompted.

Then, the vote being practically unanimous for reading, we went on with the Tragedy of the Korosko.



SATURDAY This morning we finished "The American Hero of  
 Aug. 26,  
 T. 59' Kinkerley. "Too bad that such a splendid record  
 E. 29.20  
 Clancy should be so short.  
 I. V.

Long-distance calls from Mrs. Chase and Mrs.  
 Van Benschoten this morning.

The new deck is going on the shell, and looks very fine.

This morning T. I. caught a white perch off the point on  
 a fly. Total number of fish, one.

Very interesting letters to-day. Dr. Hackett writes that  
 he and his wife have adopted a two-year old boy, who is to  
 come to camp as soon as he is big enough.

The Stevens write of Arthur Sweeney's engagement. Hurrah  
 for Methuen!

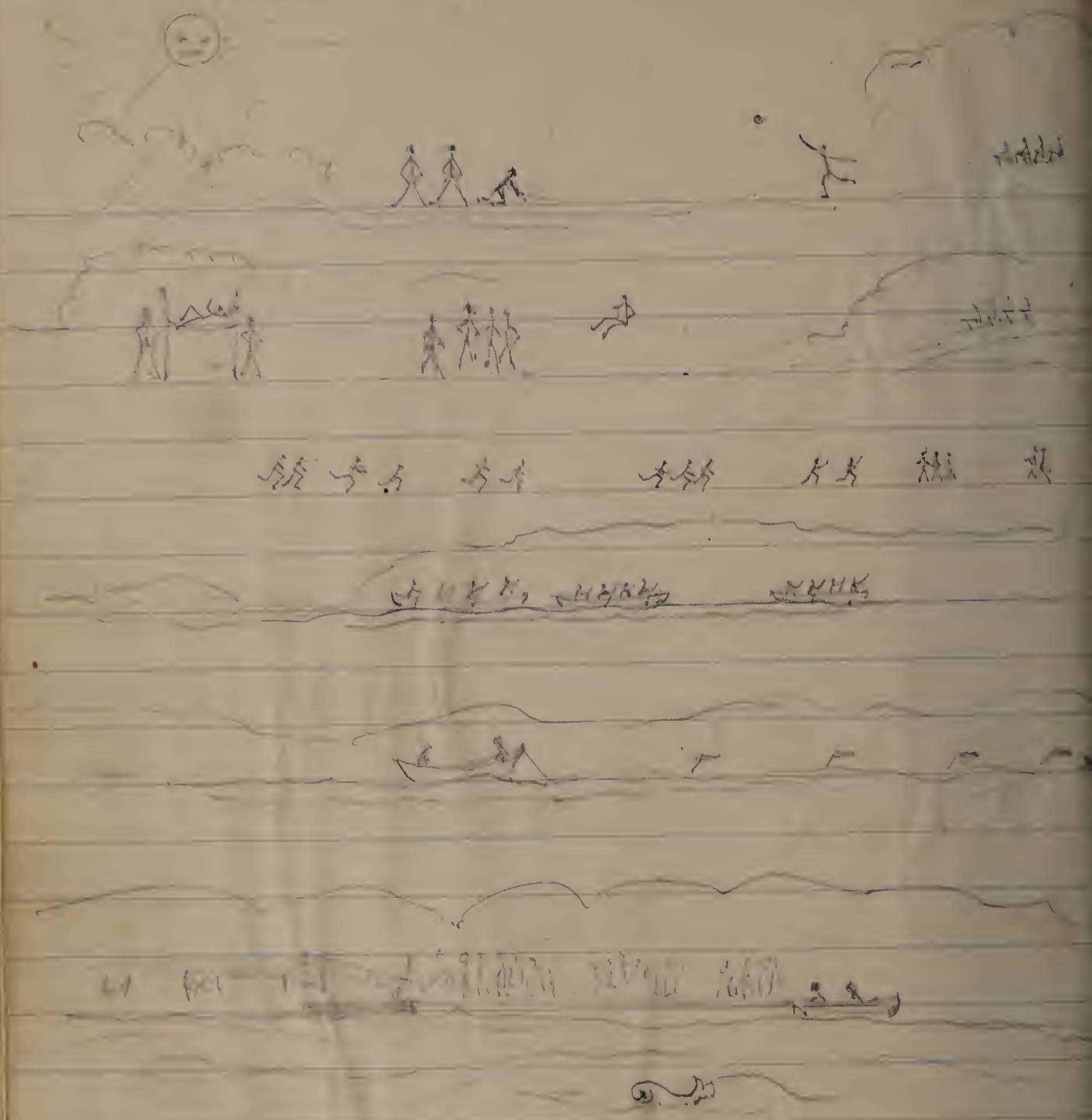
Dr. Wynne writes of a very busy summer, with a good many  
 of the hospital staff in Europe or on the Mexican border.

#### FINAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

The coxsters were pretty thoroughly fooled, for T. I. and  
 I. C. 2. went out in a boat right after dinner, as if to get  
 kyoys for the canoe races; and then a wonderful pictorial  
 poster for "Track and Canoe Races," which we give later, appeared  
 on the door.

But it was real business, and soon everyone who was in  
 the running was on the field in some kind of suitable garment.  
 To be sure, Le Varzee's sneakers were in such shape that he  
 had to take them off to run, and Peabody's bathing-suit was  
 held together by three safety-pins, but all were ready to do  
 their best.

Bennett, Carey, Chandler, and Mecker did not compete in any  
 events, and Austin did not run.



TRACK & CANOE

RACES

3 p.m.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)Class A High Jump.

Name.	Height.	Handicap.
Morse	5' 1/2"	Scratch
Paine	4' 8"	6"
Train	4' 8"	6"

This looks as if Morse tied the senior record; but it was 5' 1/2" on the standards, while the record was measured at the middle of the tape. There is a decided difference.

Class A Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Train	16' 10 1/2"	Scratch.
Van Hensselaer	15' 9 1/4"	2"
Paine	15' 2 1/4"	2' 9"

Train was the only scratch man in this event, and Van had the shortest handicap. Paine, on the other hand, was helped a good deal by his handicap.

Class A Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Austin	27' 7 1/2"	11' 4"
Hun	27' 1 1/2"	9' 6"
Morse	26' 3"	Scratch

As can be seen at a glance, Austin and Hun owed their places to their handicaps.

Class A Hundred.First Heat.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Train	13 s.	Scratch.
H. Whittencore		1'
Morse		Scratch
Forcer		6'

Train finished a yard ahead of H. Whittencore, and three yards ahead of Morse. Only two qualified in the hundred.

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Van Hensselaer	13 1/5 s.	Scratch.
Fayson		3'
T. Curtis		5'

Not quite so fast as the preceding, but Van made his first place easily. Fayson was three yards behind, and T. Curtis two yards in the rear of Fayson.

SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

### Final Heat.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Van Tensselaer	11 1/5 s.	Scratch
Train		Scratch
F. Whittencore		1'
Payson		3'

A good fast race. Van led Train by nearly four yards. The distance between second and third was not quite so much.

### Class A 110.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Van Tensselaer	12.58.	Scratch.
Train		Scratch
Horse		8 yds.

The handicaps in this event ran up to 120', but Van shot ahead of the whole field at the very start. In fact his first sprint was so fast that many thought he could not last it out. But he held his lead, beating Train to the finish by about twenty feet. Horse was thirty feet behind Train.

### Class B High Jump.

Name.	Height.	Handicap.
Corring	4'11"	2"
F. Curtis	4'	2"
Lavidge	3'11"	2"
Cochrane	3'11"	1"
Liggett	3'11"	3"
Miner	3'11"	6"

As will be seen, this was a remarkably even class. There would have been a good many ties, even without the handicaps.

### Class B Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Chase	12'3 1/4"	Scratch
Lavidge	12'	1'2"
Corring	12'2 1/4"	Scratch

Lavidge was helped by his handicap, as there were others whose actual jump was better than his.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Class B Shot Put.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Miner	22'10"	2'10"
Ieland	22'7"	1'
F. Curtis	22'3"	Scratch

F. Curtis made the best actual put in this event.

Class B 100.

First Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chase	14 3/5 s.	Scratch
Andrew		12'
Sneekers		1'

Chase had this heat easily, beating Andrew by two yards, though the latter had a twelve foot handicap. Sneekers gained on Andrew, but not enough to qualify.

Second Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Houghton	14 1/5 s.	12'
Corning		Scratch
Stackpole		3'

Houghton's handicap figured considerably in this result.

Third Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Miner	14 1/5 s.	12'
Coodhue		1'
Lavidge		Scratch

This heat was so close that the judges disagreed as to whether the tie was between Miner and Coodhue for first place or between Coodhue and Lavidge for second. It was a matter of inches, and very few of them. The only thing to do was to let all three qualify for the finals.

Final Heat.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Time.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>
Chase	13 4/5 s.	Scratch
Corning		Scratch
Houghton		12'

A splendid finish, with only two feet between the leaders. Lavidge got blocked, and Andrew ran very wild.

SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Class B 400.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Chase	1m.13 4/5	s. Scratch
Corning		3'
Leland		3'

The start of this race was the prettiest thing in the meet, for the longest handicap was only nine feet, so the runners were all bunched. Corning led till just before the backstop, when Chase passed him. They changed places twice after that, but Chase won out by about three yards. Leland was a good third, and Coochue a close fourth.

Class C Broad Jump.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Hallowell	10'9 1/2"	1"
Breckinridge	10'4 1/2"	1'8"
Le Warzee	10'2"	Scratch

Le Warzee has jumped better than this in practice.

Hallowell's handicap was so small that it did not affect the result at all.

Class C Shot Put.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Breckinridge	18'2"	5'1"
Edwards	17'4 1/2"	2"
Auchincloss	17'	1'10"

Edwards, as will be seen, really did better than Breckinridge, but <sup>Breck's</sup> ~~his~~ handicap put him into first place.

Class C 100.

First Heat.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Edwards	16 2/5 s.	6'
Eggleston		Scratch
C. Whittimore		Scratch

Edwards led at the tape by five feet, with C. Whittimore about a yard behind Eggleston.

Second Heat.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Le Warzee	15 4/5 s.	Scratch
Hallowell		Scratch
Farnsworth		Scratch



SATURDAY A very satisfactory heat, with scratch men in (Cont'd.) the first three places. Hallowell was about two yards behind Le Varzee, and Farnsworth two feet farther back.

Final Heat.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Le Varzee	15 3/5 s.	Scratch
Hallowell		Scratch
Edwards		6'

Le Varzee cut a fifth of a second off his former time, and led Hallowell by two yards.

Class C 440.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Preckinridge	1m. 20s.	120'
Edwards		100'
Hallowell		Scratch

This was not so satisfactory as the other four-forties, for the first two men distinctly won on their handicaps.

This ended the meet. The Class C high jump was omitted, because no one in the class could get high enough to make it worth while. We give the list of point winners below.

Class A

Name.	100.	High.	Broad.	440.	Shot.	Total.
Train	3	2	5	3		13
Van Besselaer	5		3	5		13
Morse		5		1	1	7
Austin					5	5
Hir					3	3
Fairé		2	1			3
H. Whittencore	1					1

Class E

Name.	100.	High.	Broad.	440.	Shot.	Total.
Chase	5		5	5		15
Corning	3	5	1	3		12
Miner		1/4			5	5 1/4
F. Curtis		3			1	4
Ielanc				1	3	4
Davidge		1/4	3			3 1/4
Cochue		1(2)				1 1/4
Liggett		1/4				1 1/4
Houghton	1					1

SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)Class C.

Name.	100.	Break.	Shot.	110.	Total.
Fred Hinridge	2	5	5		12
Hallowell	2	5		1	9
Edwards	1		3	2	7
De Varzee	5	1			6
Auchincloss			1		1

VIII.Class A.

Train, 12

Van Besselaer, 12

Horse, 7

Class B.

Corring, 12

liner, 5 1/4

Class C.

Fred Hinridge, 12

Hallowell, 9

Edwards, 7

C.F.F. touched up his senior shot put record, making it 27'7 3/4".

Immediately after the meet, a big Cat Island camping trip got off, consisting of all those who had not been on a trip, in charge of C.F.F. and F.S.F. The weather did not look any too promising, but they took a tent, and hoped for the best. Their absence rather damaged one side for charades, but it seemed the last possible night.

LAST CHARADES.

PAUSHE. The first scene was from "The Man without a Country." F.V.F. presided, Miner acted as clerk of the court, and T.L., as Philip Nolan, was solemnly condemned to perpetual exile, for having insulted his country and her flag. It was very impressive. The second scene, with Horse reclining gracefully on a couch swathed in heavy crapes puzzled a good many, but the reference to the pillar of fire placed it. He was "She-Who-Must-Be-Obed", the wonderful lady in

### Camping Trip August 26<sup>th</sup>

Andrew  
Auchincloss  
Bennett  
Chanler  
Mackie  
Meeker  
Newbold  
Whittlemore, C.

C.F.B.  
P.S.F.

Williaw  
Yammerschooner  
Identical



SATURDAY. Elder-Farraro's novel, who remained young and lovely for two thousand years. It would have been interesting to see her pass through the pillar of fire, and turn to her real age, as she does in the book, but it might have been a little hard to stage. For the whole were we had F.V.V.P. and Mirer, haunted by not one but a dozen harshees; "hosts of ghosts", such as John Wellington Wells could raise. These veiled and circled about, till finally their victims jumped up with yells and fled.

INFANCUS. The first scene looked peaceful, with the elders of a household quietly talking politics while the boys skated outside. But in a moment there came wild yells; someone had fallen in. He was brought in limp and theoretically crippling, and the doctor sent for in hot haste. For "Infancus" we had the return of a conqueror, with guards and trumpeters, and a page to hold up his train. The whole word was a murder. A.M.I. entertained Austin at an inn, and while he was drinking his wine, Van and Bun strangled him from behind. Then the three rifled his pockets, and carried the corpse off to throw it down the gulley.

CASSAL. When C.F.H. appears in T.J.'s green wrapper we generally expect him to be a monk. But this time we realized very soon that he was Moses, leading the Israelites out of Egypt. To be sure, the sea was blue instead of red; but what can be done when we have no red pillows? The waters parted, and the band crossed in safety. A moment later Pharaoh (he was called) appeared in his chariot. The wheels certainly "crave heavily" (at least, the wheel did, when it hit the threshold), and then the waters overwhelmed him and his followers. Then came the



SATURDAY Second parade of the evening: J.B. as the Czar, escorted (cortège).

By followers of all sorts, mounted his throne, and received news from the front. At first it was all bad, and the autocrat vented his anger upon his commanders. Burovskiy was to be boiled in oil, Bogostyevsky put in irons, Prince Nicholas sent to Siberia. But with the great news of the taking of Bush, all was changed, and Czar and nymphs went out rejoicing. Then came the loss of March. C.F.B., a stately figure in white toga and crown of huckleberry leaves, refused to hear the petition for the restoration of Farrar's banished brother, and met his doom. The curtain rose for a moment, and then fell, to show us Antony about to address the assembled multitude. J.C. appealed to their feelings—and their pockets—in true Shakespearean style, and ere long they rushed out, to kill the conspirators and make things lively generally.

LUKE. It is always bad to have bills come due when you have not the wherewithal to meet them; but Chu-Chu seemed in a particularly bad way. He wept and tore his hair, and nothing Furovsky could say made him feel a bit better. And sure enough, stern justice, in the shape of Corning, seized him and dragged him off to justice. We didn't see the water in the well, in the next scene, but some of us had seen it, and knew that those pillows masked death, with real water in it. So when Fesbo fell in, we were not surprised to see him leave real wet tracks on the floor as he "cripped with coolness". The whole word was the most thrilling scene of the evening. I.C.Z. and A.T., an Englishman and a Spaniard, each attended by a friend, met in a tavern. Hot words ensued, and only the efforts of the friends prevented them from settling their international and personal <sup>U</sup>parrel <sub>A</sub> then and there. They made an appointment for the morning, and the



SATURDAY

curtain rose. It fell, and here was the din  
(Still cont'd.)

down, with cloaked figures entering silently. The principals  
threw off their cloaks, the swords were measured, and to it they  
fell. I.O.Z. had a bandage round his head and his arm in a  
sling, but after a desperate struggle he vindicated the name  
of his country and his queen by running the haughty Spaniard  
through the body; only to expire gracefully himself a moment  
later.

As we had still two minutes, we had two brief one-act  
charades, "balsam" and "Manhattan". For the first J.O. beat  
Miner, who surely did "hawl some", and for the second T.I. came  
strolling in with a hat on. (lost get me, Steve?)

After this a good many went to bed, but there were  
enough left for two rounds of telegrams. The words were  
"pretension" and "turpentine", and the subjects the Voyage of  
the Deutschland and the Landing of the Pilgrims. We give some  
specimens.

Captain of Deutschland to his beloved Frau in der  
Waterland.  
"Perhaps return, English threaten, eating Newhaven sauerkraut  
in Newhaven now."

(No address nor signature.)

"President respects every thug emerging naughty submarine  
if ostensibly neutral.

"Prepare, rüde Emperor, to expect note since Imbecile  
ordains neutrality.

J. Lincoln.

"Pretzels rescued. Everybody toasts Emperor. No submarines  
in ocean nets.

Foy-Ed.

Koenig to Wilson.

"Passed reefs. Expect tremendous eggoggs. Mark Italian

SATURNAY ocean nut.  
(yet again)

Ship's cock to his family, on leaving.

"Pretty risky enterprise. Tin egg not substantial. I'm off novelties.

Capt. Koenig to Kaiser.

"Passage rotten. Everyone terrified, even not submerged. Irritated over nothing.

Neptune to Kaiser.

"Potztausend! Really, Emperor, this engaging trick embarrasses mermaids. Sirens in 'orror! Naughty!"

Capt. Koenig to Kaiser.

"Punctured rear elevating tanks. Engines not safe. Indiana oil needed."

-----  
To Umgubgubo, the Cannibal King of the Massachusetts Iroquois.

"Tie up repulsive pilgrims, Expect nasty taste if not eaten."

From great chief Pain-in-the-toe, of the Narragansetts, to his esteemed ally Swat-em-again.

"Tounce unruly rough pilgrims eating Narragansett's turkeys in nonchalant enjoyment.

From a hater of hymns.

"Terrible uproar. Fagged pilgrims eternally neighing through interminable noses everywhere."

Massasoit to Squaw.

"Tomahawk! ugh! rascally palefaces enter narrows. treachery! immolate nearest enemies!"

Fugonaut to Hugo.

"The unctuous repulsive plesiosaurus earthen near Taunton is now edible."



SATURDAY  
(Feally  
finished)

John Alden to Standish.

"The urban rabble places external neighbors  
in nearby estuary."

To John Alden.

The unusually rich Friscilla entertains new-thought  
ideas never endured."

Miles Standish to King Philip.

"Tomahawk under rock. Friscilla, estimable nymph, tra-  
velling in New England."

John Alden to his Granddaddy.

"Terribly unsteady rock. Plymouth evidently nice town.  
Indians nervously excited."

Standish to Winthrop.

"Town ultra-respectable. People eating nickelled turkey  
in new edifice.

Some may gather from one or two of these that L.E.F.  
had come back. She came in the afternoon, while the games were  
going on, with good news of Wigginses, and with Marion's new  
sneakers!

Just before bed-time two stray marines came ashore,  
wanting to know where they were, and where Cleason's shore was.  
T.L. enlightened them on these points in geography, and they  
departed.

(When you get a day like this done, you feel like  
throwing up your hat and cheering; till you look at the poems  
about dessert, and remember that canoe races, boat races, fancy  
dress party, and a whole opera lie still before you.)

SUNDAY The morning rains did not amount to much, but they  
 Aug. 27, kept us guessing as to what might happen next.  
 Light rains all day, Our Oak Islanders, the Bakes in the Woods, came  
 at back gaily at quarter of nine, looking as fine and  
 intervals. wild as if they had been to Norridgewock and back.  
 Heavy shower p.m. They had had plenty of food and sleep, and not enough  
 rain to bother them.

This morning a bat was found in the Short. He was a pretty  
 little beast, and softer than velvet.

We are now reading "Henry V" in the afternoon.

Mrs. Javidge and Mrs. Eggleston appeared in their car  
 just after dinner. They had been travelling for two weeks, and  
 had therefore missed the notice that was sent to all parents.  
 But as they had come from Quebec by motor, it didn't seem as  
 if they could have been exposed to infection.

Speaking of dinner, to-day was the day of voting for  
 desserts. The campaign had begun rather unfortunately, with all  
 sorts of rubbish about pledges and straight tickets, but after  
 service Skipper called that sort of thing by its right name,  
 and told everyone to cut it out.

Then the real fun began, with a flock of poems, not only  
 on the door but even on the walls of the piazza. We shall give  
 them below.

After second helps of ice-cream had got under way, the  
 speeches began. Eloquence waxed fiery, and there was much  
 well-deserved applause. At last the polls were declared open,  
 pencils and paper came out, and the great vote was taken.

The faculty then retired to coffee and naps, for the



SUMMARY sorting of the ballots is a fearsome thing. At  
(Cont'd.)

last they emerged, with straws, or at least pine needles, in  
their hair, and wiliness in their eyes, and the result was  
posted:

Pice Fudding	27	
Jam Tails	27	
Bananas	27	
Watermelon	27	Watermelon
Washington Pie	28	
Roman Nose	26	
Brown Maple Fudding	25	
Vanilla Ice-cream, Maple	23	
COV,		

Never before has there been such a triumph for the Pice  
Fudding party. This is perhaps due to the generalization of  
the Pie Party. It is hard to root enthusiastically for pie  
when you know that it will be dry and pallid.

As the weather was doubtful in the extreme, it seemed  
best to have our picnic in the Pine Parlour, if it didn't rain,  
and put in the afternoon in Cuanariche trips round Oak, to  
see if last year's tires could be broken. The following are  
the crews:

HALF-FAST EIGHTERS. J.I.		HALF-FAST NINEERS. C.H.F.		MIDNIGHT EXPRESS. F.I.	
Crane	Liggett	Morse	Van Her.	F.I.F.	C.F.F.
T. Curtis	F. Curtis	Train	Fayson	T.I.	C.H.F.
H. Whitt.	Corning	Hun	Carey	J.I.	H.V.V.H.
Miner	Lavioe	Chandler	Fowler	A.T.	I.V.Z.
Smeberg	Goodhue	Austin	Paine	J.C.	I.C.Z.
I.J., I.C.		I.I.I.		I.F.I.	
Time, 24 m. 8 1/5 s.		Time, 21 m. 26 3/5 s.		19 m. 47 1/5 s.	
		<u>record.</u>		<u>record.</u>	

This was a little surprising, as the junior crew was the  
one that was expected to beat last year's time.

The strokes were T. Curtis, Paine, and C.F.I. All crews did  
well, and the Midnight Express, as it came down to the finish  
with the stern four standing was a sight to see.

SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
took it.

All readers had a chance to swim, and most of them

In consequence supper was late, but it is not so far to the Fine Parlor that we need to worry about getting home in time for hymns. We had a good fire, and should have toasted our long-deferred marshmallows, if the rain had not come down in earnest and driven us home. Better luck next time.

It was early for hymns, so we had "The Western Islands" and "The Devil and the Old Man"; two of the best stories that were ever written.

After hymns we had "Andy Coggins"; another of the best stories ever written. And the rain it rained, with force and determination.

And now for the poems.

RICE PUDDING.

My heart leaps up when I behold

Rice pudding for dessert.

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old

And be inert!

The food is splendid for the man:

I much dislike of pie a slice,

Give me my share of puddinged rice.

T.L.



## A WORD FROM UNCLE SAM.

Quoth Uncle Sam "I've lived along  
 Three hundred year, unless I'm wrong,  
 Sence fust them Pilgrim Fathers ~~old~~  
 Landed on Plymouth Rock so bold.  
 I've lived, and growed, and reamed around,  
 Covered consid-able space o' ground,  
 And ate and drunk, and liked my feed,  
 Knewed what was peer and what was good.  
 Now lemme tell ye! up or down,  
 In country, village, farm or town,  
 There ain't no airthly kind o' victual.  
 But what I've tried it, much or little.  
 (Won't say I've allers ate the whole,  
 But jast a mite, for good of soul!  
 For whars's the use of growin' up  
 If you can't take your bite and sup.  
 Whatever it may chance to be--  
 Pass me them onions!!--jast like me!)  
 Well! 's I was sayin', lemme tell  
 About one dish I like full well;  
 A dish for which, or soon or late,  
 You'll see me passin' up my plate  
 For fust help, second, ay! and third--  
 Jast watch me! happy as a bird!  
 It's wholesome, and it's toothsome too,  
 It's good for me and good for you;  
 It 'wouldn't hurt a three-year-old,  
 And yet ner king nor kaiser bold,  
 Ner President ner wardroom boss,  
 But, wantin' it, would feel a loss.  
 Yes! pie and jam-talls, both is good,  
 And Roman Nose is fillin' feed,  
 And you may have frog-dumplin's too,  
 If so be they agree with you;  
 But if you're givin' me noh'ice,  
 I'll take a puddin' made of rice!!

JAM TAILS A PIE!

Jam-tails, jam-tails, burning bright,  
 In the dishes pure and white,  
 What immortal hand or eye  
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what greasy pan or bowl  
 Wast thou turned to a coal?  
 Who filled thee with that mass of jam,  
 So like unto a bleeding clam?

When the boys threw down their forks,  
 With anguished cries, with mighty squawks,  
 Did Cook smile his work to see—  
 Did he who made the pie make thee?

Jam-tails, jam-tails, burning bright  
 In the dishes pure and white,  
 What immortal hand or eye  
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

J.C.

PIEUS EXIT.

I intended a rone,  
     And it turned to a tirade.  
 We have junket at home,  
 I intended a rone;  
 Turn the stuff to the loam  
     If Caesar has pie made;  
 I intended a rone,  
     And it turned to a tirade.

T.I.



How dear to this heart is a scene of my childhood  
 When fond recollection presents it to view,  
 The camp by the lake in the midst of the wildwood  
 Whence I used to gambol, dear Campers, with you!  
 The stunts and the sportings, the gladsome cavortings,  
 The swims and the games all in joyous accord;  
 The doughnut and haybale, the pie and the jantail,  
 And e'en the rice pudding that stood on the board.

The homely rice-pudding,

The comely rice-pudding,

That good old rice-pudding

That stood on the board!

YF CCPS!!

A Jan-tail is a loathsome thing. Why rot?  
 Perfect rot,  
 Awful cool,  
 Even rot-  
 Are like the mule  
 Resists the strongest teeth; the fool  
 Likes heavy Jan a lot-  
 But Jan<sup>m</sup> In Jan-tails! When the food is cool?  
 Nay, but I have a curse;  
 'Tis very sure there's nothing worse!

A PIE-LAND LAMENT.

My heart's in the Pie-lands,

My heart is not here;

My heart's in the Pie-lands,

O layo my dear!

Absorbing the pastry,

Consuming the dough,

My heart's in the Pie-lands

Wherever I go.

Farevell to the Pie-lands,

The land of brown crust,

Where apples are boulders,

Where sugar is dust;

Wherever I wander,

Wherever I roam,

I'll dream of the Pie-lands,

The Picture's home.

Farevell to the berries,

Both huckle and blue,

Farevell to the pines,

And apricots too;

Farevell to the oors

Like blooms in the south,

Farevell to the pie-crust

That melts in the mouth.

My heart's in the Pie-lands,

My heart is not here,

My heart's in the Pie-lands,



O layo ny dear!  
 Absorbing the pastry,  
 Consuming the dough,  
 My heart's in the Pie-lands  
 Wherever I go!

J.H.

RICE PUDDING FOR EVERY.

Rice pudding richly calls a meal-  
 Much healthier 'tis than cake.  
 It does not cause the brain to reel,  
 Nor make the tummy ache.

It may be gobbled up with cream,  
 Or else with maple syrup-  
 Indeed it works quite like a cream,  
 To make these mortals cheer up.

This gallant dish I pray you pick,  
 So full of luscious raisins;  
 I'll never tire or grow sick  
 Of writing over my raisin's.

J.C.

WHO COULD THIS? I DUNNO. IT MIGHT A' BEEN GODS OWN.

Like to be only pudding of rice  
 And all day long I'll dine.  
 But leave a raisin in the dish,  
 And I'll not ask for wine.  
 The hunger that a carrier feels  
 Demands a dish dish divine;  
 But right I of Jove's puddings taste

I would not charge for mine.

I sent thee late a Roman rose,

Not so much hating thee

As in the hope that 'twixt thy teeth

It might destroyed be.

But thou thereat did'st only curse,

And send'st it back to me;

Since when I've not slept nights, I swear,

For loved the daytime's glee.

REQUISIT IN FACE.

Strew on him jantails, jantails,

And even a slice of pie.

Bring junket if the ham fails,

Four syrup in his eye.

His face smear with bananas,

Or bathe it in milk, the cook,

On food he tried to ban us,

His head is a bouillon-cake.

With acid-ripe water-melon

His mustard in his hair,

The puddings that he fell on

Are brown and sore and bare.

When all the cottage-pudding

Will not indeed suffice,

Revive him! he is brooding

On soul-sustaining rice!



HOMAN NOSES.

O Homan nose! my Homan nose! the voting now is done,  
 The politicians are upset, the prize we sought is won.  
 The pie doth cloy, I leap with joy, the boys are all exulting,  
 It is enough; the fate of puff is settled by the voting.

But O jam, jam tail!

O the bleeding drops of red!

Where off the list the jam tail drops,  
 Fallen cold and dead.

J.C.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE CAMPBELL'S ARE COMIN'."

The melons are comin', Cho! Cho!  
 The melons are comin', Cho! Cho!  
 The melons are comin' to Merryweather,  
 The melons are comin', Cho! Cho!

In bales and boxes and crates and crates,

In bales and boxes and crates and crates;

I looked behind the kitchen door,

And saw a pile of white soup-plates.

(Chorus as above.)

Great King Melon he goes before,

He makes the Skipper to cheer and roar.

With shouts of rapture and gulps of joy

The melons are comin', Cho! Cho!

(Chorus as above.)

The Merryweathers are wet to the ears,

With rosy splashes and juicy smears;

The pigs are grunting in Millard's pen

As they smell the rinds that they'll get, Cho!

(Chorus as above.)

J.F.

IN PRAISE OF PICE PUDDING.

Shall I compare thee to a piece of pie?  
 Thou art more healthful and more delicate:  
 Thick crust doth coat the plated core on high,  
 And, too, below doth add a heavy weight.  
 Sometime too hot the pie to us is served,  
 And often is its pasty surface flecked  
 With scale, by which the infant is unnerved,  
 And his young body by poor pie is wrecked:  
 But thy eternal glory shall not fade,  
 Not lose position that thou dost despise;  
 Not shall Pie krag thou dwellest in his shade,  
 While noble thoughts and deeds thou dost inspire:  
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

T.L.



ICHIYAY      lot a heavy rain, but off and on all day; a great  
 Aug. 28,  
 T. 61'      day for boat-building and rehearsals.  
 B. 29.24  
 Cloudy,      This morning C.H.I. told us about rescuing  
 I.V.,      from drowning, and showed us how to work artificial  
 rain.      respiration, with the machine and by hand.

We also began the life of Sir William Butler. We  
 are taking only the most interesting parts, as the time is  
 short and the book is long.

We hoped for canoe races, and an expert squad set the  
 buoys in case it was possible to have them. It wasn't, but the  
 buoys will keep till tomorrow, or indeed longer than that.

F.V.V.F. is constructing a second flight of steps out  
 behind, to lead to the south side of the ice-house.

#### SHIP-YAH NOTES.

The Co-Co will go, for the first time in several years.

The Sturgeon is energin', and the Little Bear is all there.

The Caesar is preparing to cross the Yukon.

The Fox-tailed Hag is ready to fling everything else  
 over his back. Will the builder win his money or her?

The Periwinkle is small, but you never can tell.

It looks as if the Vivace would be pursuing a decided  
 acceleration soon.

The Satellite is swinging round her orbit.

The Dark Boss is in the limelight.

The Monarch will win a name for herself in the annals  
 of yachting.

After supper came many rehearsals, the overflow making  
 themselves comfortable by the Infirmary fire.





TUESDAY, This morning C.F.I. told us something about lock-  
 Aug. 29.  
 Fair, day and hydrophobia.  
 Cool,  
 S.V.

There was very little scud work except the necessary drives, yard, and larks. Almost everything else was let go, so as to give time for finishing boats.

The stop scud, however, kept at it; and the getting in of the top stone, by H.V.V.F., J.I., J.C., and C.F.F., was a sight to see.

A good letter this morning from John Marsh, who is down on the border with a squadron of the New York Cavalry. We are going to put it in the log when we get time.

#### Inevitable Places for Boats.

The middle of the floor.

The top of the grindstone.

The fence.

The top of the gate.

The steps leading to the shop and storeroom.

The middle of the 100 yard dash.

All these have been tried, and in consequence there have been many boats split. Even the loft is not a good place, for people go up there to get wood for their boats, and it is crowded and a bit dark, so that no wonder a hull gets stepped on now and then.

The following boys had no boats, for no reason except carelessness or incompetence:

Andrew, Freckinridge,

Edwards, Mackie,

Becker, Leakey, Newbold.

Eggleston had an object which he called a Whittencore boat, so we let him pass; but she was declared ineligible, and

TUESDAY wouldn't have held together at all anyhow.  
(Cont'd.)

Suchin close put together an object that was certainly made of wood, paper, and string, but that had no other claim to be considered.

C. Whittermore's boat was stepped on by Mackie to-day; and apparently it was not through his own carelessness, so we omit him from the list of duffers and loafers.

#### WEATHERY YACHT RACE.

Weather conditions were much better than those of last year, for there was a good little southwest breeze, though not what the heavy weather boats wanted. The race was much less of a job to run than usual, as there were only thirty-six boats to run. The duffer class was not quite so large as that of last year, but practically no one had more than one boat.

#### First Preliminary Heat.

Vivace	T.I.
Frutus	Snecker
Co-Co	(J.I.)
Feaver II	Fowder

The Vivace was speedy, but not very steady; the Co-Co safe, but inclined to sifter out of her course. The Feaver couldn't seem to keep upright. The Vivace finally took the lead, and was going strong, when she tipped over near the line. No one was anywhere near her, and by the time she was set up again the Frutus and the Co-Co had got a lead that she could not overcome. The Frutus came in first, Co-Co second; and the Vivace, having done very well, was also put into the next round.

#### Second Preliminary Heat.

Sturgeon	Chase
Earl Foss	Carey
Little Fox II	Gerning
Pot-tailed Pig	T. Curtis & Payson

All went over very soon, and the Pig's huge sail,



TUESDAY which had been more or less damaged by screws  
(cont'd.) putting his foot through it in reading, would not stand water.

The sturgeon was the only one that could really do anything,  
and finally came tearing in a winner.

#### Third Preliminary Heat.

Little Fear	Ieland
Facility Toe	I.C.F.
Hot Jog	Fun
Flying Dutchman	Liggett

All went over promptly in this heat. The Little Fear was  
the only one that responded at all to setting up, and even she  
gave out soon. No one got anywhere at all.

#### Fourth Preliminary Heat.

Terrible Tooter	J.C.
Infant Phenomenon	Faine
Beelzebub	Miner
Foyal Honesty	Morse
Caesar	Snecker

The freeze freshened a little, and the starters moved  
farther to the west. The Caesar was erratic and unsteady. The  
Tooter, obviously the fastest boat, crossed the line first, with  
the Phenomenon a rather calm second. The other two did not get  
far.

#### Fifth Preliminary Heat.

S'matter For	Austin
Foolish Virgin	Train & Bennett
Lucifer	F. Curtis
Fulleg	Javidge

No one did anything in this heat.

#### Sixth Preliminary Heat.

Scallopitia	F.S.F. Jr.
Shrapnel	Auchincloss
Monane	Leland
Vikieup	Chanler

Here also nothing happened, except tipping over.

TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Seventh Preliminary Heat.

Satellite	C.F.F. Jr.
Fanshee	Goodhue
Feriwinkle	Farnsworth
Scooter	Hallowell

The Satellite led for a while, but she had<sup>d</sup> leak in her deck, and as she was not set up for a good while after her first tip-over, she became unseaworthy. No one finished.

Eighth Preliminary Heat.

Citronella	C.F.F.
Satan	Van Hensselaer
W 23	Stackpole
Fough Stuff	H. Whittmore

The Citronella was damaged on the way out, which spoiled her chances. All went over again and again, but the Satan finally got over the line.

Ninth Preliminary Heat.

Valler Jang	Payson
Mudlark	A.M.H.
Prairie Chicken	Houghton
Titanic	Le Varzee

The Valler Jang was the only one that lived at all. She headed for the shore, but was finally declared a winner.

First Semi-final Heat.

Brutus  
Co-Co  
Vivace  
Sturgeon

This heat was raced twice. The first time the Vivace went over when in the lead, with no one near her, and got her second long soaking for the afternoon. The Sturgeon did well till she was blanketed, but that sent her over, and damaged her. The second trial showed the effects of these accidents, for the Vivace and the Sturgeon both had to be taken out. The Brutus won at a conservative pace, with the Co-Co second.

Second Semi-final Heat.

Terrible Tooter  
Satan  
Infant Phenoreneon  
Valler Jang



TUESDAY, Sorry to crowd the Yaller Jawg in this way, but  
(Cont'd.)  
we think her name is still legible. The Tooter and the Satan  
were both unsteady, and the latter finally had to be taken out.  
The Yaller Jawg carried a weather helm, and went ashore on the  
Point. The Infant Phenomenon won, and the Tooter was put in to  
the finals too because of her speed. Her captain took her ashore  
for repairs, as her rudder had come loose.

#### Final Heat.

The Tooter led, and showed decided class and speed. The  
Brutus was a safe second, and the Co-Co a discreet third. The  
Phenomenon was not able to finish.

The cup therefore goes to the Terrible Tooter; congratulations  
to J.C., from all and sundry.

#### Whittemore Race.

Sandshark  
Pluto

A.T.  
Boughton

As there was time, and a good breeze, better than there  
had been all the afternoon, it was decided to hold the race  
for the Whittemore prize. There were only two entries, as H.  
Whittemore's boat was not done, and Eggleston's was not eligi-  
ble. The Sandshark was an <sup>a</sup>azing sight, with her great kite sail  
bellying in the wind. She looked big enough to eat the Pluto,  
let alone beating her. But as neither could get under way at  
all, and the big boat's sail soon blew loose from the bolt-  
ropes and split to ribbons, the race was called off, and the  
prize will be held over to next year.

At supper the cup was presented to the winner. He lays  
his victory to the power of intellect, and prophesies that  
Newby will win next year. If this be so, may we be there to  
see!

TUESDAY Came on the Hill was greeted with a roar. Most of (Cont'd.) the crowd had exercised little but their lungs all day (those important organs seldom get neglected up here), and the prospect of half an hour of running was welcome.

That was not enough, though, for when all hands came down for Towel, everyone still had to ramp and roar. Never mind, it was a fine game of Towel; played with a real towel this time. You can get more force into a towel than into a pillow-case.

At half-past eight everyone suddenly became very sleepy, and several of the half-past niners went to bed early. The rest of us went on with "The Tragedy of the Kerosko".

TO A JEFFELICT SNEAKER.

O cast-off sneaker, bobbing in the lake,  
 Thou, once protector of my stockinged sole,  
 Thou guard against all foot-sores, prithee take  
 This thought from me to knit a garing hole.  
 Not long hence did'st thou, neat enclosed in paper,  
 Enclose my foot with lacey-fashioned string,  
 And there remain until thy mate, thine aper,  
 Did wear a hole like thine, immortal thing!  
 What power has the lesson that thou teachest!  
 With pointing finger towards a mortal mien,  
 Ah, nodding pulp, consider, as thou bearest,  
 Upon the rocks, what vanity may screen.  
 I tell to you this truth, - and it is sad, -  
 The soul of man, by nature, is ill-clad.

T.L.







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WEDNESDAY      boats towed some of the boats to position, and  
(Cont'd.)  
even held them there till the start.

SENIOR SINGLES, STANDING.

FIRST HEAT.

Morse (Pink)	3 m. 49 2/5 s.
Van Rensselaer (Squannacook)	
Bowden (Hecuba)	
Hun (Grayling)	

The Pink started best. Then the Hecuba and the Squannacook passed her, but she turned first and shot ahead. The Hecuba was wild on the turn, and lost ground going in. The Pink won by half a length, Squannacook second, Hecuba a comfortable third, Grayling a hopeful fourth. But considering the weather, Hunny did very well to finish.

SECOND HEAT.

Train (Pink)	4 m. 37 2/5 s.
Payson (Grayling)	
Austin (Hecuba)	
Paine (Squannacook)	

The Grayling had a great time to get to her position, and was finally towed to place by the press-boat. The Hecuba got away first, the Squannacook slow. The Pink turned first, and won by several lengths. The Grayling came in second, only a few feet ahead of the Hecuba. The Squannacook did not finish.

FINAL HEAT.

Morse (Pink)	3 m. 25 s.
Train (Hecuba)	
Payson (Grayling)	
Van Rensselaer (Squannacook)	

The Grayling headed up into the wind at the start. The Pink took her time going out, but turned first. The Hecuba and the Squannacook were very close going out; coming in the Pink and the Squannacook were close together, down to leeward. The Squannacook fouled her neighbor, and was disqualified. The Pink won, with the Hecuba a good second, sprinting hard. The Grayling was rather far in the rear.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

JUNIOR RANGELEYS.  
FIRST HEAT.

Auchincloss (Williwaw)  
Andrew (Yammerschooner)  
C. Whittmore (Terror)  
Farnsworth (Pantasote)  
De Warzee (Erebus)

1 m. 55 2/5 s.

A hard race to start, and most of the boats were finally towed to position. Auchincloss won by two lengths, with Andrew second. C. Whittmore had three lengths to the good, and Farnsworth and De Warzee were tied for fourth place.

SECOND HEAT.

Newbold (Williwaw)  
Peabody (Identical)  
Breckinridge)

Time not taken.

Newbold started an appreciable time after the others, but pulled hard, and crossed the line first. Peabody was a fair second. Breckinridge pulled his oar out two or three times, and we do not think he finished.

FINAL HEAT.

Andrew (Yammerschooner)  
Newbold (Erebus)  
Auchincloss (Williwaw)  
Peabody (Pantasote)

1 m. 56 2/5 s.

The contest was hot between Andrew and Newbold, the former being only half a length to the good at the finish. Auchincloss was a leisurely third. Peabody, though rather out of his class in size, finished well.

JUNIOR DOUBLES.  
FIRST HEAT.

<u>PINK.</u>	<u>SQUANNACOOK.</u>	<u>GRAYLING.</u>	<u>HECUBA.</u>	
Chase	Corning	P. Curtis	Liggett	
Stackpole	Goodhue	Davidge	Hallowell	

3 m. 55 1/5 s.

When it comes to crews, it seems simpler to arrange them this way. The start was a good one. The Hecuba took the lead, and turned first, with the Pink second and the Grayling third. In fact she led all the way, and won easily. The Grayling was



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WEDNESDAY second, with the Squannacook a close third and the Pink  
(Cont'd.)  
fourth.

SECOND HEAT.

SQUANNA COOK.	GRAYLING.	PINK.	HECUBA.	3 m. 51 1/5 s.
T. Curtis	Smedberg	Miner	H. Whittemore	
Edwards	Houghton	Leland	Eggleston	

The Grayling took the lead going out, with the Hecuba second. The Grayling and Pink turned well, and the Squannacook came up. The Hecuba went over on the turn, and the Grayling steered badly coming in. The Squannacook won, by a moderate lead, and the Grayling had second place by eight inches over the Pink.

FINAL HEAT.

SQUANNA COOK.	PINK.	GRAYLING.	HECUBA.	3 m. 56 1/5 s.
T. Curtis	Smedberg	P. Curtis	Liggett	
Edwards	Houghton	Davidge	Hallowell	

The Grayling got away first, but lost time when the Hecuba fouled her persistently. The Hecuba was out of her course, and though she crossed the line first, was disqualified on this account. The Grayling overturned on the turn, so the race went to the Squannacook, with the Pink second.

DIAMOND SCULLS.

Hun (Yammerschooner)	1 m. 29 2/5 s.
Chanler (Williwaw)	

This, like the other rangeley races, was from the rock in. It was very close for a while, but then Hun sprinted, and at the same time Chanler slowed down (or up). Hun therefore won in good shape.

SENIOR DOUBLES, STANDING.

HECUBA.	SQUANNA COOK.	PINK.	GRAYLING.	6 m. 9 3/5 s.
Train	Van Rensselaer	Morse	Paine	
Austin	Rowden	Hun	Payson	

As the breeze was fresh, the general feeling was that no one would finish in this race. Even the start was hard, and there was a pause while the Grayling "took a turn round Oak". She was heading for Pine Island for some time after the start.



WEDNESDAY Hun went out of the bow of the Pink a few yards  
(Cont'd.)  
from the start, but got in again. The Grayling also lost her bow  
man, and was soon over for good. The Hecuba led, and turned first.  
In fact she was the only one that finished the turn, for the  
Squannacook went over as she swung round. The Pink lost Hun  
and recovered him a second time, but the third time was fatal.  
His weight was very nearly fatal to the press-boat, which did  
the rescuing, for one fat wave came in over the gunwale with  
him. The Hecuba won, being the only boat to cover the course.  
Good work, Train and Austin.

#### JUNIOR FOURS.

<u>CAUGHCOMGOMOCK. WORROMONTOGUS.</u>		<u>ABOLJOCKAMEGUS. EBENEZER.</u>	
T. Curtis	Corning	H. Whittemore	Chase
Andrew	Auchincloss	Breckinridge	Leland
Hallowell	Farnsworth	Edwards	Eggleston
P. Curtis	Smedberg	Liggett	Davidge

#### RIPOGENUS.

Miner

Goodhue

Stackpole

Houghton

3 m. 22 4/5 s.

The Worry's chief trouble was that her  
crew did not keep stroke going out. The Abol  
steered too far south. The Corker and Eben turned  
first, the Rip last. It was a fine race right through. The Corker  
won, Worry a good second, Abol only six inches behind, and  
gaining at every stroke.

#### SENIOR FOURS.

##### WORROMONTOGUS.

Van Rensselaer

Bowden

Payson

Paine

##### CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.

Morse

Train

Austin

Hun

6 m. 32 4/5 s.

This, as usual, was out and back twice. The Worry did  
not keep stroke at first, but gained on every lap and every  
turn. The Corker went over on the last lap, so the race went to  
the Worry anyhow.



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

This ended the afternoon. And the remarkable thing is that in spite of wind and seven capsize, we got through at half-past five. Hurrah for doping committee and officials!

By supper-time there was a williwaw coming, and there was hurrying to and fro to get in bathing-suits and tie up tents. H.V.v.H. went up and moored the Mammoth Cave securely, and C.F.B. took a hasty trip up the flag pole to get the flag, which had wound itself round the tree. It didn't rain much after all, but it looked for a while as if it might be a deluge.

Digestion Club met in the Infirmary, and we climbed the Riffelberg. Then at half-past seven all hands came in for the

#### NINTH SING-SONG.

1. Picnic Overture.....T.L., J.R.
2. String Trio.....A.T., H.V.v.H., P.S.P.
3. Songs.....O.H.R.
4. Choruses.....Merryweather Boys, Camp Chantey,  
Scouting Song, Merry Merryweathers.
5. Merryweather Quartette...T.L., J.R., J.G., O.H.R., A.v.Z.,  
L.C.Z., H.V.v.H.
6. Stunt, "O'Grady's Goat"...J.R., H.V.v.H., C.F.B., P.S.P.,  
etc.

#### CAMP SONG.

The Picnic Overture is a particularly pleasant thing, with its recollection of delightful Sunday afternoons and evenings. What jolly picnics they have been this year!

The trio gave us "A Perfect Day", and various other selections ending with the "Little Honolulu Tomboy". At least, that was the end of their playing; but we had to have it sung once more, so H.V.v.H. did it for us. And then we wanted "Aloha", so he sang that too. We are all going out to Hawaii some day.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

O.H.R. gave us two new songs: a delightful verse about a Bengali Babu, and what is evidently the original upon which Kipling wrote his "Gunga Din". It is very funny, and interesting besides. And then we had to have "Joshua Ebenezer Frye". We are learning to sing the chorus nicely.

We don't generally have four choruses, but we wanted them all, for they are our own.

The quartette gave us various good things, and "Jerusalem Morning" is a wonder, but the song that meant most to all of us, and will go on meaning a great deal as the years pass, is the Merryweather Rouse; words by J.G., music by T.L. So it is all our very own song. We give the words below, and we are to have the music here in the Log too, which makes us very proud.

"O Grady's Goat" is familiar to some of us, but we have never had such a goat before as H.V.v.H. He didn't quite kill anybody, but we really thought he was going to. He would hardly dare to go and ask himself, as the Scotch minister advised his congregation to do, "Am I a goat?", for his conscience might compel him to say yes.

Carey was a charming Mrs. Doolan, in pink, and wept sadly over the ~~damage~~<sup>her</sup> to <sup>her</sup> husband's red flannel shirt. (Though the boiler has treated Dick's bathing-suit so badly that it isn't a garment to regret.)

Chanler was massive and matronly as Old Widow Casey; and why he did not break when the goat butted him into the tub we do not see.

C.F.B. as Pat Doyle, sitting on the gate and waiting for Biddy Shea, was a broth of a boy. He looked able for any number of goats. As for P.S.P. in the character<sup>of Biddy,</sup> he was as sly and sweet a colleen as you would see in a month of Sundays.

WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Meeker and Newbold were charming ladies, at "the party at McCune's, and we do not doubt that Paine and Auchincloss were having fun in such agreeable company. But the stroke of doom descended, and the goat hurled them to the four corners of the room, among dishes chairs, and, alas, the ruins of the piano stool, which had been left there by accident. If it can be mended this time we shall really be surprised.

Then came the melancholy last verse, when the egregious goat passes away, his mouth full of bustle, amid the tears of the multitude.

And so, with much good fellowship and the Camp Song, ended our last sing-song.

A good many went to bed early, strange to say, so we had "Clarence's Mind," the sequel to "Andy Coggin"; and as that did not take all the time, we went on with the Korosko.

By bed-time the stars were out again, so all the demonstration of a big shower had been rather a fraud.



MERRYWEATHER ROUSE.

Scouting days for some are over,  
And for some have just begun,  
Yet the memory will linger  
In the minds of everyone.  
Can you see the tall grass ripple?  
Can you smell the pungent fern?  
As the furrow follows after  
Where the hillside starts to turn?

Chorus:

Here's a rouse for Merryweather!  
Here's a rouse all for you.  
Here's a rouse for Merryweather,  
Always loyal men and true.

Now the northwest wind is rising,  
And the white-caps fleck the lake,  
Can you hold her when the combers  
Hiss and bubble in your wake?  
Can you drive her through the cross-seas,  
Can you beat the breakers off,  
When they catch your boat amidships  
And she wallows in the trough?

Chorus:

Here's a rouse for Merryweather! etc.

You, who hear the red gods calling,  
You, who hold your memories dear,  
Do you know the bass are rising  
And the lake is crystal clear?  
In the west the day is dying,  
And the night is cool and still,  
And the merry voices echo  
From the games upon the hill.

Chorus:

Here's a rouse for Merryweather!  
Here's a rouse all for you.  
Here's a rouse for Merryweather,  
Always loyal men and true.

J.G.

# Merryweather Rouse

with spirit  
mp

Scout-ing days for some are o-ver, And for some have just be-gun,

p

-Not too fast-

Yet the mem-o-ry will lin-ger In the minds of ev-ry-one.

Can you see the tall grass rip-ple? Can you smell the pun-gent fern

As the fur-row fol-lows af-ter, Where the hill-side starts to turn?



## Chorus

(faster) *f* Here's a rouse for Mer-ry... wea--ther — Here's a rouse

rouse for you Here's a rouse for Mer-ry... wea--ther —

*tempo ff* al...ways loy...al men and true!

*Twining Lyones 1916*

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THURSDAY We don't wish to doubt our weather-man, but we don't  
Aug. 31  
T. 76' think it was as warm as that. We had a good fire in  
B. 29.30  
Fair the morning, and were glad of it. It can't have been  
S.W.  
more than 66'.

As Millard didn't get over with the mail last night, and we were expecting various important letters and telegrams, A.T. went over early in a boat, and roused Mr. Anderson from his downy couch at half-past five. Chu-Chu is to stay through, instead of leaving early, which is fine. Several are to leave Saturday, though, for fear of the railroad strike, and others are to stay late, for fear of the epidemic. So things are a bit mixed, and are likely to go on mixing.

This morning H.V.v.H. told us about hunting wild cattle and wild goats. We should like to meet the uncle who put two ladies up a tree, and then killed the bull that was after them and him. A handy man to have round in an emergency.

A good load of wood was brought down by boat this morning.

C.F.B. and P.S.P. had the pair-car out this morning, and then Chanler took the latter's place.

Good letters to-day from J.R.A., with the ambulance corps in France, and J.G.W., from his steamer crossing the Pacific.

The VanRensselaers were here to-day, and brought us a fine lot of fish.

#### FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

There was not much wind, but it was cool enough, and so late in the week we could not pick and choose much. Unless there had been an earthquake, a sand-storm, or a typhoon, we had to scout, and were glad of it.

The first game was a very close thing. The Iroquois shore party, after heavy losses, killed two guards, and bolted, but the



# Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J.R.	X						X		
T.L.				.....			X		
O.H.R.	X						X		
A.T.			1			1	X		
P.S.P.		..			..		X		
A.M.R.	X		1				X		
Andrew	X						X		
Auchincloss	X						X		
Benneth						1	X		
Chanler	X						X		
Curtis, P.	X	...					X		
Davidage			1				X		
Farnsworth	X						X		
Hun	X						X		
Leland	X						X		
Liggett	X						X		
Mackie							X		
Meeker	X						X		
Newbold		o	o		o	o		o	o
Train	X					1	X		
Van Rensselaer	X						X		
Whittemore, A.	X						X		
Whittemore, H.	X						X		
	16	12	3	8	12	4	16	15	

# Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
L.C.Z.	X			X			X		
H.V.H.	X	...		X			X		
J.G.	X						X		
A.v.Z.		o	o		o	o		o	o
C.F.B.	X						X		
Breckinridge	X						X		
Austin	X						X		
Bowden							X		
Chase	X						X		
Corning							X		
Curtis, T.	X						X		
Edwards							X		
Eggleston							X		
Goodhue							X		
Hallowell	X						X		
Haughton							X		
Miner	X						X		
Morse	X						X		
Paine							X		
Payson							X		
Peabody	X						X		
Smedberg							X		
Stackpole							X		
deWarzée							X		
	12	15		12	8		15	15	14

THURSDAY all-in caught them a measured fourteen paces from (Cont'd.) the line. If they had reached it, they would have won, as they had a lead in shots; but as it was the Algonquins won, by three runs to nothing.

The second game was not so close, for the Algonquins won, by four runs to nothing, and four shots. We hear that in this game Peabody lost H.V.v.H., and could not find him anywhere.

In the third game the Iroquois came back in style. A heavy party killed two guards, and scored "en masse". A third guard was killed on the other side, with the unusual result that all but one of the Iroquois guards made runs. This does not often happen.

The afternoon therefore went to the Algonquins, but the Iroquois are one up for the season. And the cup is still to win.

The heaviest shooting in one game was done by J.R., who picked off six men single-handed in the second game, all in one place. In the first game P. Curtis got five, and was then surrounded and killed.

Altogether it was a fine afternoon, and everyone is on the jump for the last one.

Supper was late for scouting, and a little later to give C.F.B. time to clean the fish.

After supper no one was surprised to have Digestion Club. Only the very small are keen for Games on the Hill after scouting, and it was too dark anyhow. So we had "The Looking-glass of Fate", and then went on with "A Tramp Abroad."

When we came down, the room was transformed, as if Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane; and we took our pencils and went



THURSDAY identifying trees. There were groans and curses, but  
(Cont'd.)  
everyone, so far as we have heard, was able to put down some  
names. We give some of the results below:

A.M.R.	28
C.F.B.Jr.	25
J.R.	23
T.Curtis	16
Paine	16
Hallowell	14
Chase	14
Smedberg	14

There were twenty-seven who got less than ten, one  
zero, one who got one, and two who got two. Here is the full  
list.

#### TREE LIST.

1. Hemlock.
2. Beech.
3. Red Pine.
4. White Cedar.
5. Hop Hornbeam.
6. Shad-bush.
7. Red Oak.
8. Canoe Birch.
9. Striped Maple.
10. Witch Hazel.
11. Large-toothed Aspen.
12. Quaking Aspen.
13. Grey Birch.
14. Hazel.
15. Cherry.
16. Juniper.
17. Sugar or Rock Maple.
18. Sumach.
19. Balsam Fir.
20. Elm.
21. Linden or Basswood.
22. Hornbeam.
23. Willow.
24. Red Maple.
25. Silver Poplar.
26. Larch.
27. Alder.
28. White Pine.
29. Red Spruce.
30. Viburnum.
31. White Spruce.

After this we extended ourselves on the floor, and went on  
with the "Korosko". We couldn't quite finish it, but it is all  
over but the shouting.

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FRIDAY      He left the temperature blank, and said "wind 61",  
Sept. 1,  
T. 61'      but I think I have translated the facts correctly.  
B. 29.28.  
S.W.      Billy Breckinridge left this morning, his family  
Hazy.

wanting to be sure of him in case of the strike.

The last post in the retaining wall along the bank was set this morning.

One of the pickerel in the aquarium was seen to-day with the tail of another pickerel sticking out of his mouth. Some enthusiastic observers caught him, and pulled his dinner out! It seems hardly fair to interfere with a fish's privacy to that extent.

LAST BASEBALL AFTERNOON.  
BEAVERS vs. MUSKRATS.

In the morning it looked like a supper-out trip, and we got as far as getting some of the grub ready before dinner. But when it came to the point, a good many were still tired after scouting, and our own fireside for supper sounded good. So it was all up for senior ball and Bug-league, and a picnic by the aforeside fireside.

The senior game was a peculiar one. For some time it was frankly dull. The Muskrats outplayed their opponents to such a degree that at the end of the fourth inning the score was 10-1 in their favor. One can't get up much of a thrill over a score like that, unless one has a heavy bet on the leading team.

In the fifth things began to happen a bit. The Muskrats, who had run through their batting order, with six runs, went out in one-two-three formation, and the Beavers waltzed round the bases to the tune of five runs. Still, they were well behind.

In the seventh J.F. and H.V.v.H. changed places, and rem-



FRIDAY ained in reverse order till the middle of the  
(Cont'd.) eighth. By that time the Beavers had made three runs; but in spite of the change back, they went on running, and tied the score, 11-11.

In the ninth no one scored. T!L! got to third, but was out at the plate on a throw from second base to catcher.

The Muskrats came up for the tenth with the end of their batting order, and no one saw first. The Beavers had the other end of things. P.S.P., the first man up, was out by a dramatic one-hand catch on the part of L.C.Z., and C.F.B. on an assist to first. O.H.R. reached first on an error, and stole second. Then T.L. went to bat, knocked a two-bagger, and brought him in.

So there were some thrills after all.

Time of game, two hours and a half!

Scorer, A.M.R. (and she got pretty tired of the job.)

BUG LEAGUE GAME.  
OLEAOS vs. CRISCOS.

The notable thing in this game was the heavy scoring. The total, 28-23, sounds rather like football. Much hitting, many passes, and plenty of errors, kept the bases full, and the men circled the bases merrily. Both teams changed pitchers, but it didn't seem to quicken things up much. The game took almost as long as the big game.

As we were picnicking we didn't care whether we were late or not. We arranged things on two tables in the big room, and when the cocoa was nearly done, and the beans were hot, we settled down to business. Beans, bacon, bread, fierce things, cheese, doughnuts—we made them fly. In fact some people made their cocoa fly too far, and had to go and get rags. This was the only departure from regular picnic procedure.



Balls.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
				7	9	1-b. on errors.

19.

Balks.	Hit by pitch. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
				3	8	1-b. or errors

Q. Ross vs. C. Ross of at Sept. 11

			TIME OF GAME.	Runs
			Hours..... Mins....	total.



Cricket vs. Football of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
			1	Shields	4														
			2	Ryan															
			3	Hughes															
			4	P. Quinn	1														
			5	McWane	9														
			6	McWane	7														
			7	Hughes	6														
			8	Shields	6														
			9	Hughes	8														
			10																
			11																
TIME OF GAME.																			
Hours..... Mins.....																			
Runs total.					2	7	1	5	1	7	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

We toasted Henry Whittimore's marshmallows, or at least some of them; and when everyone was entirely replete, and most very rather sticky, we had "The Merryweather Garden of Verses": the latest work from the able pens of T.L. and J.G. Just read a little farther, and you will find the whole of it.

Then we got round the piano, and sang till we really could sing no more; also till Skipper called "Half-past eight!" It was wonderful to have so many songs. And if we were a bit hoarse, we didn't care a bit.

The half-past niners finished the "Kobosko", and then those who were not in bed or toiling to finish camping-trips and--you will see later what--played "Boston."

#### THE MERRYWEATHER GARDEN OF VERSES.

In summer I must leave my seat

And fetch a rag, where'er I eat.

In winter quite the other way,

A footman stands around all day.

A rag I have to go and get,

Or else the milk would drip there yet,

And yet at home I've often found

A footman follows me around.

Now does it not seem hard to you,  
Because I only spill the stew,  
That I should with a rag parade,  
And clean the mess that I have made?

J.G.

---

Whenever the sun is hot and bright,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All day long in the glaring light  
Two men go rowing by.

When the swim has begun and the squads are out,  
Why do they paddle and paddle about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And the Pie-plant's smothered in spray,  
Around the islands, shouting aloud,  
With bended backs go they.

Around the islands they row, and then  
Back to camp they come rowing again.

J.G.

---

The friendly bull, all red and white,  
I love with all my heart.

I shoo him off with all my might  
Because I am so smart.

He wanders lowing, here and there,  
And yet he cannot stay,  
Because I chase him with a pair  
Of paddle-sticks all day.



So showered by the rocks that lie  
 Upon the baseball field,  
 With tail in air I make him fly,  
 And to my onslaught yield.

J.G.

---

Up into the tall miz-tree  
 Who should climb but little me?  
 I found my bathing-suits and tights  
 And looked on undiscovered sights.  
 I saw next door the dwelling--well--  
 Of Captain John, his cubicle,  
 And many other boxes, more  
 Than I had ever seen before.

I saw the wavy water pass  
 And be the sky's big looking-glass,  
 And fishing-boats went down the lake  
 To catch the haddock and the hake.

If I could find a taller tree  
 Farther and farther could I see;  
 Perhaps the cool and leafy lane  
 Where Parker flirts with Mary Jane.

Perhaps to where the fast trains slide  
 Down to the ocean's brimming tide.  
 I'd like to live upon the sea,  
 Instead of up in this dern tree.

T.L.

When I was down beside the lake,  
 A spade they gave me, and a rake  
 To gather pebbles in.

My rubber boots were dry at first,  
 Until the darned old rubbers burst,  
 And then I swore like sin.

T.L.

---

When I attain a prefectship  
 I'll tend the miz-tree by the slip,  
 And tell the boys what's right and wrong,  
 And shout to them to "get along".

T.L.

---

Who has an "own plate" every day,  
 Will from starvation pass away.

J.G.

---

The camp is so full of a number of boys,  
 That I'm sure we should all be insane at the noise.

J.G.

---

Every night my teeth I clean,  
 And brush the hair upon my bean,  
 And evry day I have a hunch  
 I'll get some candy after lunch.

The boy that's not on time to meals,  
 And strews about his orange-peels,  
 Either he does not care a bit,  
 Or else he is a feather-wit.

T.L.



A LETTER FROM THE BORDER.

Aug. 23rd.,  
McAllen, Texas.

Dear Skipper,

I often think of Merryweather as the antithesis of this "beautiful spot" in all respects except good fellowship, which abounds here as there.

I am a cavalryman pro tem--a mere corporal in Squadron A of the New York militia, and getting daily better acquainted with all four corners of a horse, digging ditches, washing clothes, and incidentally becoming a soldier.

There are a surprising number of chores for a self-sustaining cavalry organization; in fact morning drill sometimes brings out only thirty out of ninety-five men of our troop, rest all being busy in the innumerable details of camp life, or resting up after night guard duty. It is getting a little better now that we have completed our permanent mess-shacks, horse-shelters, tent-floors, and other camp comforts (or necessities they seem after you have them.)

I have been very thankful for all the camping I had done before, because it made many things seem easy and matter of course that came a little hard for some of the men with straight "summer resort" training, and I have been able to keep in bully condition the entire time.

This is the flattest country I have ever imagined, and I have seen quite a lot of it on the various hikes that have comparative broken the monotony of camp life. It is mostly in its natural state--hard loam or sand covered with cactus, mesquite, chaparral, and other small trees and shrubs. Everything, bugs, included, wears thorns, spikes, and horns, so that you learn to duck every branch and step around every bush, also to look most



carefully before you sit down. The scouting game here would make the Iroquois and Algonquins look like pincushions.

We had a lot of trouble with our horses at first because the trip down and the change of climate and extreme heat made them all very weak and sick. Now they are in better shape so that we can use them quite hard, but the marches with full equipment are still very hard on them. After the first trip of about 100 miles almost thirty horses were laid up by sore backs or fatigue, due principally, I think, to the marching in the hot part of the day, when the temperature is often over 130°. The men have gotten used to it but the heat makes the horses' backs very tender, so that the saddles hurt them.

Everyone here is very cheerful, though wondering a little whether we are doing any real good here commensurate with the losses in business and other ways that the prolonged absence means to many of us. I expect its doing some good; certainly a great deal to all of us, if not in connection with affairs across the border.

Please give my very best to the family and the old-timers who may remember me. I should certainly like to drop in for an F.S. some fine night!

Yours, as ever,

John B. Marsh.

(Troop A, Squadron A, N.Y.N.G., McAllen, Texas.)



# Natural History

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(1)

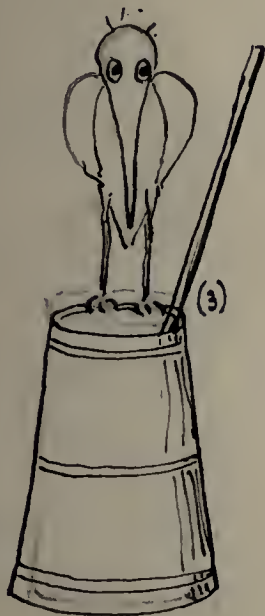
Gray, with blue hillsides, moves falls over. Extant.

Climbs mountains in

curls centre

in the as it use of

high of fine Chicago



(3)

up and rolls of great snowball.

(3) Barvarian butter-Barvarian Alps. Perches on forms. Rapidly becoming extinct, oleomargarine.

(4) Red-flanne) turkey (strutibus altitudes and to keep feet from freezing-turkey-red flannel. Hunted by the for its red-flannel.

(5) Trade-rat (ratis mercator)



(5)

but always leaves something in its place. Brown in colour, with a across its back from prehensile. Claws magnet. questioned.



(4)

major) Inhabits inq wears shoes office-boys of

Habitant of

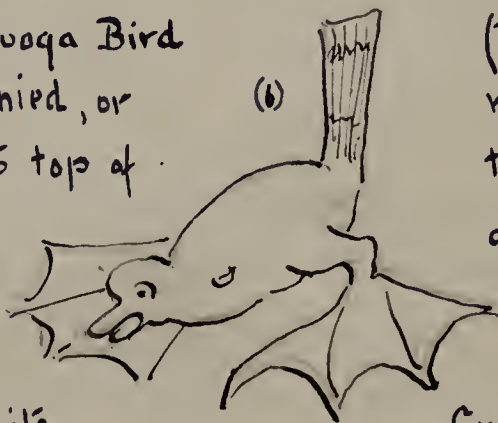
California. Steals anything metallic usually an acorn or a blueberry. jagged stripe of Prussian blue east to west. Tail long and short cough when

ic. Emits

White, wings. planes its

(7)

(6) The Wingless Wogawoga Bird with enamelled bill. Atrophied, or Huge webbed feet. Climbs to top of down, catching insects and flight.



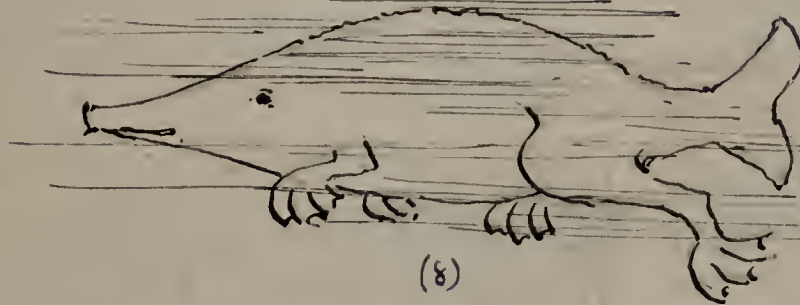
(6)

(Praeda fortiter) rudimentary tree and vol-glimfrumps in

Grinder, sometimes Bores its hole in cliffs, and verge of suffocation, puts its nose in its ear and blows its head off. wrecks th cliff. Has a dark head-crest of gilded horsehair with stone-dust.

(7) Cliff-Auger, or Granite - the Dynamite Dove. (Lapidis molor)

Bores its hole in cliffs, and verge of suffocation, puts its nose in its ear and blows its head off. wrecks th cliff. Has a dark head-crest of gilded horsehair with stone-dust.



(8)

(Aqua holibus borax) Has two eyes sel head, one beneath hole in lake and

(8) Fish-mole.

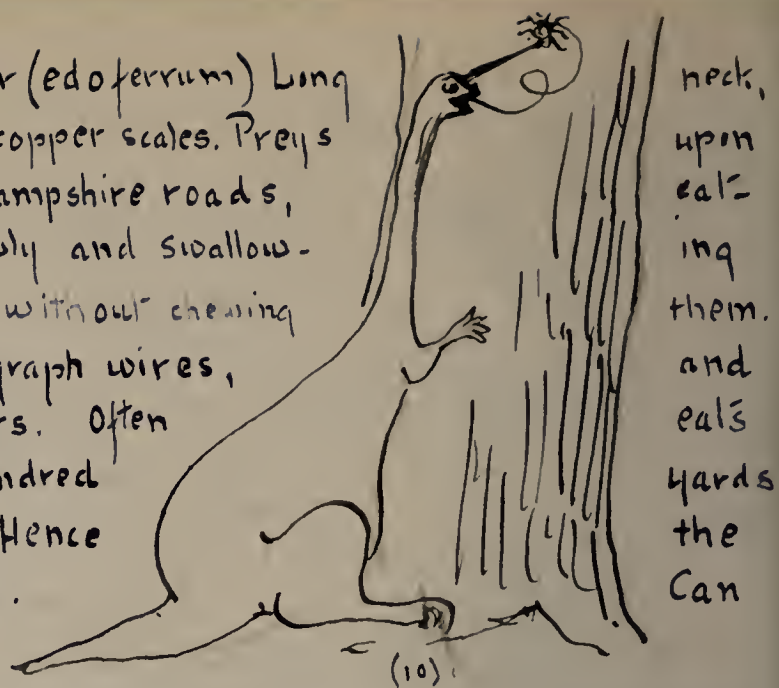
Hunted for its green fur. on the same side of its the other which follow each other out in succession. Bores catches fish by hypnotism.





(9) Iron-Eater (*edoferrum*) Long turtle body, copper scales. Preys rails of New Hampshire roads, ing the rails slowly and swallow the tender spikes without chewing. Builds nest of telegraph wires, lines it with cinders. Often as much as four hundred of rails at a sitting. Hence

New Haven wrecks. Rapidly increasing in numbers. be seen in captivity at the Bronx.



(10) Patagonian Pinhead (*pinheadibus patagoniensis*)

Has long slender horn in middle of forehead with which it spears Brazilian tea-bugs against tree-trunks. It then strangles



(11)

with its tongue, and

(11) Tasmanian Pickle-Hound.

Kept as pet in Tasmanian green grocer's dives into barrels after pickles for customers.

(12) Cardboard Cat (*nihil contra sol*)

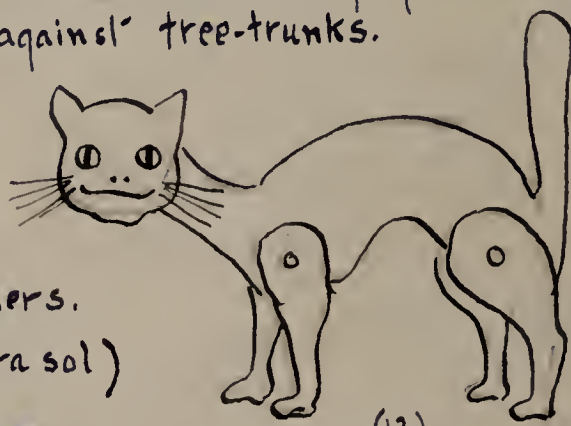
board, it casts no shadow when facing the sun.

Thus it eludes on cloudy

Four legs in like an



(13)



(12)

its enemies and pursues its prey. Hunted days with a blow-gun, or scimitar.

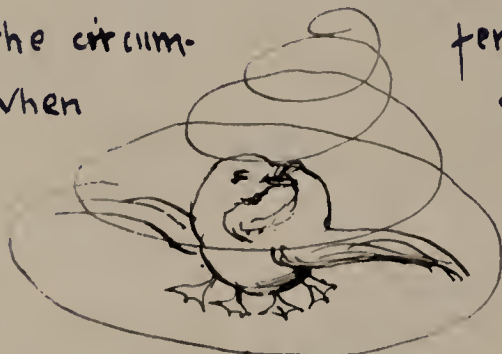
(13) Tunnelling Tiger. (*felis quadrupelas tandem*) same straight line, one claw on each foot shaped adze. Burrows rapidly through the sands

of the Sahara, and undermines the pyramids.

(14) Whirligig Duck (*avis non alaspinalis*) Long

slender body and legs in tandem. Can not usual manner. In order to rise it seizes its tail in its mouth and runs rapidly in a circle the circum-

body. When tained and steering neck.



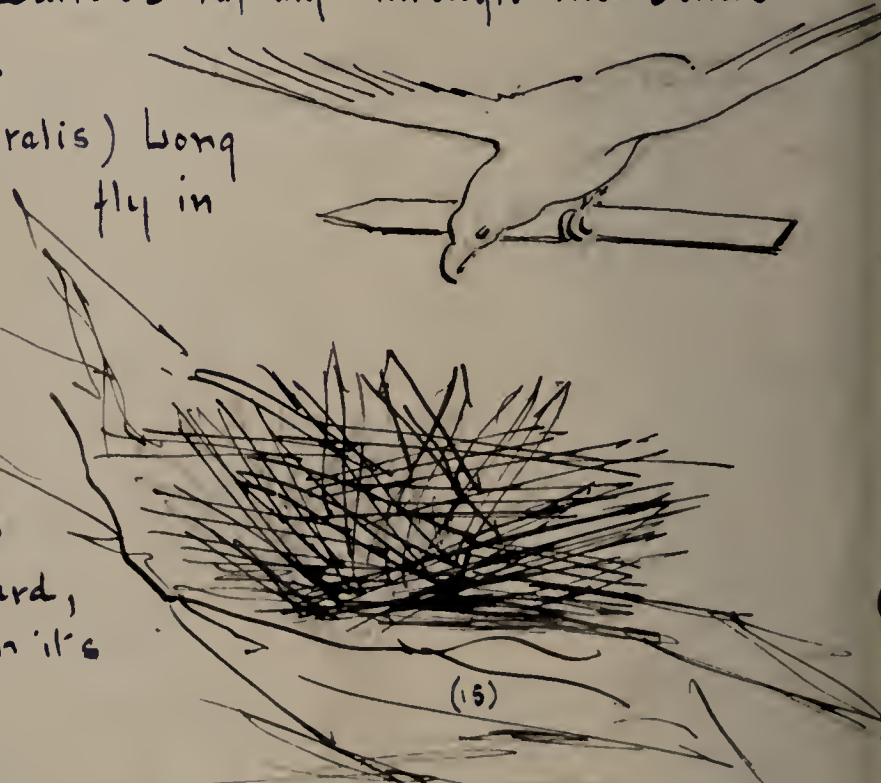
(14)

ference is its speed is at-

it sets its wings

soars upward,

its course with its



(15)

(15) Picket Eagle (*signum sentinalis*)

Steals pickets from fences and from armies in the field and builds them into its nest. When robbing fences it leaves alternate pickets standing in order to conceal the theft.

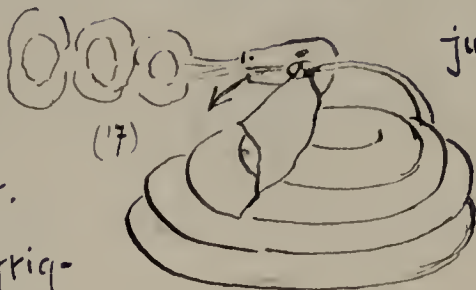


(16) Square-eyed Spoon-bender. (*caelestis facinus praeruptus familiaris*)

Habitat vacant soup-lureens from which he snatches ladles and bends them between his very muscular teeth, while he hungrily licks the silver-plating off. Some- times he gets a tin one, and dies of rage. Eyes square. By turning the eye-square with a monkey-wrench until the points of the eyes bisect the eyes, the animal is blinded, and dies of acute conjunctivitis. He has been known to live fifteen years



in the same lureen. Cannot survive on pewter.



(17) Sneezing Snake (*serpens frig-*

Colour of an old garter. Inhabits the jungles of Iceland. Has chronic catarrh from crawling on the damp ground. Hunted for his wiggle which is canned and distributed among the Savages of Africa. His breath, which is also canned, is sent to Pennsylvania for use in smelting ore.

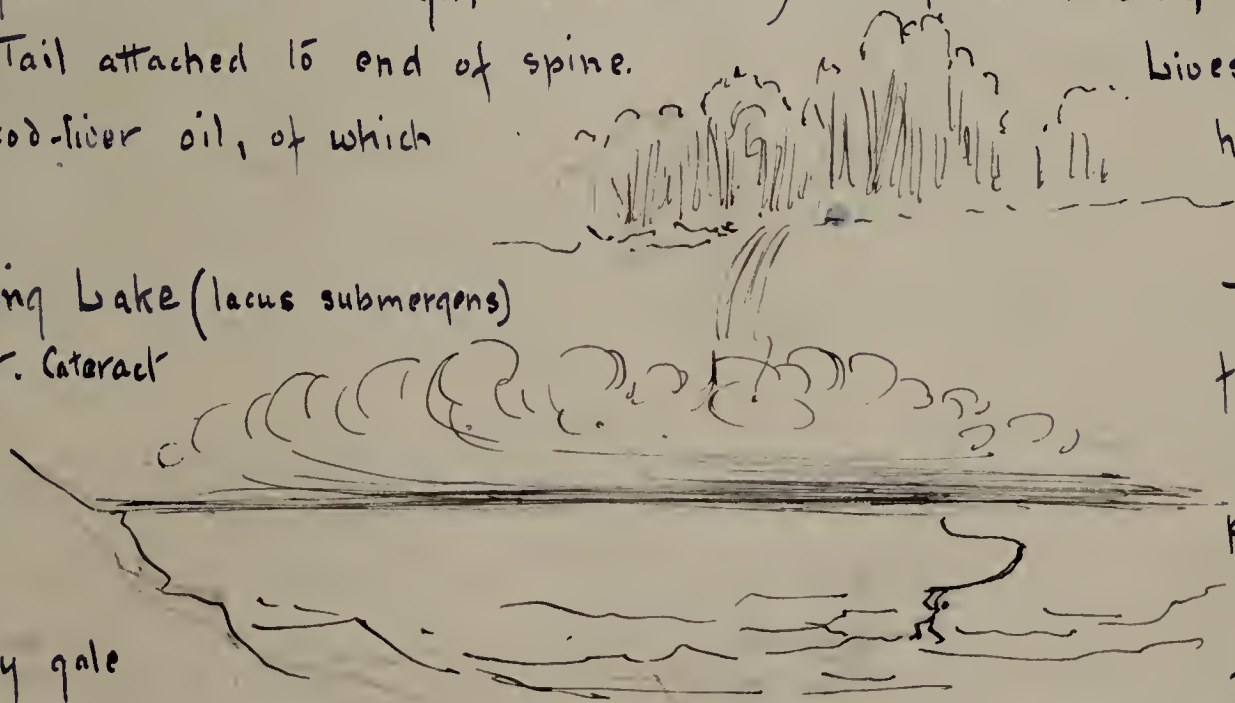


(18) Ruff-necked Rhino-

Has ingrowing horn on his season and dropping off in the fall. Back of ears, and surrounding the neck is an Elizabethan ruff (after Sir Walter Raleigh, his discoverer.) Ears pivot on skull, like Peter Bell's mule. Tail attached to end of spine. Lives on swamp-root and cod-liver oil, of which he uses bottle after bottle.

(19) Sinking Lake (*lacus submergens*)

Found in mountains of Tibet. Cataract falling above pended feet from above. To catch fish one casts up into the pine-trees and hauls fish down against the wind. At night, when the wind goes down, the lake sinks to the ground. Anglers are often caught in this trap. Lake never open for navigation since the great snow-storm of 1888, which blew the shores down.





SATURDAY Not much in the way of showers, but a good deal in Sept. 2,  
 T. 67' the way of wind. It roared louder all day, and got cool-  
 B. 28.98  
 West, er, till by evening it was "pairfect North Atlantic  
 Showery.  
 winter weather."

Three departures this morning: A. v. Z., Hunny, and Bunny. The first had to report in New York in regard to a job, the other two were afraid, at least their families were, of the strike. Too bad to lose them.

At morning reading we had "Nicholas Nickleby", as we have scant time wherein to finish him.

Many rehearsals this morning, and much making of wigs. T. L. took an able squad off for decorations, which piled up a whole forest of red pine in the back yard. (References to Birnam Wood would be appropriate here, but I have done that too recently.)

At last the Van Rensselaers have been in these parts long enough to be safe, and they came ashore this morning, and made a real call. And Mrs. Chase, who watched the ball-game yesterday from a rock on the hill, came over to the fancy dress party. It is pleasant to see them at close range again.

In the afternoon came more rehearsals, till four o'clock. Then, as the wind was still roaring, we ran the much-talked of able and expert swimming tests.

Each man was in charge of a boatman. The able swimmers went to the point and back in their bathing-suits. The experts swam up from the point in their clothes, took them off or not as they liked, and swam back.

The following passed as able swimmers:

Austin  
 Chase  
 Corning  
 Newbold  
 T. Curtis



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The experts had a much harder time, of course, and took much longer. Goodhue and H. Whittemore went both ways in all their clothes. Leland, Morse, and Smedberg took off everything, Leland untying his sneakers with care. Hallowell took off his trousers, Payson left trousers and sneakers on the bottom of the pond, and so did Miner. Paine got off everything but one stocking, and then decided that he wouldn't bother with that.

Here is the full list:

Goodhue  
Leland  
Hallowell  
Miner  
Morse  
Paine  
Payson  
Smedberg  
H. Whittemore

Davidge got up to the float all right, but his trousers were pretty tight at the knee, and he couldn't get them off. It was hard luck, as he had done very well.

Every swimmer, whether successful or not (we omit the names of those that failed) ran a four-forty as soon as he got dressed, because it was really very cool.

And all the afternoon H.V.v.H.'s kite soared away calmly at the end of an endlessly long string. Wonder what the eagles think of it.

After supper we scattered. "Oh then and there was hurrying to and fro, and lanterns were in great demand. The wind was so high and the temperature so low that the front door was ordered to stay shut all the evening. (Meeker instantly opened it, but was called back with curses.) Some costumes were a bit airy for the night, but the big room was warm, and in very good time the Grand March filed in. Truly it was a grand one.

250  
THE GRAND MARCH.

The Old Gentleman in Gray	Small-clothes.	J.R.
Mrs. Nickleby		Train
Kate Nickleby		Hallowell
Villikins		H.V.v.H.
Dinah's Stern Parient		T.L.
An Indian God		A.T.
Another One		Chanler
A Third		Carey
A Fourth		Paine
First Fire-Stealer		O.H.R.
Second Fire stealer		C.F.B.
Third Fire Stealer		L.C.Z.
Fatima		R.R.
Her Brother		Bennett
Sister Anne		A.M.R.
The Sleeping Beauty		L.G.
The Prince		J.G.
King		P.S.P.
Queen		T.Curtis
First Fairy		Farnsworth
Second Fairy		De Warzee
Third Fairy		Peabody
A Courtier		Payson
A second courtier		Newbold
A Court lady		Stackpole
A second lady		Eggleston
A page		C.Whittemore
A second page		Mackie
Pyramus		Miner
Thisbe		Meeker
Moonshine		Houghton
Lion		Liggett
Quince		Austin
Puck		Goodhue
Hermia		H.Whittemore
Helena		P.Curtis
Lysander		Van Rensselaer
Demetrius		Morse
First Soldier		Smedberg
Second Soldier		Andrew
Third Soldier		Davidge
Fourth Soldier		Corning
Fifth Soldier		Chase
Sixth Soldier		Auchincloss
Seventh Soldier		Edwards
Eighth Soldier		Leland

Truly a brilliant company. And several were to appear as other characters later. Dinah's stern parient grew even more stern, and turned into Bluebeard; the third fire-stealer washed his face (more or less), put on a moustahce and some more clothes, and appeared as one of Fatima's brothers, and Sister Anne was the wicked fairy.



SATURDAY This gay and in spots alarming company circled (Cont'd.) the room several times, and then after a lively one-step sat down on the floor to watch the stunts and perform in them.

#### A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

We began with a fine drill. The regiment looked fine, all in khaki, with red stripes down the seams, and brand new guns shining in the lamp-light. They went through a good many evolutions, and then settled to sleep, with a sentry mounting guard. Suddenly a great fierce Indian came "hereingeschneaked" like Bernhoff Von Dinkelschweitz, and killed the sentry with audacious cruelty and a tack-hammer. The soldiers sprang to arms at the bugle call, and we do not doubt that they avenged their comrade's death thoroughly.

#### MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

##### I

We had guessed when we saw the Lion in the march that we were to have Pyramus and Thisbe; and sure enough, out came the "sweet and lovely wall", and set himself up between the two houses, grim in grey stone and mortar. (Runnv was to have been the wall, but J.G. took his place.) The prologue had been delivered by Peter Quince, so we were prepared for the entrance of the gallant Pyramus, who addressed the wall in fine dramatic style. Thisbe was a model of clinging and feminine grace; a maid so shrinking that no wonder she fled at the first roar of the lion. Even after his explanation of himself, he was a fearful wildfowl. The moon shone with a good grace, and went obediently away when ordered, leaving the hapless lovers dead on the ground.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

II

This scene took<sup>us</sup> to the forest near Athens, where Puck flitted in and out among the trees, a true forest sprite in his green tunic, and goaded the unlucky lovers to follow him "over hill over dale, thorough bush thorough briar". Lysander and Demetrius did their best to follow him, but it was not to be wondered at that they had to give up, and spend the night where they were. Then in came the ladies, lovely creatures in trailing white, their golden locks dishevelled with their wanderings, and lay down on adjoining banks. So that when Puck reversed the spell that had made all the trouble, lovers and lasses were handy by, and could fall into each other's arms without any trouble. Perhaps things are not always so handy in real life, but that is not our fault, nor Shakespeare's.

#### NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

It is a long leap from Athens to Mrs. Nickleby's garden, but we are used to long jumps, and it did not disturb us a bit. Here was Mrs. Nickleby, simpering and amiable, and Kate, pretty and blonde (our ladies mostly are blonde, we notice, ), sitting side by side, wondering what the queer noise on the other side of the wall might be. At least, Kate wondered. Mrs. Nickleby's fatuous smile showed that she knew very well what called forth those amazing sounds, and those sudden volcanic eruptions of vegetables. In a moment her expectations were justified. Up rose the head of the old gentleman; and how she could resist his appeal we do not see. He roared "Be mine", he cooed it with blandishments. And his final outbreak, "Cormoran and Blunderbore! Zeba and Zalmunna!! Romeo and Juliet!!!" was magnificent.



THE FIRE-STEALERS.

Another long jump. We are before the lodge of the gods, and they sit, four impressive figures in scarlet robes, round their sacred fire; guarding it jealously lest some mortal might purloin it. The tallest rises, and chants his evening song, and then they nod. It is a fatal carelessness. Slowly and silently down the lodge pole slip tall lithe figures. Their moccasined or bare feet make no sound; they crouch low in the grass. A moment, and they are up the pole with the sacred fire! (They certainly were, and C.F.B. got more of it than was intended. His wig caught fire, and though he threw it down, where it was instantly put out, he scorched his hair and eyelashes. But it was all right in a minute, and there was no harm done.) Too late the gods woke, and realized their loss.

The second scene was in the heart of the primeval forest. Pine trees towered around. Suddenly through the gloom came crouching figures, still bearing the fire which they had won. They had to hasten, for the thunder was already sounding in pursuit. They vanished as silently as snakes in the grass, and then, with rattle of hail and roar of thunder, came the gods behind them; the chief last, calling down a curse on the heads of the robbers. It was wonderfully dramatic and effective.

VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Here also was drama, and ballet combined; for the actors in this tragic ballad performed mystic dances, which added greatly to the effect. Dinah was a lovely young thing, her pink sunbunnet curling like rose-petals round her piquante face, and her flowered silk gown outlining her svelte and



girlish figure. How could any parent be stern to such a daughter? But he could. His very night-cap spoke of tyranny, and his green dressing-gown said in every fold that here was one from whom no mercy could be expected. And Villifans! No wonder Dinah faced death rather than love another, when she had once gazed upon his perfect beauty and his flowered coat and waist-coat. No one could have looked at any other young man, however "galliant and gay." The tragedy is almost too sad, but we bore it. And the final dance, when all three capered round and round, doing a sort of threefold ladies' chain, was perhaps the funniest thing in the whole evening.

#### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Here was a royal scene. Stately king and gracious queen, courtiers and ladies in attendance--surely never was seen such a christening party. We didn't get a very good view of the baby, but we have no doubt that it was all that a royal infant should be. The fairies came tripping in, dainty figures in white, with green leaves in their hair, and gave their blessings; and then the fourth fairy, plainly marked as wicked by her black robes, called down the curse, and the scene ended in confusion.

The second scene was some years later, for the baby had now grown into a lovely maiden, old enough to learn to spin. She did not recognize the fairy in the old woman who sat spinning, and all unconscious of the doom that was hanging over her, took her fatal lesson.

But it wasn't really such a terrible doom after all. To be sure, the rest of the company got rather old in the course of the hundred years; but the princess was unchanged in youth and



beauty; and when the Prince came in, gallant and gay in green, one might think that the Princess was a pretty lucky damsel after all.

#### BLUEBEARD.

Here we coasted the shores of tragedy even closer. From the first, Bluebeard, with his close-shaven blue chin and azure moustache, was a sinister and terrible. One felt instinctively that the cupboard that might not be opened contained something more than "kites and skipping-ropes." But Fatima and Sister Anne took a chance, like Steve Brodie. Alas! What a sight met their gaze! And matters were not made better by the falling down of the door at the wrong minute. As for the state of things when the tyrant came back, and found that his secret was known, words can hardly be found strong enough to paint our feelings. The sword hung over the unhappy Fatima's head, each moment seemed to be her last--when in rushed the bold brothers, and Rome, that is to say Fatima, was saved.

Well, it was a great and glorious set of stunts, and then came the reel. One or two got lost in the shuffle, but on the whole it went more smoothly than usual; and the division into two sets shortened the time, which was a good thing.

Lemon sherbet and cookies finished the evening, for the boys. But the faculty swept the floor and set the table. Then some had more lemon sherbet, and a smoke. And some retired to lonely places to get clean. Altogether it was not very early when the last light went out.

And sometime in the watches of the night, the kite, which had been soaring with a light hitched to it, broke its mooring and went quite away!



SUNDAY A really cold day, from start to finish. We kept a  
 Sept. 3,  
 T. 51° good fire going, and by keeping the front door bolted  
 B. 29.4  
 N.W. and making everyone go round we managed to be com-  
 Clear  
 fortable.

Mr. Van Rensselaer was over this morning, and Mrs. Chase was here to dinner.

Swim was cut out entirely on account of the weather.

The photographing was particularly hard. Brilliant sunlight and a high wind are a very bad combination; and when you add the cold, it is fierce. We tried to keep people in wrappers and the sun till they were needed, but of course a good many were possessed to run round into the wind scantily clad. Still, at last it was done, and we hope the results will be first-rate.

This morning the flag-boy let go one end of the halyards when he had tied the flag to the other one, and the flag was soon at the top of the pole, flapping from one corner. It looked like a case for lowering the mast, but C.F.B. got it down with a heavy wire hook which he made and fastened to the end of the setting pole.

H.V.v.H.'s moustache, we regret to say, is a thing of the past. It was such a successful one that we lament its departure.

The Sandshark was to have a trial to-day under a new sail, but it was made of too thin paper, and tore away from the spars before she was put into the water.

There could be no question of a water picnic, so at 3-45 we set out for Belgrade Hill. The view was at its very finest, which is saying a good deal. We had very little time, and it was cool, so we did not stop for our usual drink of water.



SUNDAY

(Cont'd.)

When we came in sight of the scouting ridge, or soon after, we saw the stay-at-homes up under the oak tree, and the fire already blazing merrily. So most of us cut across the fields, and went straight up, except for a brief halt to look at the skeleton of a horse down by the corner of the fence.

Cocoa was already cooking when we arrived, and soon we were having first helps of it, good and hot. It was distinctly cocoa weather.

We couldn't stay round our fire till eight, as it was pretty cool; but we had "The Merryweather Light", and then stood up and sang "Auld Lang Syne" in a big circle. So ended the last of as lovely a series of picnics as we have ever had.

Then all hands came down to the big room, and there we sat, lay, and sprawled round a big fire, while H.V.v.H. told us about a valley in Hawaii. We can't give the story here, as it is too long, but it was thrilling. The wonder is that he came through the trip, and so could tell it to us. He seemed to have as many chances for breaking his neck in the course of the performance as a man could well ask for.

The story ran into hymn time a little, so Skipper let us run over. And that ran into story time, so we ran over again. We had "My New-cut Ashlar", "The Long Trail", and Henley's "Invictus"; and then "The Maltese Cat". Some of us know it by heart, but it is all the better for that.

And so to bed, under wonderful stars. The wind was still blowing, and it was only 52', but we could open the door without cursing, which is a good thing.

And I forgot to say that Andrew Carey left this morning. Wasn't that shocking?

PUERI.

Where have they gone, the happy voices  
That laughed and sang the summer through,  
With shouts of joy and songs that cheered  
And tuned the hearts of me, and you?

Ah! they are splendid, these our playmates,  
Different, yea, as the day is long,  
Yet each one has a soul to widen,  
Deepen and grow with the strength of song.

Powerful they in the joy of living,  
Sweetened throughout by the power of truth,  
Growing to manhood, eternally smiling.  
God, may they never lose their youth!

Think of them always, you who are distant,  
Give them your prayer, and blessing too,  
For they are the ones, above all others,  
That gladden the hearts of me, and you.

T.L.



TO THE FACULTY BUG-LIGHT.  
(Lost with the Kite, Sept. 2nd., 1916.)

Fall into thy watery bed--

Fall, and let no more be said.

Marks are over, all stands fast.

Thou thyself must sink at last.

Let the brothers go their ways:

A's are pigs, and pigs are A's.

Thick the dust swirls all about,

Thou art weary: best burn out.

Have they left thee to the fishes?

Other lights have shown soap-dishes

Black with dirt and pitch of pine--

Glimmered once, then ceased to shine.

Shine once more, then, and be dark;

Let the masters, when they mark

Cubicles in years to come,

Musing on thy fate, stand dumb.

L.C.Z.

COMRADES.

Comrades all; how the hours have passed!  
Each one happier than the last.  
Drowsy hours, when we dream and glide,  
Hours that thrill to life's pulsing tide;  
Hours of song, when the moon rides high;  
Hours of sleep, 'neath a fog-veiled sky.

Comrades all,  
Do you hear the call?  
Answer us ere the shadows fall.  
Day by day,  
Though you're far away,  
Ever our hearts are with you all.

Comrades, soon comes the stress of life,  
Cares and business, toil and strife.  
Hours, maybe, of weary grief,  
Hours whose pain knows no relief;  
Hours whose task is never complete,  
Hours whose triumph makes past toil sweet.

Comrades, yet,  
Through the toil and sweat,  
Think of us once when the sun is set.  
Days are long,  
But memory's strong;  
We who love you cannot forget.

Comrades dear, you are with us still,  
By lake and woodland, valley and hill.  
Ever your voices chime with ours;  
Your eyes bring light to the lonely hours;  
Through joy and sorrow, through work and play,  
Always close, as you are to-day.

Comrades all,  
Ere the shadows fall  
Answer us still when you hear the call.  
Day by day,  
Though you're far away,  
Ever our hearts are with you all.

A.M.R.



MONDAY We have always said, "What would happen if it rained  
 Sept. 4, the last day?" And now we know. Early in the morning it  
 T. 50' B. 29.44 was crystal clear, and calm. But the minute the south  
 S. W. Rain.

wind sprang up the clouds sprang with it, and by the middle of the morning we were beginning to shake our heads. It is all very well to say that we must scout; but there is such a thing as common sense. And to lie out in the rain, or even crawl in the rain, for three hours of a chilly afternoon would be neither common nor sensible. So there was no last day of scouting, and the cup goes to the Iroquois by one game.

Mrs. Chase came over in the morning, and spent most of the day, and C. W. came out from Gardiner in the afternoon.

At afternoon reading we finished "Nicholas Nickleby"; "left the lovers loving, and the parents (or at least the Cheerybles) signing checks." It is a very satisfactory book.

DORMITORY BEAN-BAG TOURNAMENT.  
NORTH vs. SOUTH.

North.							
Corning	0	3	2	1	3	Total	9
Davidge	4	3	3	4	3	"	17
T. Curtis	3	2	4	3	3	"	15
Miner	1	4	1	2	1	"	9
	<u>8</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>10</u>		<u>50</u>

South.							
Bennett	2	1	4	2	3	Total	12
Train	1	1	2	1	2	"	7
Smedberg	2	2	1	0	2	"	7
Andrew	0	2	3	0	0	"	5
	<u>5</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>7</u>	"	<u>31</u>

SHORT vs. MAMMOTH.

Short.							
Goodhue	1	2	1	2	2	Total	8
Austin	3	3	0	3	3	"	12
P. Curtis	2	3	2	3	1	"	11
Van Fen	<u>3</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>1</u>	"	<u>6</u>
							<u>37</u>

Mammoth.

Leland	1	2	1	1	1	Total	6
Chase	1	1	3	2	1	"	8
Stackpole	0	0	0	1	#0	"	1
Morse	2	1	1	0	2	"	6
	<u>4</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>4</u>		<u>21</u>

#De Warzee takes Stackpole's place.

## FINALS:

SHORT vs. NORTH.

<u>Short.</u>							
Van Fen.	2	1	1	2	4	Total	10
Goodhue	0	0	2	1	0	"	3
F. Curtis	2	1	0	0	4	"	7
Austin	5	2	1	1	0	"	9
	<u>9</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>8</u>		<u>29</u>

North.

Corning	1	2	1	1	3	"	8
Davidge	1	2	3	1	1	"	8
T. Curtis	1	1	3	0	1	"	6
Miner	1	3	1	1	0	"	6
							<u>28</u>

It was a hot contest all through, and as can be seen, in the finals the men were feeling the terrific strain that they been under in the earlier rounds.

BATCHELOR'S FOW vs. FORMITORIES.Batchelor's Fow.

L.C.Z.	2	2	5	2	3	Total	14
Paine	1	2	1	2	3	"	9
A.T.	2	1	3	3	2	"	11
C.H.F.	4	4	4	3	3	"	18
	<u>9</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>11</u>		<u>52</u>

Formitories.

J.R.	4	1	4	4	4	Total	17
H.V.v.H.	2	3	2	1	1	"	9
J.G.	2	4	5	3	0	"	14
T.L.	2	1	4	2	3	"	12
	<u>10</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>8</u>		<u>52</u>

While these brilliant events were going on on the piazza, ping-pong, progressive and plain, occupied two tables in the big room. For a while it was progressive at one table and single sets at the other, but as it got more crowded the single players had to give up, and give the progressives a chance.



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

PROGRESSIVE PING-PONG.

Farnsworth beat Newbold  
A.M.F. beat Hallonell  
Meeker beat De Warzee  
J.F. beat L.C.?

As can be imagined, the winners of the last set had not been playing in the earlier sets. The results given below, were those of sets after most of the bean-bag players had come in.

Table A.

Payson beat Leland  
P. Curtis beat Davidge  
Payson beat Davidge  
Davidge beat Payson

Table B.

T. Curtis beat Van.  
Austin beat Van.  
Van beat Austin  
T. Curtis beat Miner  
T. Curtis beat Miner.

Singles.

Payson beat H. Whittermore, 6-1.  
Hallonell beat Liggett, 6-4.  
Edwards beat Eggleston, 6-5.

HALF-PAST EIGHT INDOOR SCOUTING.

This was a tremendous and thrilling innovation. Indoor scouting has always been peculiarly a half-past nine game; and when the announcement was made, the shout that greeted it rang from the slopes of Bickford Hill to the Mousetrap. Sides were chosen, obstacles arranged, and they started.

The score card tells the story pretty plainly. The Cherokees won all three games, though the last went to them by only one shot. Deaths and shots do not quite balance, but there was not time to go over the score of each game and straighten it out. As is always the case, the third game was devoted largely to making runs, with killing as a side-issue.

Leland and C. Whittermore each made three shots in one game. This is the best firing in the series. The Curtises starred in running, T. Curtis getting two runs in one game, and P. Curtis two in the first and third.

Mackie was killed in only one game. After the first he managed to find a lonely place in the middle, where nobody



MONDAY found him, and escaped destruction.  
(Cont'd.)

A fourth game was played, which did not get on the score card because it was not arranged for extras. Who ever heard of a scouting card with more than three games on it? This was a funny game, because after the blindfolding signal was given all the obstacles were quietly removed. The warriors scouted just as carefully as if the room had been full of tables and chairs, and when the "All in" sounded and the bandages came off, they were for the most part too excited to notice the trick that had been played on them. This game also went to the Cherokees, 9 runs - 8.

Blackfoot	1	2	3	Cherokees	1	2	3
Ward	X.	1	X	Union	X	X.	1
Eggleston		1	X	V. Carter	2	2	X
Lincoln		X		Beland	1	X	X
Edwards	X	X	X	C. White	X	1	X
Wright	X	X		Stecher	X.	1	1
Wright	X	X.		De Wange	X.	1	1
Wright	1	X		Peabody		1	1
Chase	X	X	X	Hall	X.	1	1
Wright	X		X	Andrew	X	X	1
Wright	X	X	1	Wright	X.	1	1
J. Carter	X.	X.		H. White	1	1	X
Wright	X		1	Wright	X		
9	7	3	10	5	2	4	3
8	8	4	4	9	7	3	4

At supper the two captains, L.C.Z. and J.F., filled and passed the scouting cup, and when all glasses were full, Skipper said a word about what we had perhaps gained from not having the last scouting afternoon; that we had shown that we were not too keen set on winning, but could take the disappointment and go on our way.

J.F. also complimented the camp on the cheerfulness with which the disappointment had been taken, and went on to speak of



MCNAY the interesting points of the season. He congratulated the Iroquois on their playing, both their high average and brilliant individual records. It is not often that one side wins all three games in an afternoon. The spirit on both sides has been fine; as keen as possible, but with no kicks nor gouching.

L.C.Z. also spoke of the spirit shown this afternoon, and complimented the Algonquins on losing their last chance at the cup so cheerfully. In such a close and hot season neither side could feel easy for a single game. He laid the improvement in Iroquois strategy largely to C.W., who was captain last year, and complimented C.F.B., J.G., and H.V.v.H. He then read the honor list of the boys:

	<u>Killed.</u>	<u>Shots.</u>	<u>Runs.</u>
Miner:	8	23	5
Corning:	6	20	4
Chase	5	14	2
Goodhue	8	14	4
Houghton	4	9	5
Morse	9	10	7

He spoke of the importance of the playing of the boys, and laid the spirit of good feeling largely to J.R. After all, he said, good Iroquois or good Algonquins are only secondary. "Scouting should make, and does make, good Merryweathers."

J.F. then gave the Algonquin honor list:

	<u>Killed.</u>	<u>Shots.</u>	<u>Runs.</u>
Davidge:	11	25	4
Bennett:	8	18	2
P. Curtis	9	12	3

These are the only three boys on the side that are ahead of the even mark.

L.C.Z. then proposed the health of the Algonquins and J.R.

J.F. responded with "The Iroquois, and L.C.Z."

R.E. proposed "Last year's captains."



MONDAY C.F., when called upon for a speech, disclaimed all (Cont'd.) responsibility for last year's strategy, and said that he used to make all sorts of plans, which were never followed. L.C.Z. and the other old players, he said really did it.

T.L., when asked to speak, objected that evrything had been said. This had been his best year, because the longer you play the more you learn to respect your enemy. Scouting develops the individual and he gains as much as the crowd does, though he doesn't realize it till later.

The various cups, which had arrived at the eleventh hour, were then presented, as follows:

Track and Field Cups.

Class A : Train and Van Besselaer. (Tied for first place)

Class B : Chase.

Class C : Breckinridge. (Not present, so it will be sent.)

Dormitory Cups.

- 1 Bennett
- 2 Leland
- 3 Paine

Honorable mention, T. Curtis, Chase.

Then we went back to scouting. H.V.v.H. said that he had played many games in a checkered career, and had heard of scouting for two years. He had supposed it to be a mild little game, but had never seen a game that could hold a candle to it. No other game in which two men of unequal size could meet on equal terms.

"It is a game of gentlemen. You can cheat if you want to, but we don't." He plans to start it in Honolulu, and will meet us with a picked team in Kansas, to scout in the cornfields. He ended with a toast, "To all scouts, past and present, and to next year's winners."

C.H.F. would not have believed that a game so absolutely dependent on honour could go so well, and spoke of the splendid



MONDAY training for honesty through life.  
(Cont'd.)

C.W. here proposed "All up on our hindlegs, to the people who have made it possible--"Skipper and Mrs. Richards."

Skipper told us a little about how the game started, and the funny time that we had with it as originally tried.

J.G. told us some of his experiences, and dwelt with pathos on his age and infirmities.

J.R. then said a word of Moulton Bartlett, to whom we owe the scouting cup, and whose memory is so dear to those of us who knew him.

And so ends the scouting season of 1916; with less excitement than usual, of course, but with all possible good fellowship. We are Merryweathers before we are Algonquins and Iroquois.

The table was cleared, and most of us collected round T.L. and the piano till bonfire time. It was wet enough for the fire to be perfectly safe, and the longer we stayed there the safer it got, for the rain came down harder and harder. There could be no question of anything but watching it for a little while and then coming down to get dry.

The drying process was helped by a good round of "Going to Jerusalem", and a plate of fudge, to say nothing of a roaring fire that was almost as hot as the bonfire.

Then the half-past niners had "A Touch of Nature", and "The Lost Blend", and ended with our last full-sized Taps for the season.



TUESDAY      The sky evidently sympathized with us, and shed  
 Sept. 5  
 T. 53      tears at the thought of breaking up. It was well-meant,  
 B. 29.3  
 N.E.      but we wished it wouldn't. There was a fire on the  
 Rainy.

point for early swim, but even so no one had to be driven out of the water.

Breakfast was rather a come and go meal, for Arthur Meeker had so many things in his trunk that it wouldn't shut till reasoned with, and Hy Haarstick's was even worse. Faculty and prefects dodged in and out, snatching a bite and then going back to trunks. A.T. went off early on the trunk wagon, and Beef said "Last call for mail" at an unearthly hour, and went down to the station to help him.

It was not actually raining when we got into the wagons. C.F.B. was still in his old familiar three-year-old trousers, the pair with eight patches, but he pitched his suit-case into the wagon, which looked as if he were really going.

All the way down we sang, and though it rained at intervals we had a merry ride.

When the train pulled in there was plenty of time for good-byes, as the trunks had to be put in. It was in the main a tidy crowd. To be sure, Dick Liggett had no hat, and Bud Farnsworth's necktie was mostly stuffing, but Pudwuddle had on garters, and Pie and T. Curtis had turned an honest penny shining shoes.

But C.F.B. really went just that way; the faithful trousers, heavy woolen socks pulled up over them, holes in his sneakers, oil-skin coat, his scouting hat with the safety-pin still in it, a straw in the band of it, and another straw in his mouth. That was the last glimpse, as the train pulled out.

Well, we came back to camp, and found that Mackie's fam-



TUESDAY      ily had come for him.  
(Cont'd.)

I forgot to mention the departure of the four that were going north and east. They left a little early, in Anderson's Ford, and a rather tight fit they were. Corning, Paine, Train, and Chanler; Chu-Chu uncommonly dressy, and Marion all dressed for his tramp from Belfast to Camden, even to his pack.

Those remaining are as follows: all the faculty, except O.H.B. and C.F.B.; Van, Miner, Newbold, Auchincloss, Andrew, and Te Warzee. We have never had so many stay over, and it is very jolly, in spite of what we miss.

After dinner we began "The Fanvers Jewels", and then A.T. and J.G. started off on a camping trip; going round the world, if you please, in the Worromontogus. We shall see them some time tomorrow.

About three o'clock we manned the Ouananiche, and went across the pond to the caves. We found apple tree and trail both in good condition, in spite of J.G.'s derisive remarks, and soon reached the wonderful shelf and the view. We didn't go into the caves, because fat people like Fanny and Guy might so easily stick in them, but we climbed all about, Van keeping in touch with the rest of the party by tooting on his whistle. Then we tried the echo, and got wonderful answers. It came back so many times that we got a chord, the last note of one repeat sounding with the first note of another. It was very, very pretty.

Some of us climbed a pine tree on top of the hill, and were much surprised to find a spade there, strung on one of the branches. The question is, did the tree grow up through its handle years ago, and lift it as it grew; or did some idiot go

TUESDAY up and painfully stick it there?and if the latter,why?  
 (Cont'd.)  
 We fear we shall never know the truth in this matter.

We got home a little late to supper, but tasted all the better when we got at it. And the fire was wonderful. Altogether we did not envy our camping-trip couple.

After supper we had music for a while, and then more of "The Ianvers Jewels". And we may as well confess here that we finished it after the half-past eighters went to bed. Wasn't that shocking!

GOODBYE!

-----  
 Air; "Begone, dull Care!" )  
 -----

Goodbye, dear boys!  
 Go home to your school and your play;  
 Goodbye, dear boys,  
 Good fortune go with you today!  
 And here's a hand to clasp in yours,  
 A cheer to bid farewell,  
 And a wish, dear boys,  
 More loving than words can tell.

-----  
 Through brief, bright days,  
 Together we've worked and played,  
 Through greenwood ways  
 Together we've merrily strayed.  
 The waves have waited on your step,  
 The winds have blown your will,  
 And in thought, dear boys,  
 You'll linger beside us still.

-----  
 Come back, dear boys!  
 When Summer comes singing again,  
 Bring back, dear boys,  
 The merriest hearts in her train.  
 Good luck to all; no ill befall,  
 But happiness all the way;  
 Goodbye, dear boys!  
 Our blessing go with you today!

XXXXXXXX

L.E.R.



# SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	R.B.	Ave.
C.F.B. Jr.	3	15	5	8	3	1	1	2	0	.533
A.T.	3	14	7	6	1	1	0	2	0	.429
T.L.	3	12	4	5	2	0	0	1	1	.417
Morse	3	12	1	4	2	0	0	1	0	.333
L.C.Z.	3	14	4	4	0	0	0	1	0	.286
Chase	3	11	2	3	1	0	0	4	2	.272
J.G.	1	4	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	.250
O.H.R.	3	11	3	2	1	0	0	1	1	.181
J.R.	3	13	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	.154
H.V.v.H.	2	7	3	1	0	0	0	2	2	.143
Paine	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	5	0	.111
P.S.P. Jr.	2	10	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	.100
Austin	3	14	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	.071
Van Ren.	3	11	4	0	0	0	0	4	3	.000
Davidge	3	12	3	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
Train	2	9	2	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000
P. Curtis	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Miner	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
H. Whit.	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Corning	2	9	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000
Smedberg	2	6	2	0	0	0	0	6	3	.000
Bennett	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000

## VISITORS.

R.P.H.	1	5	3	5	2	1	0	0	0	1,000
H.B.D.	1	4	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	.750
C.T.L.	1	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	.333

Compiled by P.S.P. Jr.

# SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
H.V.v.H.	4	15	5	8	1	0	0	2	2	.533
C.F.B.Jr.	4	18	5	9	3	1	1	3	0	.500
A.T.	4	18	8	8	2	1	0	3	0	.444
T.L.	5	19	4	7	2	0	0	3	1	.369
Morse	4	17	4	6	2	1	0	1	0	.353
J.R.	4	18	5	6	1	1	0	2	0	.333
T.Curtis	2	7	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	.286
L.C.Z.	4	18	5	5	1	0	0	2	0	.278
Chase	5	19	5	5	1	0	0	4	3	.263
O.H.R.	4....	14	5	3	2	0	0	1	1	.214
J.G.	3	9	2	1	0	0	0	5	2	.111
Paine	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	5	0	.111
Davidge	5	19	3	2	0	0	0	4	3	.105
Bennett	4	12	2	1	0	0	0	4	2	.083
P.S.P.Jr.	3	14	4	1	0	0	0	1	0	.071
Austin	3	14	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	.071
Corning	4	17	3	1	0	0	0	7	0	.059
Van Ren.	5	19	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Dwight	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
H.Whit.	3	13	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
P.Curtis	2	5	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Train	3	12	2	0	0	0	0	8	0	.000
Miner	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Smedberg	2	6	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

## VISITORS.

R.P.H.	1	5	3	5	2	1	0	0	0	1,000
H.B.D.	1	4	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	.750
C.T.L.	1	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	.333
R.G.H.	2	8	4	2	0	0	0	1	1	.250
J.A.L.Jr.	1	4	3	1	1	0	0	1	0	.250

Compiled by P.S.P.Jr.



## JUNIOR BATTONG AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.F.B. Jr.	2	10	7	7	3	2	1	0	1	.700
Austin	2	10	7	5	0	0	0	0	1	.500
Van Ren.	1	4	1	2	1	0	0	0	1	.500
Morse	1	5	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	.400
Davidge	2	7	4	2	0	0	0	1	4	.286
Train	2	8	7	2	0	0	0	0	2	.250
Bowden	2	8	2	2	0	0	0	3	0	.250
Bennett	2	10	7	2	0	0	0	2	1	.200
Payson	1	5	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	.200
Miner	2	7	3	1	0	0	0	1	3	.143
Leland	2	7	2	1	0	0	0	0	4	.143
Smedberg	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	.111
P. Curtis	2	5	3	0	0	0	0	3	5	.000
Corning	1	6	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
T. Curtis	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Chase	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Goodhue	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Paine	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
H. Whitt.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Liggett	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	1	4	.000
Edwards	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000

## VISITORS.

C.H.C.	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	3	3	.000
P.B.	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
F.P.	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000

Compiled by P.S.P. Jr.

## JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.F.B.Jr.	5	22	13	14	6	3	1	3	2	.636
Austin	2	10	7	5	0	0	0	0	1	.500
P.S.P.Jr.	3	15	7	7	2	1	0	1	0	.466
Steinwedel	2	8	3	3	2	0	0	1	0	.375
Van Ren.	4	16	7	6	1	0	0	1	2	.375
Morse	4	19	6	6	3	0	0	2	0	.316
Bennett	5	23	12	6	2	0	0	3	3	.261
Bowden	2	8	2	2	0	0	0	3	0	.250
Train	4	16	9	3	1	0	0	0	3	.188
Davidge	5	17	8	3	0	0	0	5	9	.177
Dwight	2	7	2	1	1	0	0	1	1	.143
Miner	5	21	5	3	0	0	0	6	3	.143
Chase	4	15	9	2	0	0	0	2	5	.133
Wheelock	2	9	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.111
Smedberg	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	.111
Leland	3	11	4	1	0	0	0	1	6	.090
P.Curtis	5	15	3	1	0	0	0	4	6	.066
H.Whitt.	4	15	3	1	0	0	0	4	4	.066
Payson	4	15	1	1	0	0	0	3	1	.066
Liggett	5	18	3	1	0	0	0	1	4	.055
T.Curtis	4	17	4	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Corning	2	9	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Goodhue	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Paine	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Edwards	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000

## VISITORS.

J.A.L.	1	4	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	.250
C.H.C.	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	3	3	.000
P.B.	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
F.P.	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000

Compiled by P.S.P.Jr. He got up before six o'clock the morning after the Mt. Blue trip, to finish them for me before I left.



## HEIGHT STATISTICS.

NAME.	HEIGHT.	CAIR SINCE 1915.
Chandler	5'11 15/16"	
Morse	5'10 3/4"	
Berrett	5'10 1/4"	2 5/8"
Forcer	5'10 1/4"	
Wright	5'9 3/4"	
Har	5'9 3/8"	1 7/16"
Paine	5'9 1/4"	2 7/8"
Van Besselaer	5'8 3/8"	
Steinvecell	5'8"	
Carey	5'7 1/4"	1 1/4"
T. Curtis	5'6 3/4"	1 1/8"
Necker	5'6 3/8"	2 3/16"
Payson	5'6 3/8"	2 1/8"
Trair	5'6 3/8"	
Houghton	5'6 3/4"	2 3/8"
H. Whittmore	5'6 3/4"	1"
Austin	5'6 5/8"	1 5/8"
Wheelock	5'6 3/8"	2 1/4"
Liggett	5'6 3/16"	
Auchincloss	5'6 1/8"	
Mirer	5'6 3/8"	2 1/4"
E. Curtis	5'6 1/4"	2"
Hallowell	5'6"	
Levholt	5'6"	1 3/4"
Flatt	5'5 1/8"	
Andrew	5'5 1/16"	
Frecker	5'5"	2 3/8"
Breckinridge	5'11 3/4"	
Coring	5'11 3/4"	1 7/8"
Edwards	5'11 1/4"	
Javidge	5'10 3/4"	
Chase	5'10 1/2"	
Richerts	5'10 1/8"	
Eggleston	5'10 1/4"	
Coccyar	5'9 3/8"	
Ielrod	5'9 3/16"	1 3/16"
Cocotte	5'9 1/16"	1 5/16"
Clarke	5'9"	
Feakocy	5'8 1/4"	
C. Whittmore	5'8 1/4"	
Barrowell	5'7 1/16"	
Macfie	5'6 1/8"	
De Varree	5'6 3/8"	
Stachyle	5'6"	1 3/8"
F. J.	5'11 1/2"	6' 3/4"
G. J.	5'10 3/8"	5'10 3/8"
T. J.	5'10 3/8"	6'
I. V. V. F.	5'11 3/8"	5'11 3/8"
G. C.	5'9 1/8"	5'9 5/8"
I. C. 2.	5'10 3/4"	

Best Cair since 1915, I. Whittmore, 6' 3/4"

Total length, 97 yds. 2 ft. 8 in.

## WEIGHT STATISTICS FOR 1916.

Name.	First Weight.	Final Weight.	Gain or loss.
Javidge	77 3/4	85	7 1/4
Andrew	81 1/2	88	6 1/2
Mackie	63	69 1/4	6 1/4
Eggleston	76 3/4	82 3/4	6
Liggett	94 1/4	100 1/4	6
H. Whittemore	92	98	6
Leland	70 1/4	75 1/2	5 1/4
Roberts	74 3/4	80	5 1/4
Paine	120 1/2	125 1/4	4 3/4
Bennett	125	129 1/4	4 1/4
Van Besselaer	135	139 1/4	4 1/4
Goodhue	72	76	4
Payson	127	131	4
Farnsworth	65	68 3/4	3 3/4
Corning	88	91 1/4	3 1/4
T. Curtis	100	103	3
Chase	81	83 3/4	2 3/4
Norse	138	140 1/2	2 1/2
Peabody	72 1/2	74 1/2	2
Houghton	95 1/2	97	1 1/2
De Varzee	62 1/2	64	1 1/2
Stackpole	72 1/2	73 1/4	3/4
Train	131	131 1/2	1/2
P. Curtis	93 1/2	93 3/4	1/4
Finer	93 1/4	93 1/4	0
Newbold	106	105 1/2	1/2
Chanler	176	174 1/2	1 1/2
Freckinridge	89	86	3
Carey	131	126 3/4	4 1/4
Hollowell	110	104 3/4	5 1/4
Hun	206 1/2	180 1/4	26 1/4
ONE MONTH.			
Dwight	128 3/4	135	6 1/4
Steinwedell	118 1/4	124 1/4	6
Edwards	95 1/2	98 4/5	3 3/4
Clarke	72 3/4	75 3/4	3
Powden	125	127 3/4	2 3/4
Meeker	122 1/2	125	2 1/2
Auchincloss	85 3/4	88	2 1/4
C. Whittemore	66 1/4	67	3/4
Wheelock	129 1/4	129 1/4	0
Smacher	94 1/4	94	1/4
Goodyear	82 1/2	80	2 1/2
Austin	114	112 1/2	1 3/4
Flatt	103	98	5
Best gain for season, Javidge, 7 1/4.			
Best gain for month, Dwight, 6 1/4.			
Faculty data are not complete, but we note the following:			
C.H.F.	157 1/2	178	20 1/2
A.T.	150	164 1/2	14 1/2
J.C.	111	156	12
I.C.S.	157	162	7
C.F.P.Jr.	162	168 1/2	6 1/2
F.S.I.Jr.	150 1/2	155 1/2	5 1/2
H.V.V.F.	157	159 1/4	6 3/4
T.I.	168	160	8
J.F.	197	180 1/4	16 3/4



WEDNESDAY J.F. left this morning for a trip to Bigelow,  
 Sept. 6, Easterly, which he plans to climb as soon as this weather  
 Spatters of clears up. We suppose it will do it some day.  
 rain.

People have mostly moved into the North now, but no tents  
 have come down yet, as they are too damp.

Besides yard and lamp squads this morning, there were  
 various other kinds of work done. T.I. put the last stringers  
 on the crib-work, and then joined L.C.Z. and C.W., who had  
 become a logging squad. They brought down a good load of logs,  
 by boat, and then cut some dead trees round camp. In the top  
 of one we found four bats, very much jarred by their tumble,  
 and very cross. One swore hard, and tried to bite, poor little  
 beast. We put them under the eaves of the Cuernaniche slip, but  
 before long they all flew away.

Swim was short and snappy. One hardly needs to be told to  
 come out in this kind of weather.

Just before dinner A.T. and J.G. hove in sight. We had  
 not expected them till the middle of the afternoon, but here  
 they were. They missed the station on Kessalonskee, as it was  
 pitch dark when they struck the lake, and neither of them had  
 ever been on it before, and paddled all the way to Oakland. When  
 they found out their mistake they paddled back, and camped  
 close to the station, where the trains kept them from feeling  
 lonely in the night. They were gone from Camp twenty-one hours  
 and thirty-seven minutes!

In the afternoon, as it was too threatening to go far,  
 F.B., A.M.F., and the half-past eighters took a walk. We had  
 some hope of blackberries, but the drought has pretty well  
 spoiled them. So we went over to the old house by the bog, and



WEDNESDAY sampled various kinds of apples, in various stages  
(Cont'd.)

of unripeness. We also brought home pennyroyal, and a good  
bunch of wild sunflowers.

H.V.v.H. and A.T. did great work on the roof of the pent-  
house south of the ice-house, and the former also put in place  
an oak chopping-block.

L.C.Z., C.W., and Skipper were very late to supper. They  
went up beyond Fourway Lodge lumbering, and brought down a fine  
boat-load of pine.

Auchincloss has started a fine game, which everyone has  
been playing more or less in the intervals. You take a stick  
and fasten a string to one end, and then hitch a little wooden  
arrow to the end of the string. You can snap the arrow a really  
surprising distance. He calls it a Swiss bow and arrow.

Van went off with his family for most of the afternoon.

At afternoon reading we began "Prince Prigio."

The first letters came this afternoon, from Smeddy and the  
Whittemores. They had a fine journey, scouting almost the whole  
way behind the chairs. This is a wholly new form of the game  
so far as we know. Weren't they good to write so soon?

#### TENTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Mary had a Little Lamb"...T.L.
2. Song, "In Foreign Parts".....T.L.
3. Cowboy Song.....L.C.Z.
4. Hawaiian Interlude.....H.V.v.H., A.T.
5. Coruses.....A lot, too many to put down.
6. "The Stage-driver's Story".....T.L.
7. Stunt, "The Bailiff's Laughter".....F.F. & Co.
8. Duett.....T.L., A.M.F.

#### CAMP SONG.



WEDNESDAY  
Cont'e.)  
performance?

Pretty gay, wann't it, for an after-season

The variations on "Mary had a little lamb" are extraordinary. He gave us four of the most striking; Tchaikovsky, De Bussy, Wagner, and Liszt. Perhaps the Wagner one, "Sieglinde swimming the Rhine, pursued by the electric ram", is the most dramatic, but it is hard to choose; and there are a great many more in the set.

"In Foreign Parts" is T.L.'s setting of a "ballad" of L.E.B.'s, and it is a joy. You really need to sit and look over the music while it is sung, for the names of the motifs, and the stage directions, are too good to lose. "The valse of the canal-boats" is perhaps our favorite theme in this immortal work, but it is hard to particularize.

L.C.Z. tried to get out of singing the Cowboy song again but we had it all, and we are learning to do the chorus pretty well.

Our two Hawaiians came in full dress; all in white, with scarlet sashes and leis. (Know what a lei is? A wreath, in this case of scarlet; it may be made of ferns, or any flowers, or even of three red napkins knotted together.) They gave us several good songs, with mandolin and ukulele accompaniment, and ended with the "Honolulu Cowboy", which is the one we like best of all. No, I am wrong; they ended with "Aloha", which is even prettier.

T.L. gave us the amazing story of the three coach-wheels, one of the best things that Bret Harte ever did.

"The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" makes a very good set of scenes. Miner was such a charming youth that we did

WEDNESDAY not need to be told that he was well-beloved. He  
(Cont'd.)  
would be.

Auchincloss was most impressive as the stern Squire, and  
we wish the ballad gave us more of him. Van was charming as the  
lady, and one wondered why the Squire and his friends, ably  
portrayed by Andrew, Newbold, and De Warzee, should have made  
such a fuss. But never mind. All ended happily, and father and  
friends united in giving their blessing.

Tschaikowsky's "Italian Caprice" is a thrilling thing to  
play, even though there are places where one has to sketch  
rather than play. You see it was written for full orchestra,  
and a piano, with all its good points, can't quite do it all.  
But isn't it splendid?

When the camp song was over we set the table at once, for  
fear some might fall asleep in the plates. After that almost  
all the faculty went to bed, but the survivors had "The Bottle  
Imp." And then C.W. and L.C.Z. had a swim! Brrrrrrrrrrrr!

"I wadna hae swum that wan water

For a' the gowd in Christentie!"

We agree with Lord Scrooge when it comes to swimming at  
night in such weather.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Characters: King.  
 Queen.  
 Princess.  
 Prince.  
 Four Fairies.  
 Courtiers.  
 Ladies.

## Scene I.

King, Queen, and Court.

King and Queen: (Air, "The Island.")  
 Dear subjects, we greet you,  
 We're happy to meet you,  
 And give you a welcome most hearty.  
 Be quiet as may be  
 And don't wake the baby,  
 But join in our christening party.

Chorus: Oh, 'tis a wonderful party,  
 A glittering, frittering party!  
 Never a ball  
 In palace or hall  
 Can match with our christening party.

Courtiers and Ladies:  
 O monarchs resplendent,  
 Your nobles attendant  
 Rejoice that you're feeling quite smartly:  
 We love and revere you,  
 We're proud to be near you,  
 And join in your christening party.

Chorus: Oh, 'tis an elegant party!  
 What rapture to come to the party!  
 All the world o'er  
 Never before  
 Has seen such a christening party!

(Enter three Fairies. They come forward and sing. Air  
 "Frere Jacques.")

Hither, fairies,  
 Hither, fairies,  
 Hither, fairies,  
 One, two, three,  
 One two, three,  
 One, two, three.  
 Baby's in the cradle,  
 Baby's in the cradle,  
 Baby's in the cradle;  
 Come and see,  
 Come and see,  
 Come and see!

First Fairy: (Air: "Au clair de la lune.")

Oh she shall be lovely,  
Oh she shall be fair;  
Eyes like April violets,  
Golden clouds her hair.

Cheeks and lips of cherry,  
Teeth of orient pearls;  
Gay and glad and merry,  
Happiest of girls.

Fairies: Hither, fairies, etc.

Second Fairy. Oh, she shall be gentle,  
Oh, she shall be good;  
Never speak a single  
Naughty word or rude.

In our hearts we'll throne her,  
Sweet as she is fair;  
All who see shall own her  
Queen beyond compare.

Fairies: Hither, fairies, etc.

Third Fairy. Oh, she shall have riches,  
More than you can count;  
Fairies are not witches,  
Trust to our account!

Rubies for her necklace,  
Diamonds for her crown;  
Precious stones a-sparkling  
Over all her gown.

Fairies: Hither fairies, etc.

Enter Fourth Fairy, and sings: Air, "Frere Jacques".)

No one asked me,  
No one asked me,  
No one asked me  
For to come,  
For to come,  
For to come.  
Baby's in the cradle,  
Baby's in the cradle,  
Baby's in the cradle;  
Hum, hum, hum!  
Hum, hum, hum!  
Hum, hum, hum!

(Air, "Au clair de la lune.")

When she grows a maiden  
She shall learn to spin.  
See the distaff laden,  
See the work begin.

Ah! she pricks her finger,  
Slow the distaff twirls.



Hundred years she'll linger,  
Frowsiest of girls.

No one asked me, etc.

-----  
Scene II.

(King, Queen, and Court seated, right and left. Centre, a curtain. All sing. Air; "Chorus from Martha.")

How d'ye do, ma'am,  
How d'ye do, sir?  
What a pleasant evening, I declare!  
Do you like the way she's done her hair?  
Sining ri tum tiddy iddy i?

How d'ye do, sir,  
How d'ye do, ma'am?  
Have you heard the news that's going round?  
No, I've never, never heard a sound!  
Singing ri tum tiddy iddy i!

Did you ever? No, I never, never in my life!  
Well, this world is always full of gossip and of  
strife.

(Conversation continues in dumb show. Curtain in centre is drawn back, showing Fourth Fairy spinning. Enter Princess, who sings: Air, "Comin' thro' the Eye.")

Princess: Kind old woman,  
Dear old woman,  
Teach me how to spin!  
I am yearning  
To be learning,  
How shall I begin?  
Such a whirling,  
Such a twirling,  
Pretty 'tis, I vow.  
I can do it surely too,  
If you'll but show me how.

Fairy: Lovely maiden, royal maiden,  
Gladly I agree.  
Take thy seat, now, pretty sweet, now,  
Hold the thread like me!  
Now 'tis whirling, now 'tis twirling,  
Lightly softly tread.  
So they say, dear, day by day, dear,  
Spin the Fates their thread.

Princess: Dear old woman, kind old woman,  
What a merry play!  
Turning, turning, -see, I'm learning  
How to spin to-day!

Fairy: Swiftly whirling, lightly twirling,  
Pretty 'tis, I vow!  
Now beginning is thy spinning,



And 'tis ended now!

(Princess pricks her finger and falls to the ground. Fairy makes passes over her, then over Court. All sleep.)

Scene III

(Court and Princess asleep.)

Prince sings, outside. Air, "The Merry Swiss Boy."

I wander, I wander, away and away,  
Still seeking for something that's fair;  
And I rather believe I shall find it to-day,  
For success seems to thrill in the air.

I have climbed up the wall,  
I have broken through the keep.  
The inhabitants all  
Are most soundly asleep.  
I wander, I wander, away and away,  
Still seeking for something that's fair.

(While singing the last two lines, he enters, and sees Princess. Amazed and delighted, he sinks on one knee beside her, takes her hand, and kisses her. All awake.)

Queen: (Air, "Chorus from Martha".)  
Goodness gracious!  
Goodness gracious!  
I believe I've had a little nap!  
Why! your beard has grown into your lap!  
Singing ri tum tiddy iddy i!

King: Gracious goodness!  
Gracious goodness!  
I could almost think I'd slept all night!  
Why, my love, your hair is snowy white,  
Singing ri tum tiddy iddy i!

All: All our joints are stiff, and all our locks are white  
as snow!  
'tis the prophecy, the prophecy long ago!

(Prince and Princess come forward and dance, singing.  
Air, "The Merry Swiss Boy.")

Both: We'll wander, we'll wander, away and away,  
Still seeking for something that's fair,  
Though the fairest, the dearest, we're greeting to-day  
In thine eyes, in thy lips, in thy hair.

There are worlds to be won  
By the brave and the young,  
There are deeds to be done,  
There are songs to be sung.  
So we'll wander, we'll wander, away and away,  
Still seeking for something that's fair.



King, Queen, and Court.  
(Air, "Chorus from Martha.")

To the wedding,  
To the wedding,  
To the wedding let us haste away,  
For there's really nothing left to say,  
Singing ri tum tiddy iddy i!

Bring a slipper,  
Bring a slipper,  
And confetti and a pound of rice,  
And we'll see them wedded in a trice,  
Singing ri tum tiddy iddy i!

For the hundred years are o'er, and we're awake again!  
Never, never, never such a nap we'll take again!

Dance and Curtain.

THURSDAY, We can't say that it was quite the same weather,  
 Sept. 7,  
 Foggy, for the wind had shifted, but it was just as unsatis-  
 Warmer,  
 S.W. factory for a trip as it it were still easterly.

Great ructions<sup>n</sup> early this morning. C.W. and L.C.Z. stirred  
 up the North Dormitory, and after a good deal of a circus got  
 put down the bank into the pond. They came in to breakfast on  
 crutches, with their heads done up in bandages.

L.G. left us by the morning train. She is going to be in  
 New York this year.

Good letters from Tom Bennett, Pelamon, Bud Farnsworth,  
 Stacky, and C.H.F. They apparently scouted all the way to Bos-  
 ton, playing three series, of twenty games each. The Algonquins  
 won, two out of three.

More lumber brought down to-day, and stacked.

T.L. got down the decorations, and gave the room a wonder-  
 ful tidying up. The books haven't looked so neat all summer.

H.V.v.H. and C.W. did a great job of shingling on the  
 pent-house roof.

Between times almost everyone was practising archery, with  
 Swiss bows and arrows.

Mrs. Van Besselaer came to dinner to-day.

L.F.F. went in to Gardiner this afternoon, to stay till  
 Saturday.

T.L. and A.T. had the Bob White out for an hour or so  
 this afternoon. It is her first trip this year.

Along about half-past four we all got into scouting rig,  
 and had three twenty minute games. We played south of the  
 middle fence (we still call it that) and east of the hone-  
 yard, with one guard to each side.



THURSDAY Sides  
(Cont'd.)  
were chosen by last  
captains.

In the first  
game the Wigs had  
the victory, both in  
shots and runs. C.W.  
scored, and only three  
hit the dust, to five  
the Ties.

After that, how-  
ever, the Ties did  
great shooting, kill-  
ing all but one of  
their opponents in  
the second game, and  
wiping them out in  
the third. In the  
second game they  
also made seven

runs. L.C.Z. and A.T. each made two runs in the second game.  
J.G. and T.L. head the list for marksmanship, with four and  
three shots apiece in one game.

By this time it was getting late, so we moved to the  
Pine parlour, where F.H. had the fire already going. We had co-  
coa and scrambled eggs, and many other good things besides, and  
after the cups had been washed T.L. told us a story about a  
peculiar trail in Canada. Then H.V.v.H. told us "The Hidden  
Spring" again. We stayed till nearly nine o'clock, it was so  
cozy round the fire.

<u>Ties</u>									
T.L.	X				X	...	1		
L.C.Z.							11		1
J.G.	X						1	...	
A.T.	X	.					11	X	
...	X						...	1	.
...	X	.			X				.
...					X			X	
<u>Wigs</u>	5	3			3	6	7	2	7 1
C.W.	X	.	1	1	X			X	
H.V.H.					X			X	
R.S.P.		..			X			X	.
A.M.R.	X	.			X	.		X	
...	X				X			X	
...		.			X	.		X	.
...						.		X	
	3	5	1		3		7	2	

THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The walk home was rather perilous, in spite of a lantern, but we finally got in, and counted noses to see if Newby or Johnny Andrew had fallen over the bank. As for Auk, he was so sound asleep that he didn't seem to know where he was, but as long as the rest of us knew, he couldn't very well get lost.

As soon as the half-past eighters got to bed we set the table, and then several of the faculty followed suit. Great sleeping these nights. But six gallant souls stayed up till ten o'clock with "The Mystery;" a tale that will keep almost anyone awake.

Heavy fog tonight, dripping off everything. It doesn't look like any trip tomorrow. Pretty steady weather, but unfortunately of the wrong kind.





Although a dense fog blew in from the south-west and the bushes dripped with moisture, there was a dry feeling in the air that presaged good weather; the food was ready, the machines in the drive-way, the party enthusiastic; we started. The FIVE-THAKE led the way, and was followed by the FEMCHA, the EARTHQUAKER, and the LAUGHING LASS.

The crews were as follows:

FIVE-THAKE	FEMCHA	EARTHQUAKER	LAUGHING LASS
F.I.	T.I.	C.V.	A.T.
H.VH.	I.C.Z.	F.F.	A.M.F.
Andrey	F.S.F.	Auchincloss	de Varzee
(food)	Newbold	Liner	Van I---

The FEMCHA soon showed signs of a faint heart, which never had fair journey, and which later proved to be the case. The sun was out when the three rear machines stopped on a



PETRIFIED PUBLIC.



side hill ( no badgers ) to boil over and repair the crippled HEMCHA, whose spark-plugs were in poor condition. The adjustment corrected the fault and before many miles we caught up to the leader, who had stopped to wait for us. This seems to have been the chief occupation of the foremost machines most of the way to the foot of the mountain. By high noon all four busses had safely and successfully climbed the inverted hill while the entire party heralded and escorted them on foot, pushing at the backs of the things now and then, for exercise. I say ALL, and I neglect the facts. The HEMCHA, poor beast, being of great age, arrived at the saw-mill in a hopeless condition, having lost all her teeth from her upper jaw, namely the driving-gear. It shivered as it struggled up the last slope and with a sigh and a last grind of the molars, sank helpless in the dust, no, in the mud. Its party walked on the short remaining distance and soon, having pried various Fords from the soil, we gathered in the apple-orchard near the last rain-house on the road and ate a hasty luncheon, during which time T.I. tried for trout in the nearby brook with flies, and failed miserably.

SKIPPER  
SLIPPING IT  
OVER ON  
THE RAIN

The start up the mountain was made immediately after luncheon, and we progressed in easy stages in indian file, until the terrific speed of Newbold and Andrew caused the rear of the column to fall back to support them. And here the fool weather-man slipped in a thunderous storm, although it was not on the bill of lading. Thunder growled in distance and occasionally lightning turned to yellow the soft shadows of the green forest. Most of the party arrived at the top in time to see the approaching storm gather its power. From the north-west came great reaches of solemn-moving cloud, limitless in the vastness of its rolling embrace, and irresistible in its splendor. The

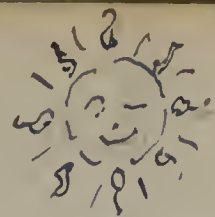


ALRIGHT EXCEPT  
IT LEAKED.

Wind hurled its armies against our mountain and we gasped for breath, the rain drove us to a new and none too water-proof lean-to, shingled the wrong way, of course, and the full force of the storm burst upon us. It was a real storm. For twenty minutes we remained under cover, eating "second chocolate" and drinking water caught in derelict cups found on the mountain. Skipper and C.T. Anderson hove in sight during the worst of the gale, having stood for some time just below us, where the power of



the wind was somewhat broken by the trees. As of the cloudburst abated we came out from the to catch what glimpses we could of the view. driving mist could not altogether hide the elemental majesty of rocks and to blue and



the fury lean-to Even the the grey of the the green of the trees melded through the scudding clouds, the silver and pearl of rift and rain and scatter ing glints where the



sun broke through tinting and shadowing valley and range, more than made up for our damp condition. And damp is putting it mild. Frankly, we were super-saturated, dripping, so that our sneakers squudged at every step. And so, because we were in rather sad plight, and for fear of catching colds, we soon started down the mountain, a bedraggled though happy crowd. At the foot of the trail we wandered a while in the meadows before finding the proper way to the Uttermost farm where we stopped a short while, and then again rustled on down the sodden road to the saw-mill. T.L. had gone on ahead to get what fishing he could below the mill and succeeded in getting a few undersized trout and a couple of shiners for his pains. Below the dam the stream tumbles in three cascades nearly forty feet into a great water-worn rift in the granite ledges and forms a seething pool at the base, where the water boils and jumps in its mad course down the mountain. During our climb the REMORA'S hind legs had been taken down to Phillips, the nearest town, by one of the



VERY BUSY





other machines, and now returned, prostrate, to lie recumbent by the road-side until its owner and driver, Alvah Watson, could in some way or other, get the thing together, and running. He took his medicine like a hero, hired a rickety one-horse affair, not unlike a buckboard might have been before buckboards were invented, and went cheerily to work. When last seen he was cavorting down the mountain road, the hind legs of the REMORA tied to his crazy rig, shouting gaily at his steed and joking with the other Fords as they passed him by. His energy brought him through all right, and he arrived at his own home by the post-office, a very weary gentleman, at 5.30 on Saturday morning.

But to return to our own adventures. In the words of the Nussbaum Brothers, "chust you vait." The crews were re-distributed as follows. FIRE-DRAKE, H.R., H.v H., L.C.Z., Andrew, de Warzee, and C.T. Anderson. LAUGHING LASS, T.L., A.T., A.M.R., Van R---, Newbold, and A. Alexander. EARTHQUAKER, C.W., R.R., P.S.P., Auchincloss, Miner, and George Bernard Tibbets. What follows is an accurate account of the incidents of the return journey.

The EARTHQUAKER started first from the mountain mill, in an alarmingly though well-driven rush down the mountain road. They stopped, half-way down, at the first farm-house, to water

WHERE  
WAS THE  
BATTLE?



the radiator. After two more stops for water, the FIRE-DRAKE ahead of us proved uncatchable, and we waited in the pouring rain while a procession of cars passed us going the wrong way. We heard a Great Horned Owl hoot at us from the slopes of the mountain. P.S.P. made reconnoitering dashes in the rain, and the great Auk bounced about on our toes and knees, as I may say he did for the entire journey. like corn in

a popper. Many more miles in the rain, no car ahead, and Skipper's buss hopelessly vanished behind, no matter how long we waited, or how many more time we stopped for water. C.W. decided that Farmington was probably the general rendezvous, so that we should avoid the bad bridge at New Sharon. We found no friends at Farmington, and Tibbets had developed softening of the brain, and now knew no road home, good or bad. Much running about for other cars with no result. Lost! We pushed on to New Sharon, examining every sign-post and cro s-road, and stopped disconsolate at a covered bridge, and, when all seemed lost, there rattled across the hollow structure the good old LAUGHING LASS! We stopped once more for water, collected in R.R.'s hat by Tibbets, grazed one skunk, broke one chain and lost it, and then, a little later, skidded an entire giant swing round in the clay road. At this point a transfer of passengers between the LAUGHING LASS and the EARTHQUAKER was made, the latter going on ahead in the awful muck with A.M.R., R.R., Auchincloss, Miner, Newbold, and Van R---, followed by the former



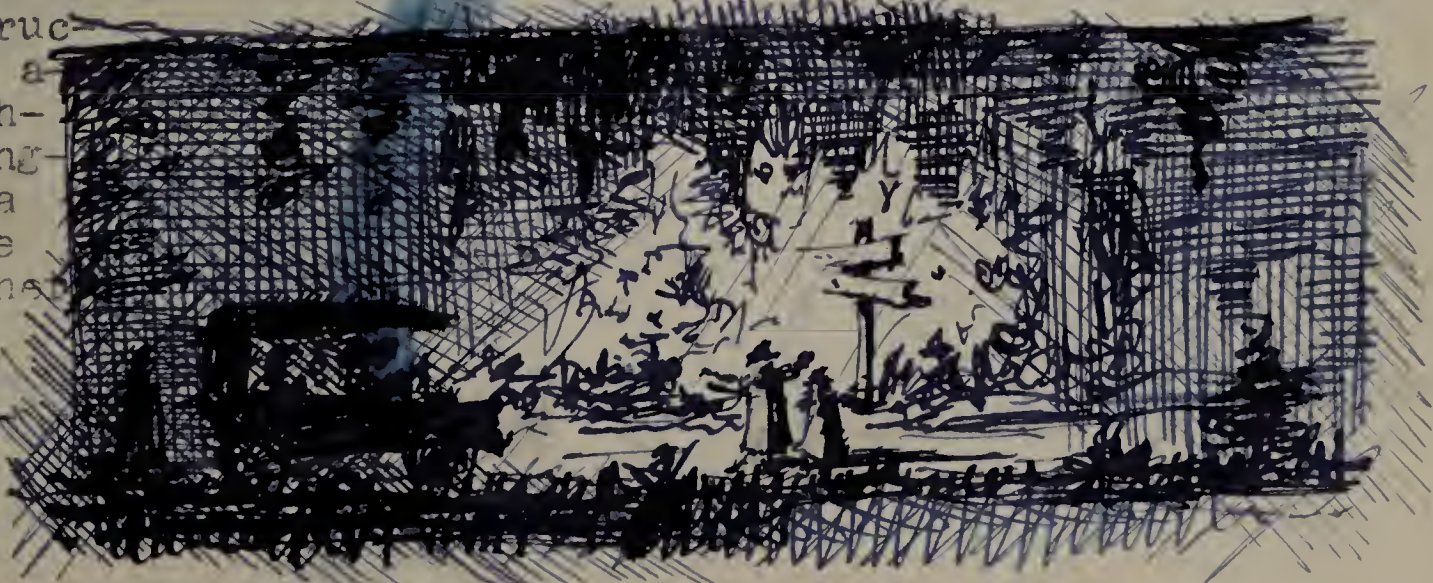
with Tibbets at the wheel, while C.W., T.L., A.T., and P.S.P. followed behind on foot to the bottom of the hill that Tibbets so feared, "jest ahead a little piece", as he expressed it, and in reality a good solid mile of the worst clay wallow in the State.

**YE FIRE DRAKE  
PLAYING TAG WITH  
THE LAUGHING LASS**



From the foot of the hill the two cars proceeded through Mercer and Smithfield to camp, accomplishing the remainder of the journey in the best style. We arrived in the neighborhood of midnight!

The LAUGHING LASS followed the EARTHQUAKER down the mountain at a sane pace, the driver being perfectly sure of himself all the way. At the steepest point in the most precipitous slope of the inverted hill, the LASS was boosted ahead from behind by the enthusiastic FIRE-DRAKE, whose driver had for the moment forgotten the necessity of the reverse as a brake. However nothing serious happened and we again started downwards, seeing to the last of the FIRE-DRAKE until it hove to in camp, soon after our own arrival. We did more hog-wallowing in the next fifteen miles than any machine has a right to, and came through the whole affair so safely that we are willing to offer a vote of thanks to H. FORD, Esq., purveyor of tin barrels, for the cleverness evinced in the construction of such a piece of mechanism. Farmington must be a horrible hole in good weather if we are to judge on our first impression. We got new chains here for the rear wheels and started



**PASTORAL SCENE.**

down the road to West Farmington in a gay frame of mind. No, to



Farmington Falls. Half-way there we struck a slough of mud that held two poor, long-suffering cars. Having ploughed through the mess, we stopped while A.T., and T.L. went back and worked for twenty minutes in mud to the knees, when they finally succeeded in getting the poor things on their way. Coming through the covered bridge at Farmington Falls we were hailed by C.W., and led the way to that camp from that point. At least, for the the car did not shift for the occupants were more than a half hour later.

### YE FIRE-DRAKE GETS GOING!

The FIRE-DRAKE might have been any plain ordinary wild drake on the tip up, flying straight and true to the Mountain Mill. But then, in essaying to reach the Uttermost Farm, his troubles began. The Hill Road had been neglected by the State Highway Commission, and the DRAKE stuck in a mess of soggy clods with which the Old Man of the Mountain had caulked the holes between the rocks of which the road-bed was made, and was abandoned by his crew, who shared, thenceforth, the adventures of the others, until the post-coenacular embarkation. When the REMORA expired and the crews were re-distributed, the DRAKE undertook to carry H.R; H.v H; L.C.Z; Andrew; de Warzee; and C.T.Anderson. The DRAKE depones with much emphasis and some warmth, that his crew weighed an even 1000 lbs., without reckoning the hundred or more lbs. of water brought down from the mountain. and that his later troubles were all due to gross violation of the Plinsoll Act. The DRAKE acted as a rear guard on the return trip, and perhaps it was as well that she did so. On the upper run of the Never-Ending-Hill, the combination of load and grade made him feel so gay that he cocked his tail and started to catch the LAUGHING LASS. H.v H. and L.C.Z. thought little of such goings on and tried to hold him back, but the pia-



— YE END —



feathers they grabbed pulled out, and, with clatter and bang, the DRAKE landed - biff! - full on the LAUGHING LASS! It looked like a bad mix-up, with a pouring rain to mess things and a 22% grade to keep them lively. But Commissioner Andrew took charge with his accustomed alacrity, and the situation was saved - everybody jumped on the Commissioner, and under cover of the torrent of obijuration, the LASS slipped away, and the DRAKE, with spirit broken by cuss-words, limped slowly after.

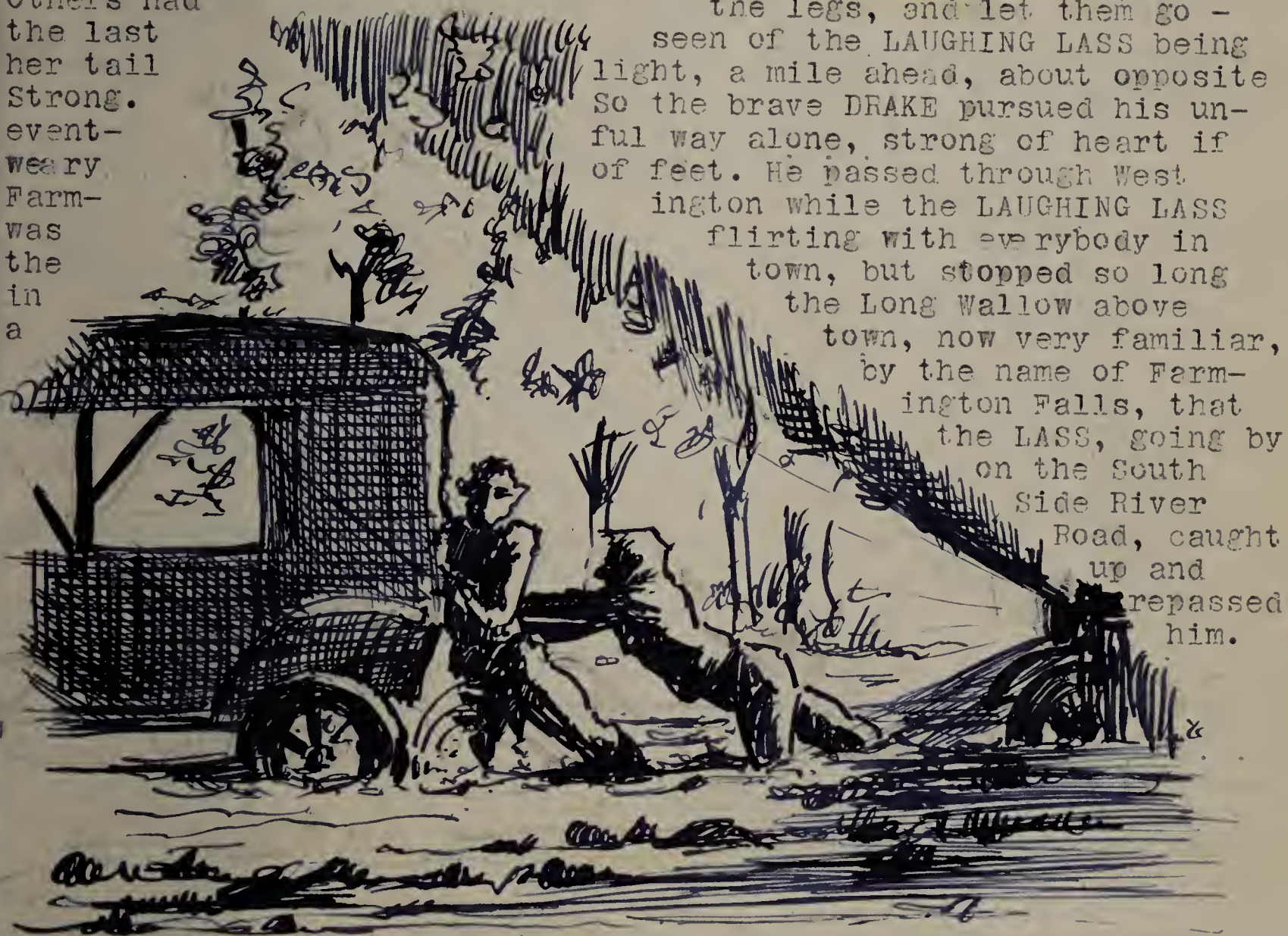
It will be seen that but for the LAUGHING LASS, the DRAKE would be going yet, and it should be added, for historical accuracy, that the brake-shoes of the DRAKE were new, and that their failure was caused by several links of a too-big borrowed chain getting jammed in the brake-gear.

Once on the main road, the DRAKE soon found that the

others had  
the last  
her tail  
Strong.

event-  
weary  
Farm-

was  
the  
in  
a



the legs, and let them go -  
seen of the LAUGHING LASS being  
light, a mile ahead, about opposite  
So the brave DRAKE pursued his un-  
ful way alone, strong of heart if  
of feet. He passed through West  
ington while the LAUGHING LASS  
flirting with everybody in  
town, but stopped so long  
the Long Wallow above  
town, now very familiar,  
by the name of Farm-  
ington Falls, that  
the LASS, going by  
on the South  
Side River  
Road, caught  
up and  
repassed  
him.

And it was only by using his  
head to cut off six miles - crossing  
in by Rome instead of round by Mercer, that  
he caught up and crossed the finish-line only ten minutes late.

#### OFFICIAL SCHEDULE.

left camp	8.40	start down	4.05
arr. Mill	12.00	Uttermost Farm	5.07
Uttermost Farm	12.50	start home	6.50
start up mt.	1.40	arr. home	
arr. top	3.25	L.L.--	11.50
		E.Q.--	11.55
		F.D.--	12.05



Saturday

Sept. 9

T. 64

B. 29. 6

Wind

NW strong.

It is good to feel the northwest wind again. And it is the very same wind that beguiled a summer day not long since and nearly froze some sixteen enthusiastic mountaineers. And said people are up about their business this morning as gay as ever. Breakfast at eight of the clock may have had something to do with it.

A.M.R. left this morning at the early hour of seven for Gardiner, to get ready for the opening of school on Monday next. C.W. accompanied her, and returned on the 2.30 train with L.E.W. Hurrah! L.E.R. and Johnny Wig appeared just before luncheon.

(Having arrived at this point in the doings of the day we discover that the log is usually printed with two spaces instead of one between the lines. We apologize, dry our tears, stow our handkerchief, and proceed as before.)

P.S.P., much to our regret, left with Anderson to catch the Express to Portland that brought C.W. and L.E.W. from Waterville.

The morning squads rather rambled in their efforts and succeeded in accomplishing a little here and a little there, which, after all is a pretty good way to do things.

H.v H., L.C.Z., and T.L. took down the Crow's Nest, Mammoth Cave, and the Doctor's pup-tent in the pines after afternoon reading was over. Van R--, Newbold, Andrew, Auchincloss, de Warzee, Miner and Johnny Wigg helped clear away the mess left, and everything was carted down to the Short to be stacked and piled for the winter.

In the evening we had a charade, the word for which was "Porcupine." Scene one showed a very dismal and wet crowd of campers arriving at the summit of Mt. Blue in a terrific storm. It was acted to a nicety. Experience is a great teacher! They shivered and shook as they dipped the cook--, no, no, I mean they were very cold and miserable. In the second scene Miner and L.C.Z. held a rehearsal of what, when produced, will undoubtedly be a great drama, R.R. prompting, and A.T. so engrossed in learning his lines that he forgot his cue entirely. The third scene showed a most forlorn lady, pining away because of the absence of her loved one, who suddenly appears from South America to walk with her in the garden. In the final scene, when the whole word was enacted, A.T. and L.C.Z. put to test a new pack of rabbit hounds, who entered at full cry, set up a homely little porcupine, and retired full of quills and deep thoughts. (Understand that this here text does not mean to put de Warzee down as ugly, 'cause he isn't.)

Later T.L. played a few things for the ladies, among others, the slow movement of Rubinstein's Sonata in C, and several variations on "Mary had a Little Lamb."

C.W. and family have moved into the Short, which leaves but two tents occupied in Sunshine Alley.

This has been a good day for the log. I'll bet a cookie we will not get another full page for some time.



Sunday

Sept. 10 service came at ten o'clock. Duke, knowing that the boys  
T. 60 had officially departed, tried to attend church, and was  
B. 29.5 speedily ejected by C.W.

Fair The loggist forgot to record a most important thing  
NW that occurred yesterday. In a driving northwester the  
Bob White was twice sailed around Oak for time by two  
different crews. H. v H. and T.L. took her around from north to  
south in forty-five minutes, using four window-weights and Miner  
as ballast. Then C.W. and L.C.Z. took her around the other way,  
from south to north in thirty-four minutes, eleven minutes better  
than than the other crew. They used no Miner for ballast and were  
content with but four window-weights. They sailed in less of a  
gale. but it was superior handling that brought them in so far  
ahead.

Did we mention yesterday that Newbold crowned John  
Andrew with a rock? No? We mention it now.

After reading was over Skipper tested our ideas as  
to an afternoon expedition, and finding us happy in our indolence,  
decided on a picnic on Stevens' beach. We went around in the Ouan-  
aniche, all except R.R., who walked over, and we supped before a  
hot fire on the beach instead of just behind the birches, and as  
we ate, watched the sun set and the moon come into being.

When we returned to camp we had a few hymns before  
half-past eight, and the half-past niners went on with the "Mys-  
tery".

The Malted Milk squad is becoming a regular insti-  
tution, and each evening a little group of cup-bearers is seen  
gathered about the fire in the main-room. Good old Horlick!

Monday

Sept: 11 There seems to be nothing tangible just now in con-  
T. 47 nexion with the morning squads, although they seem to be  
B. 29.5 accomplishing about as much as we do when all hands are  
Clear present. A.T. is the busiest man in camp, taking account  
NW of stock and tearing his hair over the fact that a per-  
fectly good spoon was left on top of Muskrat, and that  
some enthusiast has dropped the only remaining checker-  
game into the pond.

At afternoon reading we finished "Prince Ricardo".  
It is a great tale!

A.T. took the Bob White out for a sail this after-  
noon, and was observed from the shore trying to catch his jib-  
sheets which had whipped loose and were lashing about all over the  
place.

At exactly 2.30 H.v H. and L.C.Z. started around  
the world, in an attempt to beat the record made by A.T. and J.G.  
of 21 hours and 37 minutes. They may be able to do it, although  
there is a brisk southwester in the process of developing.

At about 8.00 P.M. Miss Robertson arrived to take  
Clem away. They are to go to-morrow about mid-day. Clem has never  
stayed so long before, and he has had a good time!

Malted Milk!



Tuesday  
Sept. 12  
T. 54  
B. 29.5  
Clear  
SW

The squad under C.W. that was composed of de Warzee, Auchincloss, and Van B--, accomplished a great deal in the allotted hour and a half. They made a thorough job of the yard, burning up all rubbish, entirely cleaned and cleared the shop, putting away all tools, and washed and bailed all the white boats, and put out the missing running-rope for the last rangeley.

Much to our chagrin, A.T. left this morning on the 9.19 train for Gloucester.

At afternoon reading the "Tinted Venus" was begun. It is a wonderful piece of work, and always pleases.

The squad-work for the afternoon was the clearing up of batchelor's row. All tents were removed and stowed in their proper bags, and most of the stuff left inside the tents was carted to the Short dormitory, all except the tents, which were stored in the tool-room.

H.v H. and T.L. took the Bob White around Oak late in the afternoon on a southwest breeze,-- no more than that,-- picking up the moorings again in fifty minutes.

It should have gone on record further up the page that H.v H. and L.C.Z. returned from their trip around the world at about eleven o'clock, having broken the record made by J.G. and A.T. last week. The time was 20 hours and 28 minutes. The official schedule is as follows.

start from camp	2.31	break camp	6.00	
arr. Long Pond	3.21	arr. East Pond	6.50	Travelling Time 12.29
arr. Belgrade Sm.	4.56	arr. E.P. brook	7.20	
arr. Mess''skee	7.31	arr. Smithfield	8.20	
through supper	8.21	carry to North	8.25	
arr. N.B. station	9.21	arr. Meadow Brook	8.48	
arr. Ellis	9.51	arr. Great Pond	10.04	
arr. head of McG	10.51	arr. camp	10.59	

This is very remarkable time when one remembers that there was a strong southwest wind to fight all the way down Long Pond. We fancy this record will stand for some time.

After supper R.R. and T.L. walked over to the Stevens' farm, and upon their return found that J.R. had arrived from Mt. Bigelow, which he climbed on Sunday last, full of news of wonderful views, and lakes and streams full of trout!

The "Mystery" gets more and more exciting as we progress.

Malted Milk!



Wednesday

Sept. 13

T.

B.

Fair

Calm

L.C.Z. and C.W. started together this morning for the mail. The former is to return with the same and C.W. is to continue to Pomfret for a short stay. He is to come back to us on Friday, according to the newspapers.

The chief squad this morning was the re-piling of the bon-fire. As is usually the case, the most superior yard-squad is liable to dump refuse at the south end of the pile. At that rate the stuff would soon be on the point. And now it is in proper position for burning, and we expect to have a grand celebration before very long.

In the afternoon R.R. took two boat-loads to Oak Island, the crews being as follows.

Williwaw

Andrew  
Miner  
Auchincloss

Yammerschooner

Van R-,  
de Warzee  
R.R.  
J. Wiggins

They landed in the southwest bay, and immediately proceeded to organize a wading expedition. Auchincloss was the only one that fell in very thoroughly. Then there was time for a good fire on shore, and while they ate apples and other things R.R. read to them from O. Henry. They returned just in time for supper.

T.L. occupied most of the afternoon in washing sundry clothes and in boiling others. Afterwards he went afishing, - he would, you know, - and caught nothing.

And so we come to our eleventh Sing-Song.

ELEVENTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture.....J.R..T.L.
2. Stunt, "Liebe Liese".....H. v H..T.L.
3. Song.....H.R.
4. Song.....J.R.
5. Quartette..L.C.Z..J.R..H.v H..T.L.

Refreshments

6. Choruses..... and rounds....
7. Piano solo.....T.L.
8. Camp Song.....camp

It was a good sing-song, the finest thing on the programme being H.R.'s song, "When our old Skipper goes to Sea". And we think it is a record, too, that we have had eleven sing-songs this year.



Thursday  
Sept. 14  
T. 69  
B. 29.22  
Calm  
Fair

This is has been a hot day for fair. No wind at all, and a heavy heat in the morning that rather took the life out of us.

L.C.Z. and H.v H. went for the mail this time, Rowing over in one of the rangeleys.

J.R. and Co. cleaned out the mouse-trap in the store-room, putting things in good order and making it doubly hard for four-footed pests to gain entrance.

At the beginning of afternoon reading the ~~thr~~-thermometer stood at 82, and Skipper says it is the highest he has seen it this summer. It was so hot that we moved to the point at 2.30 and continued reading until 4.45 when a slight shower drove us to the piazza. Here we reclined and finished the "Tinted Venus" and made another record go. Think of the consternation during the summer if reading were to continue until 5.15 as it did ~~to~~-day!

A sharp shower somewhat cooled the air about 5.30.

L.C.Z. went around Oak in the Sand-peep just before supper, and T.L. tried for the last time to catch fish off the float. L.C.Z. succeeded, the other failed!

After supper T.L. played until 8.30.

Evening reading began at 9.00 and we finished the "Mystery" and had taps at 10.50. Another record gone! The sum total of the day's reading was thus 6 hours and twenty minutes!





Friday,  
Sept. 15  
East Wind,  
Cloudy  
Heavy rain  
in afternoon  
& evening.

A devastating day of departures. Ranny started first, with Anderson, to join his family at Kineo, en route for Rochester; and just afterwards, H.V.H. said goodbye, for we don't know how long, as he goes home to Honolulu in early October. Rears of pain are 'nt enough to express our feelings; nor rears of joy, to express the fineness of the Ship's Company this summer.

Still worse was in store, for T.L. went in to Gardiner, at about 3.30. He sails for France, to do ambulance relief work, in early October.

It grew very dark after dinner, and soon began to pour, but T.L., (all ~~the~~ in white clothes, too), had a last fishing off the float, dancing about in the down-pour of rain, with a rain-coat held over his head.

We shall not soon forget last night's music; a great Chopin Fantaisie, a great Ballade, and one other splendid Chopin thing, much Schumann, and the last movement of the Waldstein Sonata.

We began Charles Reade's "Foul Play", a tale of frantic thrills; at afternoon reading; and, on joy, in the evening C.W. returned on the ~~evening~~ late train, cheering us all up.

Saturday,  
Sept. 16  
Cloudy,  
Clear in P.M.

We forget to mention yesterday that J.R. put through a valuable piece of work, that of sorting, cleaning and arranging the two camping kits. They are now well greased, to keep them from rusting, and in good shape for the winter.

C.W. and L.C.Z. did mighty choppings this morning, while J.R. went over all the old wood in the wood shed, bringing down lots of of splendid big dry fire-wood, so that we have a royal blaze. (Too royal for some of us. L.E.W. and Auk had to leave their seats, nearly scorched through, at supper.)

Right after afternoon reading, the great expedition to Mount Jelly started, in the Ouananiche. L.E.R. and L.E.W. stayed behind to keep camp. Every one else went, Johnny Wiggins being the only passenger and look-out in the bow. The Ouananiche went finely with her eight ~~the~~ paddlers, and L.C.Z., who paddled in the last seat, with a vacant one in front of him, said that he had never really had room enough in the Ouananiche before.

How can we do justice to thrilling novelties of the Mills, to bizarre and cosmopolitan air! (*"Bizarre". we think is rather good.*)

At the last turn of the stream, what should we meet but a small slender white motor boat, run by side-paddle-wheels, in regular paddle-wheel boxes! Novelty No. 1. But what was this, compared to the sight of a small lady, in an immense purple hat, careering up and down the main and only street of the Mills, and back and forth to the hotel, on a motor board, about two feet six inches long, steered by a long handle, with wheels at both ends, and some sort of small seat & support against which the



Saturday, lady leaned! This extraordinary rig whizzed back and forth, driven mostly by the lady, but sometimes by a youth who looked as complete a simpleton as his occupation suggested. A small, bright yellow car also whizzed up and down, the Acme Theatre blazed its signs at us, and we felt like a set of lumber-jacks at the horrid sight of the hydrangeas and canna beds and golf links of the hotel.

The Ascent of Mount Jelly (its real name is Yardly Hill) begins soon after you pass the hotel, and is abrupt, but very short, through June-grass, golden-red, juniper, and a few rocks. From the top you get one of the most beautiful views of the whole region. Great Pond looks surprisingly irregular, as you see the whole length of the big islands, and of the west channel, and see through the straits at Chute Island into the north east bay. Long Pond also looks most beautiful, and so do all the mountains.

Johnny Vig instituted a lively scouting game, killing off all his foes. We made a good stay, to enjoy the great beauty of the view. Coming back, we noticed that the water tower was pouring out water like a sieve from so many points that it threatened to burst at short notice. This calamity, however, did not occur while we were passing it; but as we came into the town, we were met by the daunting sight of Camp Rynock advancing in full force, at a gallop, their cavalcade in charge of a military man. C.W. made the signals, first of "Enemy approaching in force", and then "Charge!", and the danger was safely passed.

The home voyage was uneventful. Auky and the Commissioner were so sleepy that they went to bed at seven thirty. The rest of us played a new and thrilling game, Black-board Relay. The company sit in rows, each row running back from the black-board. The back man of each row has a piece of chalk. At the signal he dashes to the board, writes a word, flies back to his seat and hands the chalk to the man in front of him, who follows suit. The first team to finish a sentence, with punctuation complete, wins, and spelling and meaning affect the team's standing. As we had only three to each row, we ran through the batting order twice in each sentence, to get a sentence of six words. Some of the information resulting was surprising, as:

Rats	Frogs	Come
and	come	to
Cows	also, in	my
are	boxes	arms
good	and	oh
Food.	barns.	dear!

This game made us laugh till we almost cried. But we need some cheering, for now, oh now are we ever going to get through the anguish of Foul Play, the hero of which we had to leave locked in his state-room by an enemy, with the ship rapidly sinking: or of the Thirty-nine Steps, which we are reading in the evening, in which the unfortunate hero's enemies, German Secret Service men of the deadliest kind, have tracked him to the wild moors of Galloway, and are fast closing in on him, by motor, aeroplane, express locomotive and bicycle?



Sunday,  
Sept . 17  
Clear,  
Warm.

Wash lists very small this morning, all but that of left-<sup>2</sup>over towels, which still grows. A good lot of out-grown things have been left on purpose, which will be most useful to the farm boys. Alas, we forget to make a general gift of money for the Grange Library, as we have done for several years.

Our hymns did not sound very loud, at service this morning, but we enjoyed them, and Oscar had a truly wonderful dinner for us; broiled chicken, corn, soup, and pine-apple ice-cream!

The picnic, at Hemlock Point, was surely one of the "best evers". The Ounnaniche went very well, even with her slightly diminished crew. The sunset was very beautiful, and we had a perfectly roaring fire, as the chill falls early now, even on warm days.

The Faculty took on them selves characters out of the Rollo books, and were perfectly absurd, drawing moral reflections from all the processes of cocoa-making, toasting, and eating.

" Mr George (Skipper), finished his banana, and thought-fully placed the skin among the flames. "Thus, my dear Rollo", he observed", "even when bent on pleasure we may be still mindful of order and nicety".

" Rollo (L.C.Z.) perceiving the rim of his cup to be hot (from its contents of boiling cocoa) thoughtfully grasped it by the handle, which, he observed, had doubtless been constructed for the purpose." Etc, etc.

We had good singing, with many thoughts of them that's awa'.



Monday,  
Sept 18.

Fair,  
Rain at night.  
Cool.

Squads go on merrily. C.W. and J.W. wet for the mail this morning. They left their Rangeley moored beside Millard Gleason's green boat.

"Does that green boat know our boat?" said Johnny, thoughtfully. "Are they friends?"

He also, when his sweater got a little wet, in the bottom of the boat, said "Oh dear, now my sweater leaks too!"

Guy and the Commissioner, on the lamp squad, thought it would be fun to cover as much of their hands and faces with lamp black as possible, with the <sup>result</sup> that they were on a washing squad, with Band soap, nail-brushes, gold dust and ivory soap, till nearly dinner time.

"Honestly", how can we bear the state of things in Foul Play? The villain shows no signs of being found out, the cast-aways, are dying of hunger and thirst, the knife is at the heroine's throat!!

This afternoon most of the company went on a good walk to B lgrade Hill, and came ~~back~~ bringing quantities of fine apples, disposed in pockets and in the slack of their shirts. R.R. went with them as far as the post-office, and back through the Gleason pasture, connecting with L.E.R., L.E.W., and J.W., who had come up to make a call at the farm and watch the ducks and geese. On the way back a Terrible Indian, hiding behind a tree terrified the ladies!

In the evening we had the second bon-fire, a middle-sized, but very beautiful one, with great logs of good hard wood, and sent off the last fire-balloon, which went splendidly. Five packages of best-ever fire-crackers were discovered, which added tremendously to the hilarity.

A delightful letter from H.v. H. cheered us when the mail came.

We finished the "Thirty-nine Steps", amid hair-raising thrills. Good solid rain began at about nine p.m.



Tuesday  
Sept. 19th.

Fair and cool.  
N.W.

Day of the Great Round the World Trip.

Many a world-trip have seen<sup>d</sup>, but never a trip like this. J.R. and C.W. started at 8.30 a.m., returning, shouting a <sup>nd</sup> glorious, at 8.18 p.m. The story of the trip will be told (and, I hope, pictured,) by those who made it.

The rest of us had a quiet, busy day, with squads in the morning, a walk to Snake Point in the afternoon, and much "Foul Play" after dinner.

We crossed Great Pond into a light N.W. wind that helped us beyond Monkey Point. The wind had risen when we reached Long Pond and blew straight behind us all the way down. Belgrade stream was a hard paddle, the wind holding us back toward the end. Our first stop was on a beach at the S.W. end of Snow Pond. Nearly dead, and mighty glad of cats and snokes.





N.W. wind on Snow, but did not bother much. On Ellis we had our hardest tussle with the wind as it pulled pretty hard from the N.W. bay. The Pitchfield carry was made in ten minute relays. Some trouble landing in a bog at East Pond. A little below this we made our second stop for food and rest.

On again against a rapidly dying N.W. wind. The stream very beautiful, and the little church stood clear-cut against the sunset. It was almost dark when we got to Meadow brook, and entirely so a short way down. I should never have believed that a familiar stream could become so entirely unfamiliar.

On the way down, a branch <sup>407</sup> put my wrist watch out of commission, so we don't know what time we did the book in. We could have made it faster in daylight. Back to camp in the dark, with what was left of the wind helping us, and got the time from Skiffer.

This was one darned fine trip. The canoe was beautifully balanced, and we pushed her all the way, resting well on a long, slow stroke. We wouldn't have missed it for all the gold of Arabia. And it would take the maximum product of the mines of Ophir to send us round again.

Start 8.32

Long Pond 9.14 - 42 min  
 End of Pond 10.14 - 1 hr. 42  
 Past, Swan Pond 12.36 - 4 hr. 4  
 Start again 1.14 (38 min. out)  
 North Belgrade 2. - 4 hr. 50  
 Ellis Pond 2.27 - 5 hr. 17  
 End of Shaw 3.29 - 6 hr. 19  
 East Pond 4.11½ - 7 hr. 1½  
 Grub Place 4.17 - 7 hr. 7  
 Start again 4.54 (37 min. out)  
 Smith field 5.53 8 hr. 6  
 head of Mesas Creek 6.19 - 8 hr. 32  
 Camp. 8.18 10 hr. 31  
 Travelling time 10 hr. 31 min  
 Total " 11 hr. 46 min

#### Remarks

Time to hills 38½ min.  
 .. down Long Pond 1 hr.  
 .. for Belgrade stream 2 hr. 6 min  
 .. station carry 27 min.  
 .. Itchfield carry 42½ min.

#### Grub per man

1 small Thomas, malted milk  
 ½ cake chocolate  
 4 doughnuts  
 (cake bar, Dill's Bait, Pipes)



Wed.  
 Sept. 20th.  
 Fair and cold.  
 W. light.

Morning spent as usual; the circumnavigators confessing to a trifle of stiffness here and there, but otherwise none the worse for their exertions. There seems some uncertainty as to whether they heard every sentence of afternoon reading, but perhaps they did. They went sailing in the afternoon, and the wind felt just about as energetic as they did, so it was a pleasant, peaceful time all round. Meantime L.E.R., going via Anderson's car to make her call on Mrs Wallace, took the Brother Boys along, and Johnny Wiggins too, even the youngest Brother. He went in with her to see the good neighbor, the others remaining outside with Anderson. So remaining, the kindly A. suggested a visit to the barn; showed them the pig, etc. Now Guy had thought fit to wear a certain horrible little pair of felt bedroom slippers, entirely worn out, which were his chief joy and pride in the way of apparel; so, when he stepped on the edge of a scythe which was standing conveniently by the pigsty, the result was what might have been expected; a bad cut, in (as Anderson said forty times if he said it once) the fleshy part of the big toe. It bled a good deal, but kind Mrs Wallace brought peroxide and all the proper things, and Anderson (formerly an apothecary in Boston!) washed and bound up the cut most skilfully. "Home we brought our warrior"—not dead, but very plucky, though a bit white; then Skipper did it up again; and in the evening came Dr Cragin and made sure that it was all right, and found that no stitches were needed. And the slippers were burned, so there!!

And they all wanted "Poul Play" so dreadfully, it had to be



Wed.

(cont.)

read in the evening too. And at nine o'clock, the Faculty insisted upon the Ladies' going to bed, leaving them to set the table; and it was so.

Thursday

Sept. 21st.

Bar. 29.26

Ther. 61.

Clear. Light and from the south.

The Ladies came in to breakfast, and found the table set. The whole table, full length of the room, with the twelve ~~plates~~ plates shining like oases in a white desert. Along the white expanse were arranged ornaments; all the birds from the mantelpiece; all the monkeys, etc, etc. A cushion was in each chair, and on each plate lay a paper with an Effusion in rhyme. Here they are.

L.E.R.

Here's to Mother's morning meal;  
Some water, hot; "How well I feel!"

C.W.

Little Peter's breakfast wish  
Is a steaming plate of fish.

J.W.

Have to get some larger duds  
If you eat so many spuds!  
(Johmie had eaten five baked potatoes the night before!)

L.C.Z.

Am twenty-three--was twenty-two,  
And feel just like Zoo used to do.  
(Sample our night lunch!)



Thursday  
 cont.

Guy de Warzee.

Here sits Peter Guy de Shrimp,  
 Eats his breakfast with a limp.

Van R.

Curses! ruined! what's the dope?  
 Many shredded wheats, I hope!

H.R.

Skipper is a coffee fiend,  
 So his wife has intervened.

Commissioner Andrew.

Come on, Johnnie, pass your ployte!  
 Gee! these scrambled eggs are greyt!

Auchincloss.

Wash your fingers, Gentle Joy!

Auchy is a doity boy!

R.R.

Although this lady's rather slow,  
 Through the bill of fare she'll go. \*

The blackboard bore the following inscription.

MEAN YOU.  
 Camp Merryweather.  
 Sept. 21st, 1916  
 Macaroni on tap, All Forms.

(Continued on next page.)

\* OL! oh! but I left out  
 J. R.

\* 15-6, 720  $\frac{1}{2}$

Old Captain John, or so I'm told  
 Wears "Storm King" when the weather is cold.  
 Try our Spaghetti!

Oatmeal.	Malted Milk.	All forms of Eggs.
Corn Flakes.	Tea, coffee.	a la mode.
Shredded Wheat.	Cocoa, Postum,	Potatoes.
Mush	Milk, water,	See
/((Any sort!))	Ginger Wine	R.R.
	Liq. of Arist.	for Etc.

After this merry beginning of the day, it was sad to have closed by the departure, by the 9.19, of The Skipper, who took Guy with him, to leave him at Red House School, where he is to be this winter. We felt very few and small without Skipper, and we also miss Guy's merry voice (and red head!) but we all kept busy, and the morning flew as usual. Miss Agnew came to dinner. The afternoon chapters of "Foul Play" were quite tremendous. We almost lost Mr Hazel, and Miss Rolleston learned to sail a boat, in a quite wonderfully short time, in order that she might rescue him. Also, the smoke of a Steamboat was seen!!!

There was a merry game of scrub pudding-ball, and then one of Faculty quiz. At supper, we invented new games; first, dishes that we liked, then those we disliked most. Then, the person, in history and fiction, whom we would most like to meet; then the one we should least wish to behold. This was very interesting. Later, more "Foul Play", when we met Mr Joshua Fullalove, an old acquaintance to some of us. Then a new 9.30 game, then ten persons we should like and dislike most to meet. Some of the lists were very fine.



FRIDAY, L.E.W. and C.W. went in to Gardiner by the 1-some-  
 Sept. 22, thing; the former to spend Sunday with her babies, the  
 T. 61' latter just for the day. Later, about 3.30, J.R.  
 B. 29.2' S.W. by S. Foggy, clearing to hazy.  
 went in too, with Anderson, who went in to bring--

Oh joy! A.M.R. We expect the three late to supper,  
 as A.'s machine broke down, and they were late in starting.

N.B. By the three I mean A.M.R., J.R., and C.W.

This afternoon there has been a grand run of Hare and  
 Hounds, with Van as hare, Auch and Comm'er Anrew as hounds. L.C.Z.  
 started them, and they had a fine run.

(Thus far L.E.R. We three got out late, as expected, but  
 supper tasted all the better. And perhaps it isn't good to  
 get back!)

SATURDAY, A lovely grey morning, with glimpses of blue sky  
 Sept. 23, now and then. L.C.Z. and Johnny went for the mail,  
 Cool, Cloudy, rain the rest squadded cheerfully.  
 p.m.

Expedition in the afternoon to Blueberry Hill: C.W., L.C.Z.,  
 and Johnny in a rangeley, J.R., Van, Auch, and the Commissioner  
 in a canoe. They saw where the barn had burned, but there wasn't  
 enough left to be called ruins.

Along in the afternoon we heard the gentle hum of a Ford;  
 and there was not only Skipper, whom we did not expect till  
 evening, but H.H.R.! Pretty wonderful surprise, eh what?

*Henry Howe Richards*  
 So we were twelve at supper, and felt very proud.

After a wild orgie over "Foul Play", wherein Helen is as  
 "obstinate as a man, but supple as a woman", and the Reverend  
 Hazel has "a friend in his beard", we played Blackboard Relay,  
 with very fine results. In fact it went so well that we got

SATURDAY proud, and tried a few rounds of nine words. This cannot  
(Cont'd.)  
be kept up long, as it is very straining to the brain.

Here are some of the pearls that fell from our united  
fingers:

A new cow is my friend. . . . .

Eggs is skurce in my henyard.

My good hat looks like sin. . . .

Poor potatoes are not good eating.

Do you see that nice whale?

Don't sit on sharp glass bottles.

Where do I buy my teeth? . . . .

Green peas are bully in cheese.

He gave Helen a green duck. (Presumably after first  
teaching it not to quack.)

In green fields my darling friend sings grand arias.

Huge eyes are glaring at my lovely little cat.

Red-nosed fish swim seldom in dark gloomy waters.

See those new shoes on my tiny nice toes.

By bed-time it was raining hard, and it rained a  
good while. At least, when I went to sleep it was still at it.



Sunday, Clearing off well, but pretty cool and windy. H.H.R.,  
 Sept. 24, Fine, J.R., and the boys walked to Bickford Hill in the  
 Cool, afternoon, and then we had a jolly picnic round our  
 Windy. own fireside. It was really too cool to think of a picnic  
 out of doors.

Oh, by the way we finished "Foul Play" after dinner.

And along about half-past seven A.M.R. and C.W. left by  
 motor for Gardiner.

Monday, H.H.R. left this morning, to rejoin wife and sons in  
 Sept. 25, Clear, Groton. Later in the day, (a good deal later, owing  
 Cold, to a mistake about trains,) C.W. and L.E.W. came out  
 N.W. again. If you try to take a train an hour later than it goes,  
 you do get delayed.

It blew, and blew, and BLEW, all day long; that is one's  
 principal impression of the day. More or less work was done in  
 the morning; in the afternoon a grand new game was invented,  
 that of "Escaped Convict." See score card below. J.R. was the on-  
 ly convict who escaped—or rather, who was not killed or cap-  
 tured. Of course "Foul Play" was the original foundation of  
 the game, or rather, its determining cause. It made a most ex-  
 citing afternoon for all (masculine) hands.

We began "King Solomon's Mines", with thrills.

A fine Aurora in the evening, also much groaning of the  
 float. Skipper and Crew went down and greased it thoroughly;  
 it groaned all the more, complaining just like Dukey when he  
 has rheumatism. They went down again, and greased it again, and  
 swathed it in burlap, and did everything they could think of  
 to it. It quieted down somewhat, but still grumbled, as it were  
 in its sleep, all through the night, or until the wind went  
 down, which it did some time in the night, I don't know just

MONDAY, when.  
(cont'd.)

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	Convict	Killed	Shots	Escapes		Convict	Killed	Shots	Esc
① J.R.	X		•	1	④ Van Ren	X	X		
{ L.C.Z.		X			J.R.				
{ C.W.					L.C.Z.			•	
{ Andrews.					C.W.				
{ Van Ren					Andrew				
{ Auchincloss					Auchincloss				
② L.C.Z.	X	X	•		⑤ Andrew	X	X		
{ C.W.			•		J.R.				
{ J.R.					L.C.Z.				
{ Andrews.					C.W.			•	
{ Van Ren.	X				Auchincloss				
{ Auchincloss					Van R.				
③ C.W.	X	X			⑥ Auchincloss	X	X	•	
{ J.R.					J.R.			•	
{ L.C.Z.					L.C.Z.				
{ Andrews			•		C.W.				
{ Van Ren.					Andrew		X		
{ Auchincloss					Van R.				

Ground: South goal to middle fence, within woods.

Time: 20 minutes.

Convict, starting at north end, to escape to south.

Posse to prevent him.

Usual killing rules, but, when killed, player to acknowledge shot by wave of hand, and lie where killed until "all in" is called.

All players to carry standardised watches.



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TUESDAY, I can find no record of anything that happened,  
Sept. 26,  
Fair, but there seems to be a general impression that it  
Cold,  
N.W. blew, and went on blowing.

WEDNESDAY, What a relief! We have really almost had our  
Sept. 27,  
Clear, senses blown away in these last three days. An early  
Calm!

visit from a pair of loons, who came almost up to the float before breakfast, swimming quietly about, diving for their own eggs and bacon, but refusing to share ours, though cordially invited.

Much of the morning spent in tinkering the float, or the slip, with a view to preventing future groaning.

In the afternoon there was sailing. First H.R. took L.E.R. out in the "Bob White", then J.R. took R.R.

There was also a tonsorial expedition to the Mills; C.W., L.E.W., and L.C.Z., in a rangeley. They had a good time, but no barber could be found, so the gentlemen had to go unshorn.

THURSDAY, C.W. went in to Gardiner, and thence to Pomfret,  
Sept. 28,  
Calm, for keeps.  
Heavenly.

Commissioner Andrew to-day joined his mother at the Salmon Lake house.

Book trunk and one chest left by freight for Gardiner.

H.R. and J.R. went out in the Bob White.

FRIDAY, L.C.Z. left this morning; a big loss. Fourway  
Sept. 29,  
Fair, Lodge was put in order and shut up for the winter,  
warm; and the "Bob White" stripped, ready to be pulled out  
heavy rain at night. of the water.

Finished "King Solomon's Mines". It has been a

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FRIDAY            great success.  
(Cont'd.)

In the evening we are reading "The Garden at Number 19."

It grew so very crawly tonight that we hardly dare to go to bed, and Skipper wrote "Abracadabra" on the board in the proper mystic manner, to keep out Pan and the other Lords of the Abyss.

L.E.W. has been under the weather for two days, but feels much better tonight.

A.M.R. arrived just before supper, to spend Sunday. She brought melons and tomatoes, from the home garden.

SATURDAY,        Most of the morning was grey, but there was a mid-day  
Sept. 30,  
Clearing,        swim, indulged in by Auk and A.M.R., though they did  
Cool,  
N.W.        not stay in very long.

After dinner J.R. left us, to take the boat in Gardiner. So our number grows smaller, but we are a good camp yet.

We have begun "A Legend of Montrose", one of the best books Sir Walter ever wrote.

This afternoon A.M.R. and Van walked to Howland Hill, Auk and Miss Agnew going as far as Bickford. The view was splendid, and by walking briskly along one kept fairly warm. But after yesterday's rain all short cuts are wet, even very wet, and a good part of the time our feet were likewise.

This evening we finished "The Garden at No. 19," and if Pan is not dead he ought to be.

A good letter from Ranny Miner to-day.

L.E.W. is up, and feasting on arrowroot, and other necessary things".

Let us give here the good news that we got a few days ago. Fr. Robertson is engaged, to Miss Ruth Allen. And did anyone mention that Sam Bennett is also engaged? Because he is.



SUNDAY, The weather is arranged in a climax. The temperature  
 Oct. 1  
 Clear, is what we had for our first swim; and with the wind  
 N.W.,  
 T. 38° it was stimulating to a high degree.

We were a small congregation, but we let Duke stay in the corner to make one more, and had lovely hymns.

Then came apple-picking. We did the two trees that seemed worth while, and got two big round baskets full of the better apples, and two ordinary picnic baskets full of small yellow ones. The latter will make good jelly, and would be fine for cider if we had a press. Can't Auk invent one for us?

This afternoon we divided. H.R., K.R., Auk, Johnny, and Miss Agnew went over to Greason's, while A.M.R. and Van walked up to Stony Point, and round the north shore of it. It is very pretty in behind, especially where one goes along on the rocks. Not a bad idea for a sundry stunt next year.

Now it is nearly picnic time, and I must say goodbye to Log and Rabbit-hutch till next year. Never has there been a summer's Log which I have enjoyed more. As for the hutch, it has saved my life, not once but many times. Goodbye, nice little place; I have loved you well. As for the cigarette ends on your floor, they are none of mine, but even they recall pleasant memories.

The wind has gone down to a gentle breeze. The hills are blue black against a ~~blue~~<sup>pale</sup> gold sky, and the new moon is bright already. "Doubtless the Lord might have made a lovelier place, but doubtless he never did." And so goodbye to it all till next spring.

Monday, In the absence of the Editor, the Deputy  
Oct 2.  
Bright and fair. Shepherd takes up the record.

H.P. cut Van's hair, about a dust-pan full of it, producing far the neatest and most stylish hair-cut we have seen this summer.

Fred Lord and Plummer Meserve arrived duly in Bell's Ford, and began work by taking in the Ouananiche's Slip, and putting Madam snugly to bed for the winter.

L.E.R., L.E.W., J.W. and Marion Thompson got off with Anderson about 3 p.m., with, we think, the biggest load that has ever left Camp. Those who have seen other departures know how much this is saying.

After supper, in the half-moon light, H.R., R.R. and Van paddled over to say good-bye to Auky and Miss Agnew. Found Millard Gleason's hand a little better, and had a pleasant call. We include below one of the Dr's certificates, to show what every one leaving Camp has had to armed with; with hopes that this summer's skirmishes with Poliomyelitis will not be repeated.

Form X25.

INDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE  
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF MAINE

.....191  
(City and State.)

To the Health Officials at point of destination:

The person named below is to leave this town to-day.

Name.....

Point of destination .....

Local address at point of destination .....

No. of children under 16 years of age accompanying .....

This certifies that the said party has not had infantile paralysis (poliomyelitis), has not been in contact with a case, and is from premises entirely free from that disease.

Respectfully,

Oswald H. R. Herlson M.D.  
Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research  
(Signature and official title.)



Tuesday,  
Oct 3.  
Bright and Fair.

Another perfect mirror of a day. Dear Van,  
Auky and the Commissioner got off all right,  
though it apparently was rather lively at  
the Station.

"I had rather drive a flock of hens than see a parcel of women  
off on a train!" remarked one ungallant Ford driver, after carry-  
-ing out the elaborate checking directions of a party of Pine ~~Is~~  
Beach ladies.

At 10 a.m., H.R. and R.R. went in Anderson's Ford to Broad  
Jump Brook! A wonderfully beautiful trip; Long Pond like a jewel,  
and all the mountains burning with deep rich colour. We had a  
little difficulty in finding the Broad Jump itself, but when I  
found, it was all that it had been described, and more, a lovely  
jewel in the woods. A Hermit Thrush hepped out beside the water-  
fall as we sat there. We came back to the road, where we had left  
Anderson and the Ford, had a very good lunch, and then home.

In the afternoon the Fleet made its voyage to Stevens' Beach,  
leaving us the beautiful natural outline of the shore; the Slip  
was taken up and stowed, and R.P., very sleepy, made the Infir-  
-mary quite spick and span with tidiness.

Wednesday,  
Oct 4.  
Bright and clear.

This morning, for the first time, the whole  
shore of the pond sprang into full colour.

There was a dense white fog, early, which hung  
along time, and as it began to clear, the wonderful transfor-  
-mation had taken place, and the woods of Oak Island and the  
farther shore showed fiery pink, and crimson, through the soft  
white.

Wednesday, contin'd. The early swim was a little gaspy, with  
Oct 4.

no float to dive from, but very fine.

A day of lively work for all hands.

Boats and Hags taken up, shutteres put on, R.R., with Harvey's help, cleaning and stowing store-room and rat-trap. Very much less was put in the rat-trap than ever before, as we are trying the experiment of leaving rat poison about. This will lessen the labor and discomfort of closing and of opening camp infinitely.

Take note that Fred Lord and Plum, with some hours help from Millard with the heaviest work, have done the whole work of closing the big camp and Fourway in two days and a half, and could have done it in less. It has generally taken four or five.

H.R. and Fred Lord cleaned out the aquarium. The salmon were off into Great Pond like a flash, the pickerel more cautious.

We hear that the double Monadnock trip was a huge success. J.F., T.L. and L.C.Z. arrived just in time to scramble up the mountain before sunset; and found it so wonderful that they had themselves waked at four the next morning, took blankets and a lantern, and went up again in time to see the sunrise.

A beautiful young white-throated sparrow, with very brilliant plumage, and an oven-bird, both broke their necks to-day, flying against the ridge-poles of the Mammoth Cave and the Little Tent, respectively. --- A white-throated sparrow sang two or three times, a rather experimental song, this morning.



Thursday,  
Oct 5.

Bright and fair.

Thick white fog this morning, clearing beautifully. Powerful pickings up and sortings,

with help of Marion and Harvey. Camp never left so clean. Fred Lord and Plummer left yesterday, to come back in a few weeks and enlarge the ice-house. Good letters from L.C.Z. and J.R. "Sully" is in the former's dormitory at Groton.

Pat-potter put about. Cows chased. "Big Buns" and camp revolver packed, to be put in order for next year. Almost impossible to leave, with the reflections perfect, and the reflexions, if possible, more brilliant every day. Off, however, at 3.30 P.M., with Marion, in Andersen's Park, leaving juncos, sand-p eeps, magnolia warblers; nut-hatches; wood-peckers; partridges; loons, ducks, crows and jays, in charge.

+

35 58 3

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